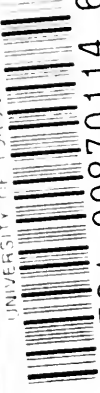


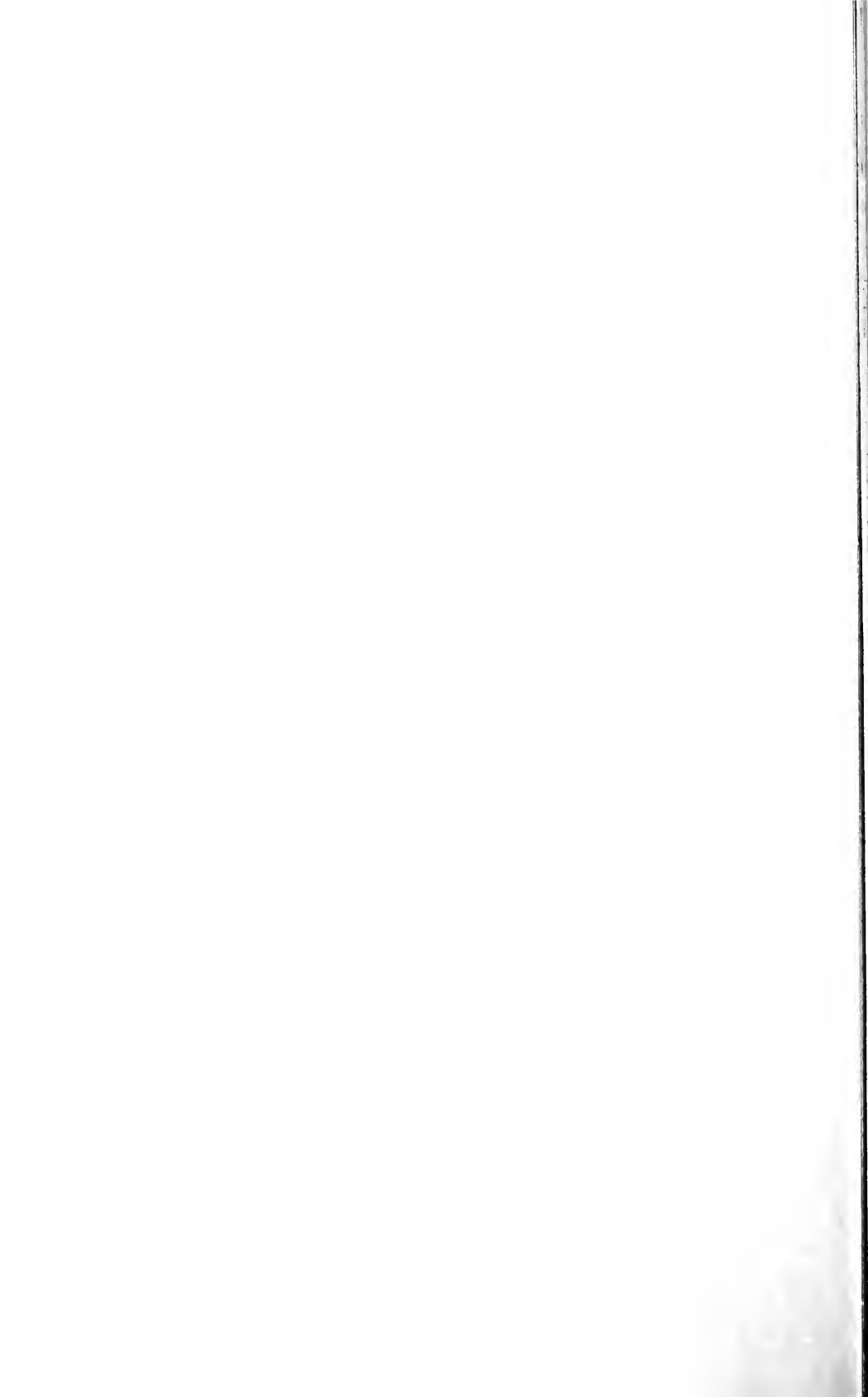
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EXTRACTS

FROM THE

LETTERS AND JOURNALS

OF

WILLIAM CORY

AUTHOR OF 'IONICA'

SELECTED AND ARRANGED BY

FRANCIS WARRE CORNISH

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WILLIAM JOHNSON, son of William Charles Johnson and Mary Theresa Johnson, daughter of Peter Wellington Furse, born Jan. 9, 1823.

Elected King's Scholar at Eton, 1832.

Newcastle Scholar, 1841.

Elected Scholar of King's College, Cambridge, Feb. 23, 1842.

Chancellor's Medallist for English Poem, 1843.

Craven Scholar, 1844.

Succeeded to Fellowship at King's, Feb. 23, 1845.

B.A. Cambridge, 1845.

Appointed Assistant Master at Eton, Sept. 17, 1845.

Became tenant of Halsdon, 1870.

Left Eton, Easter, 1872.

Resigned Fellowship at King's, Oct. 1872.

Took the name of CORY, Oct. 1872.

Left Halsdon and lived in Madeira, Feb. 1878.

Married Rosa Caroline, daughter of Rev. George de Carteret Guille, Rector of Little Torrington, Devon, Aug. 1878.

Birth of his son Andrew Cory, July, 1879.

Returned to England and settled at Hampstead, Sept. 1882.

Died, June 11, 1892.

Buried at Hampstead, June 16, 1892.

LETTERS AND JOURNALS



FAMILY LETTERS (pages 1-61),

*to his Father and Mother, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Johnson,
his Brother, Rev. C. W. Furse, and his Sisters.*

ETON COLLEGE, *May 6, 1838.*

THOUGH I have not written to you yet I may suppose that you have heard of my arrival and subsequent proceedings, either from Mama or Sarah. The four-oar is in full operation, and I enjoy it very much, going out about two hours a day and sapping at private work three a day on an average. One of the political plays of Aristophanes, which is very satisfying and amusing, but hard in many respects, is my present occupation. I hope to finish this and two more this half, with other things of which I am yet uncertain.

Great interest is excited at this time in the school by a prospectus printed at Ingalton's in Eton, stating that early in May (that is, within a few days) will be published 'Translations and Paraphrases from the striking passages of the Classics in Poetry,' price one shilling. The plan is very conceited and arrogant, and the idea of translating the Classics is neither attractive nor likely to succeed, as it has been done by so many

great men already. The author states himself to be an Etonian, and signs himself 'M. H.,' which is supposed to be fictitious; and Westmacott, a clever youth, understanding this kind of work (publishing), desultory in reading, and possessing a good deal of leisure, is fixed upon as the author. It will be continued periodically if the first number sells. I shall buy it at all events, but do not expect to be either edified or amused by its contents. I only hope that it may lead to some general publication conducted like the *Etonian* by the united talent of the school, which might reflect credit on the school, and show that while engaged in the more abstruse studies of Latin and Greek, we do not neglect those literary fields in which former Etonians have so much distinguished themselves. I dipped into Horace Walpole's *Royal and Noble Authors* lately, and think from his style and versatility of talent that if the system of periodical works had prevailed in his boyhood as it now does, he, with his friends Gray and West, might have conducted a most excellent concern after the fashion of the *Etonian*. I wish you joy of your vacation, which must have commenced by this time.

ETON, May 14, 1838.

I have some news, for a wonder. Last night we began our theatrical season with the *Original* and the *Sleep-walker*, two tolerable farces, acted in the best possible style as far as the great characters, and got up in scenery, &c., very neatly and cleverly, especially considering our very limited funds, about £7 odd. The theatre is erected in Long Chamber, in front of two small chambers, where they dress; there are six scenes to last the season, and curtains, &c., with beds turned up

used as walls. Beds too were our galleries, some turned on the sides, some perpendicular, with boxes of chairs for the Sixth Form and Liberty and two or three visitors, one of whom (a painter who has published views of Eton) was our musician, whistling very excellently in accompaniment to a wretched guitar, and singing occasionally. The three good actors were Westmacott (the manager), Bullock and Tarver, all sextiles. I was much amused; but the plays would certainly not bear reading; it is the tone and variation of voices that give all the animation, for there was hardly any genuine humour though two or three *coups de théâtre*.

I had my *Don Quixote* yesterday bound beautifully at 3s. 6d. per volume, so that it is an extremely handsome book. I was rather imprudent in running into such an expense, since this season is very expensive; but I have a great liking to making some addition or improvement to my shelves every half at my own cost. Though temporary sacrifices, they will give me lasting pleasure, and never, I hope, entail regret on me for having purchased a useless book, because I always consider long before I strike the bargain. On Wednesday is Montem Sure¹ night, most odious orgies heretofore, but this time to be much corrected. Williams is expected to clear about £600 this Montem. What a sum! as good as King's to a clever youth, because he might thereby maintain himself at another college with economy, and gain a good fellowship by his own exertions.

W. is very confident about getting lodgings for you, but I hear that no place is to be had in Windsor

¹ See Maxwell Lyte's *History of Eton College*, pp. 455, 456 (ed. 1889).

under a long period; and in Eton, though houses are disengaged, they are merely waiting to raise their charges immoderately. At all events you and Mama ought to decide soon on your coming, lest you get none. I sincerely wish you may come, that I may have some one to walk and talk with, for last time.

I was very desolate, though in such a crowd, feeling most strongly the best poetry and best philosophical principle Byron ever wrote. 'You knows wot I means,' as the boatswain said when he was not allowed to swear, and therefore said 'Bless you!'

Four-oar would get on much better if we always went with the proper crew, which we do not. I am improving, and like it much. Will mind your instructions thereon. *M. H.*, the new publication, comes out to-morrow. Won't I buy it and bring it home? I am anxious about it. Have you read *Nicholas Nickleby*, by the author of *Pickwick*? It is very fair, at least I judge from two numbers; not so good as *Pick.*, on a different footing—serious, but satirical. As I hate crossing, I remain

Your affectionate Son,

WILLIAM JOHNSON.

ETON, Feb. 2, 1842.

The enclosed note from the Scholar who is to be my 'chum'¹ will let you know all that I know, except that another Scholar writes to Carter to say that the Fellows are voting dividends before the proper day so as to let Chapman² have no pecuniary excuse for delaying

¹ A new Scholar or 'nib' at King's was handed over to a senior Scholar, who was called his 'chum,' and had to see him through the complicated ceremonial of his first week in College.

² Then Fellow of King's; afterwards Bishop of Colombo and Fellow

his marriage. So I shall get no dividend; but that does not matter, in comparison with the advantage of getting there earlier. If dividend-day is past before the Resignation comes, I shall take the liberty of waiting here as long as they will let me, as I am most truly reluctant to go at this time.

I shall not have to pouch Hawtrey or my Tutor. As for my picture for the latter, if he asks for it, I think you had better tell him to wait for it till some future year when you are less poor. At present I deprecate the notion of your giving it. But I should wish, as you hint, to make my Dame a present, as Wellington did. In London I might get a small silver inkstand or something of the sort for the old lady.

I shall be almost obliged to spend other sums, in giving a supper to the Sixth Form, pouching my fag, and other customary taxes. Therefore I must with your leave get from my dame a lump of money, I cannot tell how much yet, to get me away from Eton and establish me at King's. . . I may mention what happened on Monday week, which I think I have not said. Hawtrey, after talking about some arrangements for the great morrow, spoke earnestly and strongly in approbation of me for my conduct in regard to the memorable dispute in this Society, which he had that day heard of. He shook hands, expressed his confidence, and spoke in a new tone.

I suppose I owe this, which is valuable to me and will be gratifying to you, to the excellent Abraham¹, with whom I have had dealings you have not heard of, and

of Eton; on the vacation of whose Fellowship W. J. became Scholar of the College.

¹ Fellow of King's; afterwards Bishop of Wellington.

whose favourable opinion as to the same matter I had heard before from Rice. So I am to leave, as I never expected, with good opinions from the superiors, and I trust no enemy among my schoolfellows.

KING'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,
May 1, 1842.

I have read hard for some days till Friday, when note-writing in the morning and a fly in my eye in the evening stopped the progress I am making through Herodotus. Yesterday was a blank in that way too, I had meant to keep it at the first anniversary of to-day's great personal victory¹; unexpectedly soon we got the news of another Newcastle scholar, whom I had the pleasure of congratulating (by letter) in the person of my friend Rice²—who, I am happy to say, won easily, proving himself a blood horse, though deficient in bone and wind, and beating the half-breds that had been feared as his dangerous competitors. So I rejoiced most triumphantly—though wishing I had been able to join in the cheers in Long Chamber, or to have some one here capable of going full lengths with me in jubilation, which (as ugly Euclid says) is impossible.

I was left still to be anxious and quite uncertain about the medal, wishing most warmly for my young friend Drake, and mostly for James, the hope of Cookesley—at all events for a collegier. To-day came a letter from Browning (the present captain, who has very kindly lent me all the papers) telling me of the rejoicings they had for getting both Scholarship and Medal in College.

¹ The Newcastle Scholarship, 1841.

² J. Morland Rice, K.S., Newcastle Scholar, 1842.

There was a very tough fight between Joynes¹, Scott², James K. S., Simpson, now so placed. Scott and Joynes had three hours' paper work in single contest, and at last the Medal was given to Joynes, at which as a collegier I fervently rejoice—sorry as I am that James, who has no other chance, is beaten, and that Drake is only in the last division of the 'number.' This Scott is a new one, and thoroughbred; not expected to do well—he will, I fear, beat the collegers—Joynes and all—next year, when riper. But at present, having the two first, and the fourth, and having six out of the nine that were selected (as you will see by the papers) the K. S.'s had ample reason for vociferation, in which I wish I could have joined. In dismissing the subject I desire you will all drink Rice's health—bearing in mind that his and my names are the only two *following* in the list that have K. S. after them.

I kept my anniversary by reading the letters of congratulation I received and kept. . . One year fled since that memorable day! In the interval I have had 'many fair blossoms falling under foot for the devil to trample on' (as the noble sermon I heard to-day from Selwyn said), many hopes pruned off—many fruits decayed. And on the other side I could call to mind many higher honours and better joys in the last year than that much talked of victory gave. The best to say on the subject is that—in spite of wasted time, and the loss of practised dexterity in matters of scholarship—I feel by a full year superior to what I was then in real knowledge and more matured faculties. Ambition I have lost—readiness in composition still more—emptiness and ignorance I feel

¹ Rev. J. L. Joynes, late Lower Master of Eton.

² Rev. W. B. Scott, D.D., late Head Master of Westminster.

more day after day. But as I should calculate a leap knowing what I could clear, in like manner I am bold to say that as far as the 'can' goes I am capable of winning before three years are out a scholarship ten times as hotly contested as the Newcastle. Whether it will be so is another thing; I fancy not.

KING'S COLLEGE,
June 2, 1842.

I have not been working at all well lately—the contagion of nonchalant laziness and apathy I have not escaped. But with English books it is the old story—I manage to devour as many as ever, and make pleasant use of my increased facilities in getting at such as interest me. I score for the last week or two the *Life of Hammond*, Scrope on *Deerstalking*, Palgrave's *Merchant and Friar*, three or four of the deepest and longest *Tracts for the Times*, two or three of Sheridan Knowles' plays, and sundries of all sorts.

ALUM BAY HOTEL, ISLE OF WIGHT,
August 13, 1842.

On Tuesday early we left Beechwood in very fine weather and good circumstances of travel—steamed to Cowes—then boated—dined—and went off by steamboat to Ryde. There we went to the hotel, and in the evening called on the Hallams. The great man, as I was previously told, has an odd manner, and talks very quick as if naturally nervous, which indeed he is, in the way of very untroublesome fidgetiness. I knew his face in the fine engraving from his picture, but he is now older and more sharp in nose and chin, but a very fine-looking

elderly man. I have seen him much for four days, and should even now guess him to be a naval man with very little tincture of learning—remarkably kind-hearted and equable, and always thinking of his children; but not altogether one you would suspect of having made himself a name. . . Thence [from Shanklin] I had a walk with young Hallam¹ through the fine scenery to Ventnor, and enjoyed his conversation very much, with the prospect of finding him a valuable acquaintance at Cambridge. We dined at Ventnor, thence drove on to Blackgang Chine, and in due time reached this quiet hotel most prosperously. Yesterday was delightfully spent, by me at least. We boated to the Needles, and durst not go round them to the caves, &c., owing to the roughness. The bay is really very beautiful, and the downs above quite as elastic and much loftier than those at Bude; and the furze, rabbits, loneliness, &c., in my solitary walks, helped to make me feel quite at home. . . Besides all that I have mentioned that has made my expedition pleasant and interesting, I will add the great negative advantage of Miss Duckworth's managing our movements without being at all fussy—the glorious excitement it gave me to be on board the yacht when it was tacking with a sharp breeze up Portsmouth Sound, and the telescope showed me again all I saw last year, and much more, and under much better circumstances than then—and perhaps my nautical pulse seldom ran so high—also the high gratification of reading a volume of masculine, rich, dramatic poetry called *Edwin the Fair*, which I finished last night. Nor shall I be at all sorry to get back to the quiet Forest and our regular work, after five very happily-spent days

¹ Henry Hallam, younger son of the historian.

of touring. . . Mrs. L., our visitor, is apparently a quiet, good woman; but her son is a conceited, showy, loose-thinking young lawyer, running over volubly, and to my bigoted ears offensively, with the venomous jargon of such liberalism as one might have sucked in at Cambridge seven or eight years ago. Really every *real* Liberal I meet with frightens me more and more. Their slang may mix well enough with great kindness, good humour and a sort of benevolence, but it seems inseparable from dangerous and contemptible corruptions or evasions of truth. As I had rather not argue much or speak out very explicitly my own comfortable bigotries, I content myself with telling this creature that I disagree with him, and turning the conversation by asking for legal information.

K. C. C., Aug. 16, 1842.

We had a marvellous storm here on Wednesday. . . I think this a great mark-worthy event. If, as they say, history had best be, if possible, an account of the *people*, not of laws and bayonets and courtiers, such a visitation as this storm were then no mean subject. Such things are talked of at every man's threshold, and pity and courage and awe and thankfulness must be their issues in the minds of thousands whom Reform Bills and Chartist petitions and victories of Frederick the Great touch not half so nearly. Mr. and Mrs. Shute's wedding was a great event in Torrington—folks made more of it than of Sir C. Napier's conquests in Scinde—and if we could by pen-craft get into our histories the pith of all that our humble people feel about their neighbours' weddings, we should know more of each other, perhaps. However, it is very unfair to blame historians for not

being able to tell you what the millions feel and think about those matters which really concern them. . .

I have read *Memoirs of Francis Horner*—an instructive book to me, because it sets forth plans and habits of *systematic* reading; a thing, I believe, unknown to Cambridge men, except when working for an object. A sound-headed man was this Francis, and tried all dry subjects—among others a disquisition about the numbers of the Hebrews in the wilderness—done for a friend. This, and a mention of Paul Sarpi, and of a sermon of Sydney Smith's on 'The religion of justice and benevolence, as distinguished from that of form, devotion, and fanaticism' (?Christianity), are the only traces I saw in his letters or journal of anything appertaining to religion. I think we are improved in these last twenty years; our men don't cut their throats like Castlereagh, Whitbread and Romilly, nor would people taking up such a share of love and respect from good men in the most cultivated circles be found nowadays so indifferent about religion as Horner seems then to have been.

BEECHWOOD, Aug. 22, 1842.

I cannot say how much I regret not having learnt music younger. I mean to do so at Cambridge soon, as others of my circle do. French I do not care so much for, but still hope to acquire it before long. But verily when all that I wish to learn and see and do comes thronging in, as it often has lately, I not only 'feel the weight of chance desires,' but an aching sense of ignorance, laziness, ineptitude, and waste of time. I am persuaded (are not you?) that the saints who will reign a thousand years between the first and second resurrection

will have something to *do*, as they will still be men, and inheritors of the earth. Is there any harm in supposing that the unfinished studies of this life may be continued then? May not such a (subsidiary) hope go far to quench the craving for knowledge which so many cannot help feeling? For my part this appetite is only in proportion to my indolence and emptiness, as the convex side is to the concave.

I opened a new untried vein yesterday in South's Sermons, one of which on the Trinity does just meet my expectation of a compact masculine piece of theological reasoning.

Has the Auditor¹ received Mr. Chadwick's *Report on the Sanitary Condition of the Labouring Classes*? It came here, and Mr. Hallam pointed it out to us. I have been reading great parts of it with most savage interest, some pages with my teeth clenched and my feet kicking out as if I was in a football game, and an impulse to reproach myself and every one else for being able to think of or work at anything except the subjects it touches on. Last week I used to be reading this book at one time, at another the accounts of the riots among the very people whose miserable neglect is described by these Reports, and at another time the stirring, long, grand poem of *Philip van Artevelde*, which sets before one a very different and very similar view of a manufacturing people and their superiors' conduct to them, with seditions, pestilence, civil war, famine, &c., as the fruits of that system—so that unintentionally I was thinking in a circle; and to take up a book, however good in itself, relating merely to what the higher classes

¹ His father, lately made Auditor of Torrington and four other Unions.

are concerned with, such as *The Advancement of Learning*, was enough to make me quite fiercely and indignantly impatient of such comparatively otiose things. And after all there comes a calm, stern, Plain Sermon to restrain its readers' hearts within the limits of 'lofty aims and lowly duties.' And so I am beginning this week more quietly and cheerfully than I finished last—not that I mean to give up reading the Report of Mr. Chadwick, or that I will ever allow myself to forget its purport. . .

The great man¹ is a very likeable creature, but too fond of reading newspapers when I should wish to hear him talking, if not to talk with him. I feel it an honour even to see, in this every-day way, so eminent and sound a scholar, whose printed opinions have already been of so much power over me at a time when I never dreamt of making his acquaintance. Of course I am not tactless enough to bore him with questions relating to literary matters, and I observe that he does not relish them when put now and then by his son, and seems to shirk the character of the literary oracle which his writing would make one fancy him to be. But even what he lets fall without being able to help himself is to me worth remarking and remembering, and the observation of even his superficial ways of thinking is enough to make every meal and stroll interesting. . .

K. C. C., Dec. 16, 1842.

There is to be no scholarship vacant next year, so I am told I ought to get myself some notice this time, and so make sure of the '44 Craven, which Kennedy

¹ Mr. Hallam.

repeatedly takes for granted I ought to get. I must say I feel sometimes sure of it, yet at others (not that it often enters my head) I look with dismay at the impossibility of getting up the requisite knowledge. Kennedy now and then expresses surprise at my having read so much Latin and Greek—but it is very clear to me that I have read none of it *well*, except what I have done with him and Shilleto.

K. C. C., Jan. 3, 1843.

I think you would all like what I have lately rejoiced in—Macaulay's *Lays of Ancient Rome*—of which the last *Blackwood* will give you a notion, if you do not meet with the volume itself. It would indeed clear up in a woman's eyes some substantial and true image of what those people were of whom your Corneilles and Vertots and Rollins and Goldsmiths and all a lady reads on the subject, save only Shakespeare, give you such inadequate and partial views.

Lately I have caught an earnest craving for mathematical knowledge, with a sense of shame at not knowing anything of the kind—this began with a sense of inability to get deep into the honoured science of Christian Architecture without mechanical truths in my head—and I am also convinced that it would be essentially profitable as an aid to theological inquiries. Of course I have such a vast mass of classical work lying more directly before my path, besides the Divinity work enjoined by the College, that I have no likelihood of being a mathematician; but some time perhaps I may be able to supply this immense deficiency, as they tell me a year will make one cognizant of about as much as I want to get hold of.

The longer I live, and the more forcibly now as I am beginning another year, I am growing to a conviction of the inadequate space of life this world offers for making acquaintance with all that this generation inherits of knowledge and wisdom. Yet will I know 'in part'—God being my helper.

K. C. C., *Feb.* 1843.

I had great sport these Examination nights in reading Reviews—especially I recommend one in the *Edinburgh* by Macaulay on Madame D'Arblay, Jan. 43, which won me to a pleasant interest in her—and a glorious one on 'Bees' in the *Quarterly*.

Also I have been reading lately Arnold's and Manning's Sermons—both in very different kinds and degrees, with high admiration, amounting to love for the men, and no little advantage in comparing the two, besides the separate edification they each serve to. As for Manning, I think he must inevitably rank in future generations as one of the noblest and most saintly of our Church's writers—even alongside of Taylor and Hooker.

I am falling into acquaintance with men (chiefly out of King's) whose conversation I find useful, yet perilous, because they are more or less liberal or untheological, or in plain truth irreligious in their opinions about all kinds of historical, educational, political, &c., subjects, and yet well-meaning, not very conceited, and so much more thoughtful than the team of King's Scholars in which I run that I get stimulated into something stirring, which all the time makes me feel how powerless I should

be in their hands were I not at bottom convinced of the truth of the Catholic Christian theory, the only comprehensive one. I by no means shrink from dealings with these folks, and take it as a main part of my Cambridge experience, being something I should probably not have met with at Oxford: and it is on the same principle that I read all kinds of latitudinarian and worldly books. It all helps. It would never do for one who may in all likelihood have to teach others to be afraid of getting outside the pale (not a narrow one either) of the writers I consider wise and rightminded.

K. C. C., *March 21*, 1843.

. . . I am engaged in writing the English poem (on Plato) for the Chancellor's Medal—hard work, but pleasant; and were it not for Maine I should have hopes of winning what no Kingsman as yet ever has. It is nearly finished, and must be shown up in nine days.

K. C. C., *May 9*, 1843.

I am asked to belong to a novel kind of thing, an Epigram Club, comprising at present (in its infancy) Galton, Clarke, Maine¹, Key and Bristed—all desirable associates. I shall join. We are to do epigrams on a subject given by rotation, I suppose; send them in anonymously, and read them out together. This is not a notion of high pretence, it is a very pleasant link for a conspiracy of bookish folks who like talking, and I have a respect for the epigrammatic turn as a great

¹ Sir Henry Sumner Maine.

and nowadays too much neglected ornament. N. B.—Classical epigrams are one thing, newspaper squibs another. If we harmonize well, we may perhaps extend our objects.

K. C. C., *May 23, 1843.*

I have enjoyed the Term as yet very much—only pulled once; but I have taken up fives vigorously, and play pretty well, quite well enough for my companions; and it is the best of exercise, and almost the best of amusement. Once a week comes the agreeable and serviceable stimulus of a debate; though eloquence drops rather at this season. I think I improve in speaking: certainly have no kind of nervousness or hesitation, but get too rambling and copious and long-sentenced unless very much on my guard. The Epigram Club has met once, to the number of eight, very pleasant folks, and the compositions passable; we meet again at a very attractive man's rooms next Saturday. It will only be about once a year each individual's duty to entertain the rest.

K. C. C., *June 2, 1843.*

They have given me the Medal¹ for *Plato*, which they ought not to have done. I won by a casting-vote; Maine's was not second—it was obscure, and in such a mass of exercises (twenty-one) they would not take the trouble to look at it close enough; but I am really more vexed than otherwise that mine must be recited when there is known to be so much better a poem. Yonge of King's has got the Camden Medal—being the

¹ The Chancellor's Medal for English Verse.

best of the few bad ones sent in, as the Provost tells me. Kingsmen are very exultant about it, and very civil; and I suppose you will be pleased. Maine has the Latin Ode and Epigrams; Clarke the Greek one; the Porson is not yet adjudged, it *may* come to Thring¹.

The Provost voted against my poem, but likes the latter part; he gives books for it. There were nine good ones to choose out of, which they reduced to four. I am for the present rather displeased at winning than otherwise—had I been conscious that mine was really good, and the best of those sent in, I should be very glad. By-and-by when the exercise is forgotten, it will be pleasant to have my name (as the only Kingsman hitherto) in a list which contains Macaulay, Praed, Tennyson, Whytehead and Maine. I am glad to think I shall have an opportunity of altering my clumsy rhymes.

K. C. C., Oct. 10, 1843.

While I was at Ottery I saw more of John Coleridge² than of Henry³, and liked the Judge better than any of his family. I suppose he is the first man I have seen that could justly be called (and felt to be) what books call 'a wise man.' His eldest son will hardly turn out so worthy of the title, but he is a very remarkable man. I think the family (as an unit) corresponds in its regulations, general tone and aspect as closely as one could wish to what one would imagine an English family of the really highest because most cultivated class. I was much interested in looking over the church, and made

¹ Rev. E. Thring, afterwards Head Master of Uppingham.

² The Lord Chief Justice.

³ Father Coleridge, S.J.

a new book-acquaintance, afterwards improved at Torquay—this was Trench¹, whose poems I fell in with; a man greatly to be honoured. I was in no small degree a gainer in going to Ottery. . .

I slept at the Christopher on Saturday. Next day I saw the score of people I wanted to see, and was on my legs so much as to get blisters on the sole. . . On Monday I called on Hawtrey, who was very lively and civil, and kept me some time at luncheon. He took occasion to tell me what you may like to hear (but for that reason I hope I should not be fool enough to repeat it), that he had shown his copy of *Plato* to his friend Samuel Rogers, 'who, as you know, is a fastidious judge,' and he was pleased to express himself very favourably. This, I assure you, is not worth more to me that the fact of my bedmaker's having asked for copies and read them and eulogized the thing.

K. C. C., Oct. 28, 1843.

I had read pretty well till the Queen came. . . I did not enter much into the bustle and squeezing connected with the visit. It was a great thing having the Queen as a fellow-worshipper for once, instead of a mere object to look at. I think it was a greater thing than being presented to her. Beyond this reflection on the K. C. Chapel service of Wednesday my personal sensations do not extend in this matter. I avoided the squeezes in Trinity Court and at the Senate House, and I never had a good opportunity of joining in a real good cheer. But I had peculiar satisfaction in associating that Wednesday with St. Crispin's, the anniversary of Agincourt, my

¹ Archbishop of Dublin.

Shakespearean festival. It was a very fit day to perform a royal visit on; but our good English folks ought to read Shakespeare, and remember freshly in their flowing cups Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter.

K. C. C., Nov. 16, 1843.

Torrington politics are a new topic. I like your having influence enough to carry your nominee's election. I will see about the Bible pictures. You must get your Book Club by all means to take in the *Foreign and Colonial Review* (Gladstone's) instead of the *Foreign Quarterly*—all the cream of the original *Foreign Quarterly* has been taken up into the new one, which is Tory instead of Liberal; the last number contains a most valuable article of Gladstone's on the present state of the Church, which every one who has his eyes open is absolutely bound to read. In the *British and Foreign* the poet Sterling has written a very remarkable review of Carlyle, which I am reading. I hope soon to read *Past and Present*.

K. C. C., Jan. 10, 1844.

I have a great advantage now as a Cambridge man, which I had not last year. I am intimate with three men of really good life and faithfulness, with whom I agree, with whom I stand well, and whose example I can look on. . . I think all the acquaintances I have been picking up lately out of College are in the same direction. In various ways all the men I have any dealings with are people not afraid to carry Christianity about with them—far more virtuous than schoolboys

are, though hardly so amiable. Not one schoolboy out of a hundred is guided in his judgement of right and wrong by anything stronger than association.

K. C. C., *Feb. 17, 1844.*

I heard not much yesterday. One good newsmonger told me that the electors¹ were unanimous before their final meeting (indeed I had at second hand a message from a Trinity don two hours before they met, which I kept to myself, however, very warily). . . I had plenty of visitors yesterday, but this style of congratulation is of course very prosaic compared with the exuberant triumph of partisans with K. S. gowns on, in the School Yard and Long Chamber. . . People here say they are unable to make so much of this event as they generally do, because they were quite certain of it; only two of my allies here have ever spoken with any misgivings, one of whom is the most strenuous of my well-wishers. The barber, who is virtually a Kingsman, has been in the habit of telling his gossips in a nonchalant way that the electors might just as well save themselves the trouble of examining.

I claim the fulfilment of the promise to feast the almswomen²; let it be on Tuesday, please.

K. C. C., *Feb. 21, 1844.*

I wonder you can all be so elated now, after having gone through the same sensations three years ago³. To

¹ For the Craven University Scholarship.

² At Torrington.

³ The Newcastle Scholarship.

me, with my constant recollections of that high time, this second scholarship has less brightness about it: but to find what happy effect such a result has on those who are nearest, and to whom my whole fortunes belong, is a privilege of the greatest value, and quite surpasses any increase of good opinions I may have gained in this big Cambridge. I took the announcement almost apathetically, but I cannot read the letters from home and Rockbourne and Hillborough, from Wellington and Fanny, W. Y. and L. D., without as warm and lively a sense of what has happened as that I had in May, 1841. At that time I never could have believed that the thing could be repeated; of course now I am sure it cannot. Perhaps I may manage to get a medal or two, or I may possibly get the Crosse Theological Scholarship some three years hence (when a Bachelor); but these minor things are nothing in the way of fixing one's position, which is what the Newcastle does at Eton and the classical Scholarships here. . . . Maine is winning his proud post in the teeth of popular ill-will (being considered an upstart, because he is to beat Trinity men, &c.), whereas I know of no one here who has had any strong or real cause to wish for my failure, there being, in fact, no one of these Craven candidates whose friends could at all count his chances. I really believe no one is disappointed by this result, i. e. no one but Thring has not some other chance of high distinction, and he was told by one who could tell him only to expect the second place, though no doubt he did once hope and has always read for victory. Again—I find all who congratulated me on the Newcastle repeating it now . . . and besides these old well-wishers, how many more have been added since whose kind opinions are valuable: this is some-

thing to rejoice in—to have answered expectations, to have done the piece of work once taken in hand, to have felt my growth and the fruit of all my education, and to have made others happy—this makes it a great and signal blessing which cannot well come again in life.

I have, by one small and one large supper, at great but unavoidable expense, got over that part of the consequences of my election which my acquaintances here expect as their due: both were successful, except in the absence of some that were invited. . . Last night, when we were feasting, was the night for a feast which the Collegers meant to hold in honour of the same event (the best possible compliment, and quite unprecedented); and, as I hope, it brought the ladies of the almshouses that treat which was promised them. Another very out-of-the-way compliment I have heard of was that at the rooms of an Eton man whom I know very slightly my health was drunk very heartily by a set of Eton and Westminster men (members of an united boat club)¹. And the Fellows of this College have spoken as if I had done them a favour. Packe made a most heroic speech, the Provost was quite happy about it, as it is always meat and drink to him to get any honours in the College. Eton masters and Eton boys have sent a dozen acceptable letters, and so on.

We have not heard of any man's being second—I have all reason to believe that the case was a very clear one. Except the lectures that are going on I am very idle; and now that the work of answering the letters has begun I shall be able to do little else for some time.

¹ Third Trinity.

K. C. C., *April 18, 1844.*

It is very true that if a body wants to see the amenity of spring and of outward college life he should stand on Clare Bridge on such a day as yesterday, and look at the chestnut tree. Italian bridge and building most graceful, garden most serene, trees out a good bit further than in London, and far ahead of Torrington, sweet smells rife, and birds besides, with the sun and weeping willow, and clean water below, and no gowmsmen within sight (at least when I was there). It is the best part of Cambridge.

K. C. C., *June 10, 1844.*

You take a very undue estimate of Lord Ashley's worth—I don't like faint praise for so brave and wise a reformer—but if you have been used so many years to look on Pitt and Huskisson as model statesmen, no wonder you and other Tories do not relish a man of this mould.

I am very angry with our Mayfair people for caressing this abominable Muscovite¹, who happily is off to-morrow; a foul tyrant, who has torn Poland to pieces, and goes on fiendishly stabbing at Circassia, and keeps his Church in a state of servitude and his Court in a state of rank vice. All they can say in his favour is that he is handsome. But with some people the title may serve to remind them of Alexander's happy visit in 1814, and if that dupes them it is very excusable.

¹ Nicholas I.

K. C. C., Oct. 11, 1844.

The end of my walk from Slough last Friday night brought me up in my old Lower Chamber study, and threw me back three years—and then debating in Pop just in my old way (perhaps a little wiser by this time than the old Journal-books tell me I *was*), sculling up to Boveney alone (I went no higher because the new lock they have made has revolutionized the rest of the voyage to Surley and destroyed its best attraction for me)—looking on at a football match—dining in Hall, &c., were all solid bits of boyhood, and in themselves almost unadulterated by aught that I may have picked up of late years. My Dame hung out to me most civilly, my pupils past and future were friendly. I had a long spell with Cookesley, nearly enough talk with other more interesting members of the sister College. . . I thought College seemed to be in a better state than I have reason to think it was two years ago, and very little altered yet by the progress of civilization. If they adopt half-measures, like partitioning Long Chamber, they will make a bad business of their intended domestic rearrangements. . .

Immediately on disembarking I was plunged into one of those Trin. Coll. disquisitions over a tea-table, which made up my recent academical year—at it hammer and tongs, twisting notions about just as if I had taken up the threads of last term without any interruption. Only it is very interesting to notice how people's minds have been budding this Long Vacation.

K. C. C., Jan. 20, 1845.

I am grateful for your last letter, and I have thought about its contents perhaps as much as I need. I have dwelt on many of the points most to be considered, and I see one or two new features of hopefulness . . . though I feel disappointment in thinking that I am to continue in a state of neediness burdensome to your finances, instead of being able (as I used to expect I should by this time) to make a livelihood for myself here or at Eton. It is a great thing that I should be blessed with a father so courageous and generous, and that there should be such unselfish unanimity among your other children in wishing to do the utmost for the one who has hitherto been the most indulged and the most prosperous. In fact the plan for my future education, as now taken up by all of you, is equivalent to a most splendid gift—it would be an unwholesome kind of pride that would make one shrink from accepting it. I am the more hopeful about this choice of a profession from remarking that I have been getting rather more energetic this last term and this vacation, though still wasteful of time, dilatory, and self-indulgent. I believe good example has had something to do with it, but one thing is that I have done myself good by encountering pretty firmly the crusty difficulties of high Algebra and Trigonometry, a process of good discipline. After surds and cosines and logarithms it is hardly possible that ‘determinate remainders’ or bankruptcy laws can be at all too thorny. And I think with some complacency on the disposition I find among my acquaintances *to trust me*, which is a disposition not commonly entertained towards people I know here who would make ten times better

pleaders than I could. I should be unusually well off for associates and even intimate allies in London. A good club and the London Library are inestimable resources—the Temple Gardens and Westminster Cloisters are places I already love better than any spot in Cambridge. Few people would appreciate more than I should the great advantage of being in the midst of all that is stirring, amongst new books, and varied topics, and a large assortment of faces and voices. The one grave stumblingblock is the insuperable difficulties in the way of getting fresh air. A law student lives from 9.0 to 5.0 in his tutor's chambers, then dines. . . I should like boat-work (many lawyers pull in the eight-oars of the river clubs), only it would be incompatible with regular reading (which is not the case at Cambridge). I have inquired, and find that my expenses in London for the nine months could hardly be less than £300, of which £100 goes to the tutor and about £30 in law books. It is a great comfort to think that a chancery barrister has no circuit expenses. You know it costs £100 to obey the call to the Bar. . .

I do not suppose I should get any employment worth mentioning till I was thirty-six or so. I cannot say I feel any mounting hopes of success; nor yet any despondency when I count up the chances of failure. I do believe that my boyish ambition to get that Essay prize of Hawtrey's has taken the gloss off any natural eagerness of ambition that I may have started with. I mean that I do not hope or fear very keenly in any speculations as to future success. Only I should rather like to be Foreign Secretary.

My valued friend Campbell, who has encouraged me and straightened me more than any one else, and knows

my mind and has studied it more than almost any one else, will be here to-morrow, and I shall ask him what chance he thinks I should have of earning bread by pleading in courts of equity. He is quite bent on my going to Eton, and yet knows the objections I have to that alternative. If I go there, I am quite bound to make endeavours as a reformer; my convictions as to the alterations desirable there being very positive, very strong, and pretty well known: he and others my well-wishers do me the honour of believing that I might act there effectually upon those convictions. I hardly think I could, and if I could not I should be in a very false position. And I think there are heavy temptations for an Eton master towards love of money, gormandizing, jealousy, intrigue and imposture. And yet I should like to be forming an ingenuous mind instead of blackening a mischievous parchment. Pupils might give a man more happiness than clients. But the truth, is I distrust the purity of the motives which have this long time past swayed me towards a wish to be an Eton master. I cannot, without needless fidgetiness, entertain any doubts as to the healthiness and manliness of that choice of profession which I have now resolved upon. I do not care to settle a point in my mind so stiffly as to consider it a close question. Till October I must be mainly in King's, and there is no need to decide irreversibly. But I intend at present to get my name entered at an Inn and at a Club, and I shall have no hesitation in saying, if I am asked, that I mean to read for the Chancery Bar. I am reading as an introduction the Life of Sir Samuel Romilly, to see how he got on and how he came to make himself an historical name.

And so may the only wise God favour our enterprise.

K. C. C., *Feb.* 20, 1845.

I choose the Inner Temple in preference to Lincoln's Inn, the Middle Temple holding out no advantage to an University man. Interviews with Campbell, in which he has broached a most thoughtful and deep view of what I ought to do (in a way that showed he had studied the question with extraordinary care and interest), have made me reconsider the prospect, and I mean to continue the speculations he forced on me—when I am more free to think. Just this week (my last Scholar's week) I am immersed in 'Naval Tactics,' on which I have to write an essay for my inexorable Society¹ by Saturday. When a Fellow (23rd), I shall have more time. . .

My Tripos Verses, according to old custom, fetched me a pair of gloves! They have attracted some attention and done something towards dissipating some of the errors which Campbell has taught me to battle against.

K. C. C., *March* 11, 1845.

. . . To-day came a letter from Hawtrey inviting me to take a mastership at Eton at once, and requiring an answer by the 20th. . .

He (Campbell) forms his opinions very slowly, and reasons out every point with the utmost carefulness. And then he knows what London is, and he knows enough about Eton masters to understand what I say about that kind of life. Well—in two methodical conversations he has expounded his view of my studies to

¹ The 'Apostles.'

this effect: 'We agree that the object is to promote
'God's glory, as the work of this life and the next. We
'must do it by using to the utmost the talents for which
'we must give account. Your faculties (special ones)
'make you peculiarly fit to influence other minds by
'personal intercourse—it is what you say you have done
'at Eton and what you do here. You have often talked of
'preaching, putting yourself in the position of a preacher,
'and your turn of mind fits you much more for directly
'advancing the common cause of Christianity in this way
'than by any other *public* display. You say yourself
'that you think if you are fitted for anything, it is for
'guiding the minds of people younger than yourself. If
'your faculty is that of training or instructing, it seems
'clear that you ought not to go into a sphere of life in
'which this faculty cannot be used.' . . .

I begin to see that there was some cowardice in my resolution taken six weeks ago. I do distinctly feel that if I have a gift it is the power of gaining influence over the minds of people more ignorant than myself, partly owing to my being able to enter into other people's interests. . . . I put the question on this ground: Is it not my vocation to teach boys? If so, must I not encounter all temptations incident to that life with faith and courage? I answer in the affirmative. But I will not act upon this judgement without having yours.

K. C. C., *March 15, 1845.*

I see very clearly that I have no right to become one of Hawtrey's assistants unless I resolve to do all I can for every pupil. I have not the least reason to suspect myself in the way of donnishness with pupils. I am

rather afraid I should be too familiar in school, where one is among strangers who require something of that exercise of discipline which a regiment or a ship's crew require. My difficulties would, no doubt, be with those weak minds in which the will is feeble and the conduct regulated by impressions instead of choices. . .

On the other hand, you do not set before me any detailed plan of doing good as a lawyer. Of course it is important that men of active general sympathies should, in a layer of society in which the understanding is highly educated, maintain the position of men living for an unseen Master and imitating a Divine Pattern. For a laymen in London the precept about 'confessing Christ' must be translated into a command to guard his lips, so that in all discussions on newspaper topics or personalities he bears witness for Him who once for all made it mankind's task to tread down sin and achieve peace. Wilberforce's position in London was inestimably valuable; Gladstone's is very valuable. But this is to be observed—they were drawn into that position by certain tangible duties, they had a definite mission. Now with me this would not be so; any influence I might have on other people's thoughts would be merely incidental. I cannot go to London saying that my business is to go about in clubs and Law-Courts to show folks that it is possible for a man of letters and a reformer to be religious. If I go there it will be to live a sober and manly life under severe mental discipline, denying myself the intellectual luxuries I could command at Cambridge, for the purpose of gaining an honest livelihood; of course intending to avail myself of any opportunity that might present itself for helping the progress of Christianity. I never looked many years

ahead when I was making up my mind to go to London. I was taken up with thinking how safe I should be from Cambridge sloth or Eton excitement, what vigorous manly work my mind was to be doing, how hardy and quiet I should be. I begin to fear that I should be barren there—that I should be in want of those really intimate allies who, actively or passively, have done me so much good. I see how difficult it would be to avoid intercourse with men in whose presence I should be apt to make compromises and concessions. On looking closer I think my life there would be more worldly than my recent life has been at Cambridge, more worldly also than my life would be as an Eton Master.

K. C. C., *April 24, 25, 1845.*

I am unusually well. Our boat is almost an absorbing interest this week, because of the races. We have achieved a complete conquest over the unkind prejudices of our elders in the College, who at first threw some cold and not very clean water on the project of the revival of the boat club. Wednesday was to be the first race, and we practised at 7.30 in the morning, and then had to race twelve hours afterwards. And greatly rapt I was about it all day, thinking about it almost as keenly and qualmishly as I used to about one of our national struggles at football. We had to start last but one, because we had so recently entered. It was the wildest scramble—we had to change our place at the last moment, but started advantageously. You know we are not allowed to look on the bank (much less at the pursuing boat), but keep our eyes straight aft and *think* about every stroke: nothing could be

wilder than pulling thus with a dozen unseen partisans on the bank shouting to us 'Go at them!' as if we were bulldogs set at a bull. In about 200 yards one might infer from the noises that we were close upon the quarter of the Emmanuel boat. Going round a corner, with not light enough to steer by, we found our oars digging into the sedge, and the boat going one-sided; one or two lookers-on holloaing to our steerer (a very young but marvellously cool-headed being) to steer out (to give us room). Luckily he disobeyed, and persisted in making for their *inside*; so in a few strokes more we were bumping them most decisively, and stopped and hoisted our flag, having had not enough work to give us a breathing—the Emmanuel eight looking sulky at being caught so early by a six-oar.

We were down this morning, and find ourselves improved: one feels quite a professional interest in fulfilling all that our jockey has taught us; and the improvement in health resulting from all this careful and vigorous life is a great reward for the surrender I make of puddings and parties and conversational walks. I am beginning to feel much less a 'man of letters,' and to look upon my merely indoor bookish acquaintances as incomplete people.

And this too will pass away—this second boyhood now flourishing in King's, this interest in the state of my sinews and wind. All our crew will be broken up, and I shall be thinking I have lost for ever some spring of existence; and yet, if I live at all, I have no doubt I shall hit upon something else.

This day last week we were getting up a petition among B.A.s and Undergraduates in favour of the Maynooth grant. There had been one previously got

up against it. Milnes¹ (a man connected with our generation) wrote to Hallam² asking him to start a counter-petition, as he thought it would be valuable. Hallam was rather queered (it not being in his line to do anything, so conspicuous), and came to me to be encouraged. I persuaded him to do it: he wrote a very terse, philosophical and original document, to which, at my request, he added a sentence. In twenty-four hours we had nearly 200 signatures, many more than we expected—the Trinity Bachelors (who are all more or less noted and powerful men) signed it in a body; three of my King's friends did the same. It ran up to 250 by Monday morning. I do not know what has become of it since. It was a very successful attempt, and has been agreeably followed by a spirited debate, in which Hallam and two or three others beat the No-Popery men in argument, and quite advanced the standard of opinion. It ended by a majority of ninety to thirty-nine in favour of the grant. I like the whole affair (as it goes on in Parliament), as a signal triumph of the best educated classes over the half educated. In truth, Peel is now merely an exponent of the opinions that are prevalent amongst the most intelligent London circles, and one must have done with his history.

K. C. C., *May* 19, 1845.

I think death is all the more terrible the less we talk about it—for instance, it never seems a more awful thing to me than when I think of it in connexion with one of those youthful associates (such as members of our boat crew), with whom one never by any chance speaks of

¹ Lord Houghton.

² H. H. Hallam.

dying as a thing they have anything to do with *personally*. On the other hand, in thinking of soldiers death is not terrible, because it is so completely one of their properties or necessary elements in all calculations. I feel just now a great inclination to be a soldier.

(That is to say, I did yesterday; but to-day (May 20) I have forgotten all about it.) I got up at the right time this morning, which has made me happy; and I have had, as a substitute for a walk, another spell at our Fitzwilliam pictures, which was agreeable. . .

K. C. C., July 12, 1845.

I came to the conclusion that I might come back here for my degree (the railway bringing the two places so near each other), and that I might face the difficulty about the Norrisian Lectures¹ by applying at once to headquarters. So I wrote to the Bishop of Lincoln a concise and plain statement of the case, asking whether he would be content with a certificate of my having passed the Theological Examination (which cannot be till next year), and dispense with the other despicable formula. A day or two ago I had his answer: he said he would 'in my case' do without the Norrisian Professor's certificate. I only wish I had wrung from him a *general* relaxation of that yoke, or that my case could as a precedent tend to rescue others from that formality which one would suppose the *really* useful examination might supersede. I am presently going to write to Hawtreys to say so—wherefore I conjecture that I shall be at Miss Edgar's in the middle of September. Rumours

¹ The Norrisian Professor's certificate was required by Bishops of candidates for Holy Orders.

are rife about Abraham's entire departure: if he goes, they will perhaps expect me as 'boots' to take his policeman's beat in College—a thing plainly impossible, which I should refuse summarily and scornfully. However, I hope they are not really going to let their most high-minded officer leave them thus (from mere stress of uncongeniality). Birch says he gets somewhat *used* to the listening to 270 boys on a Friday (ninety, three times in the day each) saying their lessons; of course there is a certain natural provision for callousness. The people in the Andes get larger breasts to make them breathe in the thin mountain air: I also shall get by the law of adaptation some hitherto undreamt-of power of abstracting my mind—letting it think at will while my ears endure the same page of Greek grammar thirty times repeated. I am going into an abyss of drudgery—I must float upon the hope of some success in perhaps one pupil out of fifty—the hope, that before my time is out I may rejoice in having turned out of my pupil-room perhaps one brave soldier or one wise historian or one generous legislator or one patient missionary. . .

I find myself frequently reading books or parts of books irrelevant to my essay, but to which I am guided by the eager search for facts I am obliged to make. I am beginning rapidly to people all that blank of 1,000 years between the sixth and the sixteenth century, in which hitherto I have only had a few scattered facts and quasi-facts to serve as landmarks in the wilderness. . . Though I am set to write only about the gradual softening and loosening of European slavery, I find everything almost that history supplies helping me to an understanding of that inexhaustible subject of which this is

only a slice—the influence of Christianity upon human nature. As there are other men writing who are quite competent, I do not think I shall get the money offered as a reward; but anyhow it is a good hit for me—it satisfies a want.

This is my last good hearty draught of literature; my castle-building seven or eight years ago always ran in the direction of a merely literary book-eating, book-making life; and now the wish returns. I suppose if I was a Frenchman I could get in their institutions a sure livelihood as a journeyman history-monger—history is a profession there. Here, as the young people don't take up Ranke and Palgrave for their degree, there is no demand for a coach in that line of business; but see if I don't make the smaller fry at Eton write me holiday essays about St. Louis or Simon de Montfort or Charlemagne. If Hawtrey would but let me alone a little while longer I would come to his great verse-mill almost a learned man instead of a smatterer. He is perpetrating a great anomaly, I think.

K. C. C., *Sept.* 3, 1845.

I am taking my last walks and closing up one or two trains of associations, not with much sorrow, though I am giving up a great deal, and going from a place where I have met with more justice and kindness and helpful friendliness than I thought a place could furnish. There are many things I might have done here, particularly mathematics, geology, and some deeper scholarship. My education is incomplete, but still it is immeasurably advanced since I left school and since I won freedom by the Craven.

ETON COLLEGE, *Sept.* 16, 1845.

I arrived here late last night, and was rather pleased to find that there was to be no seven o'clock lesson. I had some trouble about finding out in the morning what room there was for me, but soon after eight I found myself lodged in a little cell with a host of strange young people, and after some waiting I ascertained how many of them belonged to me. Saying by heart is a tiresome and unsatisfactory kind of teaching-work—but, drudgery as it is, I find in a few minutes that it requires a constant *moral* effort, the effort to be just, to deal even-handedly. It took an hour. I met Cookesley and broke fast with him.

At eleven I went into Chambers, and tried for the first time the seediness of standing there with the other journeymen, talking. I found myself soon afterwards in my place bellowing to forty-five book-bearing bipeds, of whom I found one to be an intelligent being, and expect to discover more. The time went very rapidly—so I suppose I did not find it a bore. And so much standing must be more healthy than much sitting. The worst of it is I am so badly off at home for a sitting-room, whereas the bedroom with its empty dressing-room attached is very good.

ETON COLLEGE, *Sept.* 30, 1845.

I am very well, but my voice is weak for this bellowing; it weighs heavily in the scale of my uncertainties. The noise of 200 boys and four masters in the Upper School is so great that it is impossible for those at one end to hear what goes on at the other, and therefore the instruction conveyed can be but fragmentary, and the great bulk of the division is learning nothing.

I think myself lucky if I can interest half a dozen near neighbours and engage their attention. If I could but have proper opportunities, I am sure I have a dozen who would learn a good deal. . .

I am not sure yet whether I am of any use here. I am told that is not a right way of putting the question.

ETON COLLEGE, *Nov. 5, 1845.*

I have been an usher seven weeks: my juvenility is a fault mending every day, according to William Pitt's notion; nor do I find my mind stagnating as it is generally thought ushers' minds do. As long as I find fresh interests germinating I have a right to conclude that I have not altogether mistaken my vocation.

Sometimes I get encouragement in school, observing eagerness and inquisitiveness in some of the young people's faces—only perhaps what I see is but an eagerness for display and competition. Anyhow, it is their light-heartedness which makes the intercourse with them agreeable. On cold mornings when they are dispirited, discontented and dull, I pity them, and also I pity myself. And I cannot help fidgeting when I find myself distracted in the midst of investigations by talking, &c., which I must make perpetual digressions to rebuke and check—after all, it is but rubbing the blood off Bluebeard's key. As soon as I silence one battery another opens, and they force me to quarrel with them, though I believe they would really like to live in peace and on terms of amity. Nature never intended me for a disciplinarian, much less for a martinet; rather for a 'guerrillero.' I am unable to browbeat or intimidate. In fact it is a difficult problem to solve—how to work mechanically without

acting a part—how to work in a business-like and natural way according to the laws of one's own character, and yet keep up the conventional system of strict and summary jurisdiction. Whether, with all the pains I take to broach facts and establish distinctions, I am teaching them anything, I often doubt; in a few cases I fancy I see glimmerings of improvement.

I am reading stoutly by myself, forgetting my higher classics, but getting general views which will put them in a new light whenever I return to them. I find Abraham a valuable ally, because he is a keen student, and fairly meets one's thoughts face to face, taking pains not to misunderstand them; likewise he is a very high-minded and almost enthusiastic man.

ETON COLLEGE,
May 17, 1846.

I had till Monday felt very cheerful and confident about my prospects of Eton work. Now I am somewhat discouraged. We are all so hopeless about getting Hawtrey to do the right thing, i.e. increase the staff adequately. Again, my boys make me idle, my time is frittering away. Ten of them are not enough to fill my hands, yet am I losing all habits of self-improvement.

And I am beginning also to be dismayed at the amount of evil. It suddenly strikes me that this place is not only 'a little world,' as the saying is, but '*the* world'—i.e. one of our three enemies. I mean an Eton boy is eminently a slave of the world; and an Eton master is in nearly as great danger. I force myself to think of the text: 'Consider Him who endured such contradiction of sinners, lest ye be weary and faint in your minds. Ye have not yet resisted unto blood,' &c.

After all I am more in doubt than in anxiety; yet the cares of professional manhood are come suddenly on me this week in a complex form.

ETON COLLEGE,
May, 1846.

I had a fight yesterday with some ninety Fourth-Form in one of the extra school-times, when all the new ones are worked in Greek grammar¹. I conquered them at the cost of two lives and a few seriously wounded. Since, I have got leave to split the ninety into two halves, which will give me double work in point of time; but forty or so are not too many for my voice and eyes.

Misanthropical feelings are engendered by their want of order; but I see one or two virtuous and rational ones who are my friends and fellow-soldiers, and their existence makes me very easily reconciled with human nature at large, inasmuch as I persevere in an old habit of idealizing, and live in the faith that my best Fourth-Form are most noble, most generous, most kind—as virtuous as men, without men's pride and knowingness, as interesting as women, without women's timorousness and artifice.

ETON COLLEGE,
Aug. 6, 1846.

By help of a small telescope, the most happy purchase I ever made, I saw the play of the batter perfectly with the bowling and wicket-keeping. The same glass gives me countless new pleasures in looking at views, and I wonder I have never been told to get one before. Henceforth I shall no more go about without it than without my spectacles.

¹ This institution, called 'Library,' existed till 1861.

ETON COLLEGE,

Jan. 13, 1847.

After breakfast I started, on a quiet, dull day, for a long walk. I asked the way to Abbotsford, and went by the carriage-road. It appears that one ought to go across country by the Rhymer's Glen; but I had no guide. The first good thing I came to was Melrose Bridge, two miles from the inn—a beautiful view of Tweedside, which made me fairly feel that I was for the first time in my life in a poetical region—a place of compound attractions—not pleasant only to the eye because favoured by nature, but gratifying to the mind because connected with human thoughts and experiences. I did not know how soon I should get to the house. When I had turned from the Edinburgh road I kept looking about with my spyglass for it, afraid of missing the first view of it. I was very curious, in good spirits, glad to be alone, not at all sentimental or fanciful, vexed that I had not got up Scott's life lately. For many years I used to wish to see two places—first, Niagara; secondly, Abbotsford. And the second best spot in the world, as I used to count it, was close by. The plantations interested me as I came near them. They are hardly young enough now to look formal. Men were sawing timber near the house.

The entrance to the grounds is commonplace, the colour and masonry also—mere common reddish-brown stone, faced with grey stone, just like the common houses in Galashiels. In architecture it is certainly rather original, but not good—a great many doors, no regular main entrance, that I could see; the situation not good—no particular view from it. The building too small to have towers, &c. I was admitted by a small door and

mean staircase to the first floor, and was straightway in 'his' dining-room, as the pert English woman-servant called it. . . Then the armoury—here I was vexed with the want of appropriateness. I should have wished a man like Scott to have a museum of things Scottish and mediæval; but what had he to do with Polynesian war-clubs, Chinese matchlocks, Persian shields, &c.? It looked too like a love of homicide. If he had carried out the principle he would have put alongside of the Scotch thumbscrews (which, of course, he was quite right to get) a model of a rack and of a guillotine, &c., &c. So in the drawing-room I was offended by the remarkable Chinese paper—a thing quite out of character with old British cabinets and chairs. After all, Abbotsford can hardly be better than Strawberry Hill in point of poetry. The library was the fourth room; these four *en suite* take up the south front. The library is a delightful room, quite worthy of so great a littérateur—nobly furnished, barring the gaslight. His study, with its gallery and (almost secret) communication with the dressing-room upstairs, looked very like a place of hard, solitary work; it has a double window to keep out sound and draught; only three chairs, for fear visitors should be adhesive. Scott's chair is a comfortable great easy-chair, which I was surprised at. . . I went away with my second or manly estimate of Scott (which, on reading Carlyle's, superseded my boyish estimate) decidedly confirmed by what I had seen. It is almost enough that he so highly valued the handsome gifts of George IV—enough, I mean, to show that he was a regular man of the world. Wordsworth and Shelley and Tennyson have lived more like poets, after all. . . I was shown over a factory: water-power, hand-looms,

shawls, plaids, twills and tweeds—fine woollen fabrics. . . I did not feel this time ashamed of myself as a loungeur when looking at the labours of the factory folks: they work eleven or twelve hours a day, and so do I. Therefore I had a right, on one of my holidays, to go and look on. I also am a labourer now—and ‘labour is sacred.’ . .

Next morning after breakfast I saw the Abbey, happily without a guide, clambering about therefore to explore for myself. . . But I don’t like ruins so much as other buildings. The laceration and corruption pain me. Who would like a ruined picture? Who likes a corrupt Greek play so well as he does a perfect one? Whence comes the preference for ruined buildings? If a building is a work of art it should be un mutilated. Nevertheless the tracery of a window without glass is abstractedly more beautiful than that of a window with glass. And a clean greensward, such as one walks on at Melrose, is more beautiful than a pavement. . .

I spent two hours in the Minster¹. (N. B.—This was a good way of keeping my birthday.) It is all that I expected, and more, for I had no notion there was such a beautiful thing in the island as that most perfect, faultless Chapterhouse. The fires have not done much harm, and some good; the fire in the choir, which destroyed the good old woodwork deplorably, brought about the opening of the crypt below and the donation of a first-rate organ. You know that, besides an unrivalled display of old stained glass, which I examined with my spyglass—a whole group of new pleasures—York is honoured by a stone choir-screen containing niches with the English kings from the Conqueror to the beloved

¹ At York.

Founder. How lucky it is that the kings of England were not canonized! If they had been saints they would have been destroyed. As it is, poor Henry VI's face is miserably marred; the authenticity of the earlier faces is, I suppose, very slight. . . . But of course as Henry VI was alive at the time his statue is trustworthy. I was surprised and delighted, and quite moved, to see what a sweet face it was—not pusillanimous, but innocent; not sheepish, but kind; not like what the plaster casts one sees in Kingsmen's rooms make him, but like what one would wish and expect him to be. The *Edinburgh Review* once called him 'an unprincipled driveller.' This statue does not drivel a bit. It is clear that he was not unprincipled. He made a great effort for education, and he had Lollards burnt. I hope he had more volition in the former than in the latter act. I would have gone out of my way to see this most pleasing image (chin damaged, however, with a chip) of my benefactor and taskmaster.

ETON, 1847.

I take very little pleasure in my elder pupils, and I think of resorting, if I can, to a Sixth-Form collegier, Bradshaw¹, whom I like. I read next to nothing by myself; I wish I could. But as it is I am absolutely neglecting about half my pupils, except as regards what is done in class. My school division, which used to be dead weight or vexation, is on the whole more interesting to me than pupils. Many of them have been with me a year, most of them not less than six or seven months. This does not often happen. The young

¹ Henry Bradshaw, University Librarian at Cambridge.

people in turn-down collars are ten times more agreeable than the louts in tail coats.

ETON, 1847.

Maine¹ arrived after the young Lieutenant's departure, and stayed with me till Tuesday morning, going to St. George's, lionizing Eton thoroughly, and exploring the Park as far as a cold grey day would let us. We talked together for some twenty-four hours nett. He told me much that I wanted to hear of London gossip, political and literary—lifting for a few days the curtain which hides that great glittering world from me. He is inexhaustibly lively and powerful; somewhat impetuous still; but, thanks to marriage and hydropathy, more kind and patient and philanthropic. He and I went through several hard subjects in the old Cambridge way, in that method of minute comparison of opinions without argument which I believe to be peculiar to the small intellectual aristocracy of Cambridge. So that those three days have lifted me more than six weeks of mere reading. It is this systematic talk with a well-educated reasoner which I am always wishing for. . . . A schoolmaster must needs get dogmatic or weak in faith or both unless he has some such intercourse with equals or superiors—and it is of infinite importance that they be men of his own age.

July 31, 1847.

[CASTEL, after missing a train.] I mustered up my German and asked for an hotel; found one close to the station; stopped outside the door just long enough to

¹ Sir Henry Sumner Maine.

get up out of Murray's *Handbook of Travel Talk* the phrases for getting a bedroom, coffee, &c.; performed these evolutions, found myself in a very good hotel where there were no vestiges of compatriots, and so felt myself to be really a stranger in a foreign land. . . Being apprehensive of fraud in the bill, I thought I had better study the coinage. So I gave vent to a request. 'Change me a Napoleon, please!' Having got the new coins, I read their legends, held them up to the waiter, ascertained their names and relations to one another. It was one of the pleasantest discoveries I ever made to learn that a florin and a gulden were of the same value.

I then went through the new evolutions of ascertaining what was the first train in the morning, arranging the times for being called and breakfasting. . . Everything went right, and when I was seated in the 6.30 a.m. train, going through a nice country, with a very pretty view of Wiesbaden, I felt (all unwashed and unkempt though I was) more lively and traveller-like than I had before. The adventure at Castel was, in fact, a good stimulant. When I got to Frankfort at 8.0 I invaded the Gepäcks-Expedition or luggage office—found no one there, seized my two companions, carried them to a fly, holding out my ticket all the while, drove to the Hotel de Russie, where I knew I should find Scott; dressed while they were breakfasting, compared notes, and found that he had had difficulties and embarrassments too, all arising from the hurry we were in about the train. We then had a very pleasant run on rails to Heidelberg; the line, without cuttings, embankments or bridges, skirted at a short distance a line of hills lying on the east the whole way. For several miles

in the neighbourhood of Darmstadt the meadows were beautifully wooded, the villages frequent and comely, the hills varied in contour, the whole thing very rich, cheerful and pretty. In due time we came to a broad opening in the hills, where the Neckar came down to the Rhine.

ETON, Oct. 20, 1847.

I was out of bed a good deal yesterday, but very busy all the time. To-day I am quite at rest comparatively in my Cambridge great chair, and I think you will be glad to see in my hand a statement of my release from an imprisonment of five days. Immunity from headache makes bed a happy, active place for me. I have been free from school government, and doing nothing but teach, government being carried on for me. I am a bad governor, but I am getting to be a good teacher: I think I like teaching better than any other employment, provided I am learning at the same time, which has been the case lately.

I have had very kindly domestic interviews in my bedroom with pupils, one or two at a time; and though my throat makes me often think of resigning, yet my recent thoughts run upon the blessing of my present life and the great loss I should sustain if I had to go away from it prematurely.

ETON, March 3, 1848.

The Modern History Professorship¹ is soon going to be closed up: it will not be open again in my lifetime. No great matter. It will probably be given to Grote,

¹ Vacant by the death of Prof. Smyth, who was succeeded by Sir James Stephen, K.C.B.

a brother of George Grote the historian: this will be a very good appointment. I should never be man enough for a place like Cambridge; but at a second-rate University I should make a good history professor, as things go.

June 4, 1848.

I do not feel at present inclined to stay at Eton, if I can get any other income which will allow of my paying my premium. I can do hardly anything as a teacher or as a ruler of boys.

June 5, 1848.

Abraham lends me his schoolroom by way of help: it enables me to be heard, but it has countervailing disadvantages which have given me great trouble. The task of keeping my mob in a state of quiet attentiveness when their blood is warm is a task beyond my powers; it is comparatively easy in the cool morning. I get sometimes absolutely sick of setting punishments—quarrelling so much with my subjects; but in the pupil-room there is teaching, which by itself I like. . .

I look at the plasterers and carpenters now working here, and envy them their weekly wages; for all my shoutings and questionings and mortifications, and all the ill-will I have to contract by punishing, I have not received a farthing.

ETON, *May 26, 1849.*

Last Sunday I went to Church in the tent¹, of which you have heard. I was admitted as one of the choir, and hope to sing better to-morrow. . . I have been rather idle this week with pupils, busy with my sixty boys in school, who give more pleasure than my pupils.

ETON, *Oct. 27, 1849.*

These rides (the last I had was to Beaconsfield, where Burke lived) make me feel that this is an interesting district. The extension of my topographical knowledge since I first lived at Eton corresponds with the expansion of my other interests. I find enough here now to constitute a home. My lecture² cost me about twelve hours' hard work, throwing overboard two 'private business' lessons, and making the next day, which should have been pretty clear, a day of very hard work. It did me good, no doubt; writing makes a correct man. I had to deal with a subject of which I knew so little in detail (though full of general views of it) that I was obliged to be particularly cautious—and yet I was so moved by some thoughts that had been swarming at odd times for some weeks that I felt myself lifted up a little, so as to be at the time of delivery fearless of criticism and regardless of my audience. I lectured on the geological books of Hugh Miller, the self-taught Scotsman, now one of the leaders of the Free Church. His last publication is so recent that I am, I believe, the first of its reviewers.

¹ The temporary building used for service while the alterations of the College Chapel were proceeding.

² On geology; one of several lectures delivered at Windsor.

I observe that Buckland is going to lecture upon it at Oxford; so that I hit upon something evidently worth notice. As to the final cause of this lecture of mine, I merely wished to pay a personal attention to my neighbours, and to let them know me in some phase of my character or other. If I am asked again I shall be inclined to repeat the experiment—as it does me good, whether it is of use to my hearers or not. . .

ETON, Jan. 14, 1850.

You should try hard to get hold of the *Frasers* for December and January. Read Carlyle's paper about the West Indian negroes, and then read Mill's answer. One preaches a 'gospel of work,' the other a 'gospel of leisure'—both wrong. The right gospel is a gospel of probation. It is the most notable bit of polemics I have seen lately. I meditate lecturing at Windsor on slavery.

ETON, Ash Wednesday, 1850.

I have no time to think about politics: only I smile scornfully and proudly at the breakdown of the Protectionists, all the more gratifying because it is caused by the sterling patriotism and unselfishness of many who call themselves Protectionists, and who just now are behaving admirably; e. g. Lord Castlereagh, Lord Yarborough, &c.

I have read *modern* English history as much as most people of my age, and I am convinced that in no generation since the Long Parliament met has there been so much virtue and wisdom amongst our legislators as there is now.

I have had as much stupidity and idleness as usual, and rather more cheating, but no malice: most of the young people very amiable and flexible—a good many enlivened by my philosophical puzzles, which I set every week (questions or problems in physics, &c.), with the talk thereupon. This brings out intelligence in half a dozen boys who cannot write poetry, and it supplies phenomena for a dozen more who can; and the rest, if they do not quite follow the reasoning, smile as they look on, and are at least aware of their ignorance. My air-pump, microscope, &c., are daily inquired after: when they come we shall have pneumatic recreations now and then, and in May we may look at flowers and insects and learn something about them.

Did you hear of my being half invited to Rugby to be second to Goulburn? Catch me going! N.B.—The negotiations never really began.

WARMINSTER, *April 3, 1850.*

I tried hard to get up some health last week, and for the last three days at Romsey seemed to be succeeding. On Sunday I went, by help of a railway, with ten miles walking altogether, to and from Hursley, where I heard Keble preach a better sermon than any I ever read of his. Nothing could be more pastoral: he has not that Oxford voice and tone which one gets so tired of, but a thick utterance, such as I can fancy Moses had—the speech of a man both meek and brave, who has just come from the Presence-Chamber. He spoke like a man who had been just giving way to grief, pausing sometimes in the middle of a sentence, though not using any warm emotional language nor discoursing on any painful subject. His church is very perfect. L. D., I remember,

was rather sad when we saw a Roman church near Malvern, because our communion had no such holy places, so well built and furnished. I thought when I was in Hursley church that she would like to be there, and would have no reason to envy the Romans.

ETON, Nov. 1850.

H. Dupuis announces his wish to be Provost of King's. He is not likely to beat Okes. If either goes I shall gain a step in school—get into the Remove. I cannot face the expense of changing houses too. But to get out of the Fourth Form might prolong my life a year or two.

My Fifth-Form boys are generally so idle, frivolous and undisciplined, and do so much harm to the young ones, that I get ill some days of sickness of heart; but then the place and the work provide remedies, sometimes an eager open-eyed listener sitting as long as I like to hear me read him poetry or translate Greek or Latin verse to him, sometimes a piece of unexpected industry or taste, sometimes a piece of good conduct or rather of high virtue, forgiveness, humility or the like, sometimes an unanimous burst of inquisitiveness in a small and youthful class, or an impromptu vote of thanks for some interesting story or out-of-the-way information. Last night I had a happy party of small boys receiving shocks and sparks from an electric machine; and though it all ended in breakages and a headache (not my head, but Scott's, who operated), yet it was a successful affair. Indeed, one can make Eton a palace of art, science and nature—anything but a Christian Church. Yet there are a few children of the 'free woman' even here, dwelling in the tents of Kedar: and I feel that they are too strong for the mocking Ishmaelites.

K. C. C., Dec. 18, 1850.

Next day Barrett¹ brought two Oxford guests into Hall and Combination Room—one was a good mathematician and modest man, Spottiswoode², who was expelled from Eton by Hawtrey for fireworks or some such thing—the rashest act of Hawtrey's whole life, I suppose. I was rather surprised to find myself alongside of two men who were as much in favour of the University Commission as I am. At Eton, on Dec. 6, I was regularly 'booed' by our dons, particularly Coleridge, for speaking in defence of the Commission. I also noted Barrett's direct avowal of a belief that Protection is utterly indefensible, though its abolition may or must injure college property. This is another plain, *old-fashioned* man, besides Mr. Wicksted, on the right side.

ETON, Jan. 9, 1851.

I feel as strongly as any one that the Sunday service in a parish church, though be-musiced as much as at this place, and filled out as far as possible, remains very jejune and bald—and I should be glad to belong to a nation which would allow it to be varied, enriched and beautified. Such a clergyman as this Mr. Page of the Broadway, a truly laborious priest, will, I hope, be undisturbed in his intoning, in his preaching with a surplice, without a previous prayer, and in his announcing quietly the Festivals of the week.

And I hope no one in the present generation will attempt what Bennett has disobediently struggled to retain. But I also hope that in after ages our Prayer

¹ Rev. R. B. Barrett, Fellow of King's.

² W. Spottiswoode, P.R.S.

Book will be greatly enlarged and beautified, with Sunday forms differing from weekday forms, and with special services for great days, the Lessons being abridged at the same time.

I had a beautiful walk on Sunday in Hyde, St. James's, and Green Park—looking at the glass shed, which is a very mild affair at present, Lord Ellesmere's palace, which is worth as much glass shed as would cover the Park, and the Houses of Parliament, which from the bridge looked noble with a fine afternoon sun over them. Since then I have seen another new beauty, Blackfriars and Westminster bridges on a dark night, indicated only by the thread of lamps, so that the curve showed all its beauty.

But chiefly I have derived pleasure from the children of the dirty streets—the small parties who play or dance up the pavement of Aldersgate Street or Tottenham Court Road, regardless of the busy passengers, and tossing about more gaily and gracefully than any rustic brats; and the shoeless swarms that buzz in the dark through the greasy lanes of Clerkenwell, where I can hardly walk two miles an hour for fear of slipping. I have never heard one cry for pain or anger, whereas you can never walk through your Mill Street without some squalling. They may be saucier in London, but they are also brighter comelier and merrier; they are to country children what Eton boys are to Rugby boys.

K. C. C., *Dec.* 31, 1851.

I have been reading here chiefly at night—not many hours at a time—but it is reading that tells, because it is all to a point. It bears on my examining work¹. I skip

¹ For the Moral Sciences Tripos at Cambridge.

about from book to book, sometimes dwelling long on a few pages, thinking over them, making questions from them, comparing them with other views, and the like. The moral philosophy is much less settled or fixed than the other sciences I have to deal with (law, political economy, modern history), and gives more trouble, as one has to attempt a reconciliation of two opposite views, the theory of utility and the theory of a moral sense—a work which Mackintosh seems to have more nearly effected than any other writer. His discourse on the Ethical Philosophy of the last Two Centuries, edited in 1836, with a Preface by Whewell, is as readable a book as I can find on the subject, and quite justifies his high reputation, which I had thought groundless.

I have to read a little Roman and English Law for the nonce, rather a low proceeding; one's knowledge of two such subjects thus acquired must needs be superficial, but I can contrive to pick up a few points easily handled by a beginner or amateur, and ask questions which will make the men think sharp for a few minutes. I went to see the big Whewell yesterday on this business, by his request. It is altogether his creation, this Moral Tripos—and he seemed glad to find me interested in it—for my predecessor last year went through his functions in a *pro formâ* style, knowing nothing about the questions which his colleagues, the five professors, supplied him with. I have declined this assistance, and Whewell thinks it will be much better for me to act independently. I feel no great uneasiness about it. In London I shall be able to consult Maine, whose views will probably somewhat differ from Whewell's.

ETON, Jan. 9, 1852.

On Wednesday I went to a tea-party of Bethnal Green silk-weavers, with their wives and children—about fifty in all—at 6*d.* a head. Good tea, cake, and bread and butter: we came rather late. I could not manage to get into talk with the people themselves, only with visitors. They seemed grave, sober people, the men for the most part stunted and pale, but spirited and strong-minded, as far as one could judge from their proceedings in the public meeting which followed the tea; the women, stouter and healthier than the husbands, listening with no less attention to the excellent addresses made to them by our people. Ludlow¹, our greatest man, delivered a lay sermon on brotherly love, honesty, endurance, self-sacrifice, and the increased responsibilities of emancipated workmen raised to a higher standard of enjoyment and leisure by association; and there was no flaw in the beauty and truth of his language, whilst he spoke with a slight mixture of gaiety and polite insinuation, which made it very unlike a mere hortatory harangue. There was nothing at all exciting in it—no false rhetoric—no stumbling—no hesitation. Some of the people gazed, as he spoke, as if they were hearing glad tidings. Their manager, a very courteous and withal enthusiastic man, who has but one room and one bed for himself, his wife, and six children, spoke clumsily, but bravely and wisely. There was not a word against the masters, from whom the aforesaid twenty had escaped, and were teaching the other men present to escape hereafter. No aristocrat or money-maker could have taken offence at anything said by any speaker. . .

¹ J. M. Ludlow.

This is altogether the most important of our institutions. No trade has been so long depressed. No trade has so wearied the monied classes with cries for alms. Now we are to teach them, and they are apt learners, how to do without alms—how to free themselves and their children. I have seen and read of nothing more heroic or more religious than this meeting was.

Last night I attended as extraordinary member (speaking, but not voting) the weekly meeting of our Council, where I made acquaintance with Hughes¹, the new editor of our Journal, a tall, high-spirited, hearty, plain-spoken man, who wears a wide-awake, and smokes a cigar on his way home after business is over, wishes some one would leave him a fortune that he might give up law, meanwhile applies his law, as do Ludlow, Furnivall, and others, to the direction of our people, so as to prevent their making legal mistakes. This is the man I like best, as writer or talker, of our leaders—though he is less philosophical and refined than Ludlow.

LECHLADE, *April 17, 1852.*

The Doctor sang old glees generally, and was a good man, to all appearances. With a young yeowoman called Miss Brook he sang very smoothly and softly a delightful duet which I had never heard before, 'All 's Well,' a sort of naval song, but in a tender pastoral, not a boisterous fore-castle strain; fit for the gentle Collingwood, and carrying one back to the age of Braham and Incedon, the best days of Toryism; not Pitt's days nor anti-Jacobin days, but the glorious years when the Tories fought for liberty against Napoleon, and were the only possible leaders of the nation.

¹ T. Hughes.

ETON, *June 22, 1852.*

I have become all of a sudden a Fifth-Form Master, and rejoice in my promotion, which gets me up earlier in the morning and gives me better books to read in school, Livy and Theocritus particularly. I have a sober, gentlemanly division of fifty boys, with no great amount of stupidity, and no idleness but what is easily knocked on the head. They listen well, and answer questions quite as I wish, and their goodness puts me to shame daily. The only thing in which I am morally superior to them is punctuality. But with all my faults I get on pretty well with them, because they see and feel that I take some interest in everything they do, and keep a score of it.

*To Mr. C. W. Johnson*¹.

ETON, *Jan. 21, 1853.*

What right had they², agreeing speculatively with Coleridge in theology, to take advantage of the objection made against his theology—what right to profit by their being only less courageous than he?

Goodford is honest, righteous, methodical, learned, brave, laconic, prudent, unmeddlesome. He is also

¹ Dr. Hawtrey had been appointed Provost of Eton about this time, and it was expected that Mr. Coleridge would succeed him. W. J. wrote to the *Morning Post*, Jan. 17, 1853, a letter supporting Mr. Coleridge on the ground 'that he was as efficient a schoolmaster as any in England,' that the fear of Puseyism was 'in 1853 simply an anachronism,' and that neither as regards teaching ritual nor preaching could the Head Master introduce ideas of his own without the approval of the Provost. The letter ends thus, 'I write as a layman, a Liberal, and an Erastian.' This letter was printed and sharply commented upon in a leading article in the *Windsor and Eton Express*, Jan. 29, 1853. W. J.'s answer to the article appeared in the same paper on Feb. 5.

² Fellows of Eton who appointed Dr. Goodford Head Master.

sleepy, weak in health, uninfluential, obscure, unpolished. No one admires him—every one respects him.

We shall probably be much happier under him than under Coleridge.

I hope Coleridge will get the next vacant Deanery; Goodford the next Fellowship but one; Rowland Williams the next Head Mastership.

If they let me alone I shall resume work very cheerfully.

ETON, Jan. 31, 1853.

An Erastian! Why *you* are an Erastian. Have you the least idea what it means? Why be frightened at a name, if you cannot give its meaning? An Erastian is one who does not think that the Church ought to have any separate power or jurisdiction underived from the State. Every one who maintains the Royal Supremacy is an Erastian. It is the opposite to a Free Church man.

Pupils! I have had nine since I wrote the letter, of which I have been obliged to decline three, because I have too many Fifth-Form. My letter is just as likely to gain me friends as to lose them. Of course the moment you venture to take a line in public affairs you offend somebody. I have waited long enough—till I was thirty—and I have a right now to enter the arena. My letter is absolutely free from personality or innuendo. It is a very consistent deduction from the principles of true liberality. It has provoked a tolerably clever and impudent article, and a puzzled letter, in the *Windsor Express*, to which journal, despised and hated by most of my friends, but not by me, who use it as an organ and respect it as a power, I have sent a carefully-written and courteous answer, which I hope they will print by the time you come.

ETON, Sept. 28, 1853.

I think it hard now to avoid a war between Turkey and Russia, as Russia, emboldened by the secession of Austria, is evidently bent on a campaign next spring. I think we ought to send 10,000, the French 20,000 troops to Varna, and put them into good winter quarters. We should encourage our youths and Frenchmen, with as many Poles, Danes, Hungarians and Prussians and Italians as have learnt war in 1848-9, to take commissions in the Turkish army, and do for the Turks exactly what we did for the Portuguese—in which case Russia will break her teeth, like Masséna, on a nut too hard to crack.

I should not, if I were Foreign Minister, attempt any more negotiation. A war with Russia, even if it cost £20,000,000, would be a distinct good—it would check bullying for some generations.

I think the British policy has been miserable. The moment we heard of the passage of the Pruth we should have sent Dundas to Sevastopol, leaving his light steamers at the mouth of the Danube.

I only met one man in Turkey, &c., who did not speak indignantly of our betrayal of Turkey. People belonging to the British Embassy were as plain spoken as any.

I am reading the account of the Turkish Government given in Brougham's *Political Philosophy*. It is vitiated in a great measure by the changes that have occurred since the book was published, i. e. in fifteen years. So false is the assertion that Turkey is on the decline. No South-Europe country, except Sardinia, has made more progress in the last thirty years.

To Hon. Charles Wood (Viscount Halifax).

Aug. 2, 1854.

I dare say you will see my letter to your Father come in with its black edge, and you will infer that I am in mourning for my Father. It is not so. He is alive, and not very much worse than he was when I left him on July 21, though going straight to the grave. We hope that he may be spared the terrible spasms which nearly killed him on the 17th; and that he will give way, after slow decay, to mere weakness.

He comes every morning to the cheerful front room, which was for forty years my Mother's morning room, and has been kept ever since she died, in 1851, as unchanged and inviolate as a tomb.

There he sits, looking at the corn ripening above the beautiful distant woods, and writing, doing business, talking, preparing for death, without any deviation from his old ways.

Whilst we were attending to him on Monday my Brother was suddenly summoned to the death-bed of my Uncle, Mr. Furse, whose house¹ is seven miles up the river. He was a solitary man, with no near relatives that he was intimate with except our family; and my Brother was the nearest to him, and did a son's duty to him for twelve hours of illness. . .

To Hon. Charles Wood.

Dec. 14, 1854.

I have been to London to see the wonderful ship², to see the Queen, and to hear a debate, or a hum-drum, in

¹ Halsdon.

² The *Great Eastern*.

the House of Lords, under the auspices of a staunch and respectable Derbyite Baron, who had been primed in the morning with the catch-word 'too late.' The subjects they preached on were so interesting that even the Minister of War¹ could not prevent my eyes from filling with tears. It was very moving to see so unusual a concourse of Peers listening so patiently, and so respectable a body of strangers in the Gallery waiting for announcements, and rejoicing with good hearts over every cheering statement.

The Duke seemed to be extremely well-intentioned and kind—quite different from what he seemed to be in the House of Commons as Lord Lincoln.

Lord Grey followed him, with rather a better manner; but both of them, and Lord Derby too, wearied me and my companions by their regular pump-handle House-of-Commons cadences, and over-loaded, pointless sentences. Lord Derby had the best voice, Lord Grey the best flow of words and the most energetic and direct march; I could not stay to hear him out, or to hear Lord Aberdeen, in whom, above all others then present, I was and am interested.

I wish our English Parliament-men were a little more like the famous Irish orators, or even more like Sir F. Thesiger.

I was greatly pleased with the announcement about the foreign troops to be raised—Germans, I hope.

One thing is obvious—Lord Derby knows no more about it than M. or L.—not half so much as B.-J.²

Think of his saying that the battle of Inkerman was fought a fortnight after Alma!

¹ The Duke of Newcastle.

² Eton boys at the time.

To Hon. Charles Wood.

May 6, 1855.

. . . They are going to have a Tent Match on Thursday with the officers of the 2nd Life Guards, much too early in the season; but the reason is that some of the officers have to go to the war at once, and want to have their match first.

I met Molyneux again to-day. He tells me that poor old Paulet . . . is alive and well at Balaclava.

Brownrigg says his Father was nearly killed by two Russian riflemen who fired while flags of truce were flying. Otherwise he is safe, and wants nothing but 'Balbriggan hose.'

. . . My cousin Dowell was alive, well and angry (with the French, for not allowing assault) on April 21. The other cousin, Montagu, is starting for a two months' journey into the heart of Russia with two brother prisoners, French officers; and he has got so interested in some of the Russian officers, and has been treated so very kindly, that he heartily wishes for peace. That little 'boy-captain,' who died so happily and gloriously on the 19th, Audley Lempriere, was my pupil from 1847 to 1849; lived in Campion's room: a very little creature (his good Colonel carried him off unassisted), very innocent, clean, industrious, spirited and stupid. I read of his death with sincere grief, but not without pride; and I have put down under his name in my autograph-book, 'Killed at Sebastopol, with glory.'

I think we might build, when the war is over, as a monument for the Eton people killed in the war, a pretty chapel at Boveney, instead of that wretched little barn which now takes up so nice a situation. I would carve

the name of a man on each stone in the splays and lintels. It would be better than doing what they are to do at Rugby, putting up a painted window.

To Hon. Charles Wood.

June 14, 1855.

I have had a curious invitation—to go to Brighton, for Sunday, to meet my old travelling companion Seymour, now a Crimean hero. I should like to go; but of course refused. Seymour wrote me word that all through the horrid winter he ‘never for an hour was sick or sorry.’ Campion showed me just now a genial, simple letter from his brother, written off Balaclava: he was not allowed to land his regiment (72nd), being at once ordered off to join the other Highlanders at Kertch. He says they were all (in his ship) in high spirits and health, and eager with excitement. All right!—but yet I do not relish this campaign like the last. Though anxious to hit hard if we must hit at all, I have been unexpectedly convinced by the speeches of Messrs. Gladstone, S. Herbert, Bright, Lord Stanley and Mr. Walpole that we ought to have made peace the other day instead of pressing the ‘limitation’ as a *sine qua non*. I do not remember any debate in which one party so completely out-argued the other. Lord Palmerston’s final speech had all been anticipated, and was as flimsy as possible. All through the debate I used to give the Fifth Form my views of what was worth reading; and it was in reporting to others the speeches of the Peace-party that I was myself convinced. Finally, I discoursed for an hour on the subject and, I believe, convinced my hearers. . .

Lord Grey did perhaps more than any one to convince me; but there were parts of his speech which savoured

too much of the pleader maintaining a paradox rather than of the true statesman.

. . . Just compare these debates with the Fox or Canning brilliancies, and you will see how far we are advanced beyond those clever men of old times in gravity and wisdom. Lord Palmerston smacks of the old unreformed House of Commons, in which repartee and clap-trap told more than reasoning, and every argument was addressed to *persons* from an egotistical, or at least factious, point of view. The only thing to be said for him is that Disraeli is still more hollow and heartless, and Lord Derby hardly better than either. He told Bright he had no right to speak of the *honour* of Russia, as he threw over the honour of England. Now this is a common fallacy—the use of a word in two ways. Bright might have said, perhaps, that we must not fight for honour—meaning ‘military glory’ or ‘prestige.’ But Bright never said that we were not to fight in cases in which our honour was assailed. For instance, if our right to navigate the German Ocean were denied (practically), Bright would assert that right, sword in hand. If we were bound up in treaties and by promises to defend Denmark or Portugal, Bright would fight for Denmark or Portugal. Lord John Russell (whom I do not respect, as you are aware) was, in my opinion, perfectly right to do what the *Times* to-day abuses him for doing—saying at Vienna that in making arrangements for the security of Turkey the honour of Russia also should be considered. They may go on as long as they like hammering at the plan of ‘limitation’—but, after all, the only solid security against further intrusions of Russia in Southern Europe is to be found in Austria. Austria should be charged (for the general good) with both

banks of the Danube all the way to the mouth. The French ought to have an arsenal and advanced post as near Constantinople as Malta is. Then there will be a fair scramble. The Four Great Powers will be all alike able to get to the great bone of contention, which they should bind themselves by the act of a Congress, equal in solemnity to the old Congress of Vienna, to respect and abstain from as a forbidden luxury.

I suppose when you challenged me to give you my opinions about the present state of things, you meant me to have an opportunity for owning that, after all, the Aberdeen and Palmerston Cabinet have done very well.

I do not think so, though. The evidence of Lord Aberdeen proves, what I thought before, that he erred like Sir R. Walpole in consenting to be at the head of affairs in a war in which he took no interest. An honest man in a false position—such was Lord Aberdeen. His successor I am tempted to describe as a dishonest man in a position which suits him well, only perhaps less well than the managership of some establishment like Astley's Amphitheatre or Vauxhall Gardens.

Oh for a year of Castlereagh—the only man who aimed at making England a military power, a nation sending in one year nearly 100,000 soldiers to war. Whereas, by their own confession, our late and present rulers aim at nothing more than keeping up in the field a force just double what Egypt or Sardinia can send, and after two years of war and rumours of war have no spare arrows in their quivers.

I know of no naval operations in any history more satisfactory than these in the Sea of Azof. Naval operations have generally been regarded by the English in an irrational manner, as good in themselves—whereas in

truth they are good only as subsidiary to strategical movements on land.

For instance, the battle of June 1¹, of which our grandfathers were proud, was gratuitous bloodshed. So would the taking or bombardment of Revel be now: it would not tend to the conclusion of the war. A war can be concluded, or at least a peace can be extorted, only by the victorious occupation of territory.

The Baltic fleet should be regarded merely as making a grand diversion in favour of the Black Sea forces.

To F. Warre Cornish.

HALSDON, Jan. 7, 1858.

Thank you for paying my bill and for writing to me. I am most sincerely sorry to miss you at King's. . . I should have specially liked reading in the same room with you, perhaps the same book, and I hope some vacation to have that pleasure, when you have arrived at a truly business-like perception of what is required for University Scholarships and Classical Tripos. At present you are thirty per cent. below the right conception of your prospects and duties as a Scholar.

I am afraid you do not know the value of the hours directly after Lecture, or just before and just after tea time. I have been talking more peremptorily about it to Browning, who is still 'sub vexillo,' than I can venture to write to you; and I hope he will not forget to urge upon you the expediency of giving up the piano in your room as a fatal destroyer of reading.

If you worked five hours a day in term time, besides Lectures, allowing one weekday as a holiday, and gave up two months of the vacations to extra reading in

¹ Lord Howe's victory, 1790.

College or in some rural retreat in England or abroad (only not at home), working seven hours a day all but one weekday, there would remain plenty of time for kinsfolk and acquaintances, for alternative pursuits, such as music, French or drawing, and for (what I am very glad to see you value) active bodily exercise. But I can assure you that habitual dawdling at or near a piano, and standing about irresolutely at 11 a.m., and sitting at wine later than 7 p.m., and spending all the immense and absurd vacations at home—all this is incompatible with *high* success, such as your many and hearty well-wishers desire for you.

Going on at your present rate you may, no doubt, be somewhere in the first class of the Classical Tripos, but not an University Scholar, nor high enough in degree to be sure of a valuable appointment at Eton or elsewhere.

Now these appointments will not be got so easily in your time as they were in mine. There will be half a dozen competitors for you: I had but one—hardly even one.

I have been idle here—not because I am interrupted, for I hardly see any one but my bachelor brother—but I lost the impulse on coming away from Cambridge, where I had a most satisfactory fortnight of mixed work and pleasure—the first week not counted, which was very little but pleasure and letter-writing.

I have in former years offered to help Kingsmen away from the College in the Long Vacation; but it never came to anything.

It might, perhaps, be in the minds of some of you to carry your lexicons into France or Switzerland or the Rhine valleys. If such a party is ever got up I should be glad to be invited to join it—though I do

not any longer pretend to be learned enough to act as coach to people so advanced as our Scholars. . . However, as to reading parties, I think, after all, you young people would read more at Cambridge, and the residence abroad would be more useful and pleasant after taking one's degree—and it is much cheaper to stay at King's than to read anywhere else except at home. And this brings me to the financial topic which I should be opening upon if I were fortunate enough to be walking with you just now, instead of writing in an empty house with no sound but the twittering of a lonely woodpecker and the popping of explosive firewood.

Pardon my intrusiveness when I exhort you to spend an hour of your quiet vacation time in thinking over your Christmas bills, and calculating how much is mere initial outlay, how much is sure to come again, what payments you are deferring, whether you are not using for pocket money what is meant for necessaries, on the ground that the bills for necessaries will stand over and, indeed, rather like standing over than otherwise.

I am wretchedly extravagant; but I have been all my life frightened out of debt by seeing the degrading, slavish misery it brings on my relations and acquaintances. I see that it is an universal custom at King's to go spending one's necessary £100 a year on railways, 'coaches,' and other things that require cash, and letting tailors, college cooks, &c., accumulate till one is B.A. or M.A. The miserable consequence is that at twenty-two a man is a slave for some time. He must take a private tutorship to work off his debts—whereas he ought to go abroad and live six months or a year *en pension* in France, doing nothing but continuing his own education. . .

The thing of all others that brings one under water is 'running down' to such and such a place. This sort of outlay is never reckoned in calculations of College expenses; it takes away £20 or £30 a year (when you include the incidental extra expenses for clothes, &c.) out of the sum meant for washing, groceries, books, &c. Another great and common cause of debt is buying what one does not actually want—books, prints, &c. I don't grudge a man a good deal for entertainments, particularly *small* select wine parties. But I protest against luncheons, meat at breakfast, suppers, long 'combies' and the like. I spent £30 a year on 'society' at Cambridge, and never spent money better; £70 on tuition, of which all but perhaps £5 was well invested; but I spent money on books which I regret; none on prints, however. The College library ought to be quite sufficient for a King's man; let alone such books as he must buy to pencil-mark for future reference. Again, pardon me for ending this violation of all conventional scruples by saying something highly improper: If you want money to hire a coach, mathematical or otherwise, I beg that you will not take it from other claims, but let me advance it, and you may repay all such sums, £100 if you like, when you are a prosperous man ten years hence or so. Anyhow, don't grudge money on tuition. I am sure you want a coach to strengthen your will for reading steadily and writing composition; and I really set my heart on your doing something.

To the late W. H. Gladstone.

ETON, Feb. 12, 1860.

You pulled me headlong last night into what I had always avoided with you, the discussion of a policy which

naturally attracts your sympathy. As I was hurried I may have disturbed you by abrupt censure of what you admire, all the more because of the atmosphere of similar feeling in which you move. I said that I thought Lewis the best Chancellor of the Exchequer in my time. I mean that I do not like the excessive prominence given to financial measures in 1853 and 1860. I think it not good that the Budget should be the great product of a Cabinet.

In the year 1842 it could not be otherwise ; but there has been no year since then in which financial measures have any title to enthusiastic exertion for or against them. To abolish a chronic deficit, and to adopt from Pitt's war-policy an engine of unlimited economical improvement, was a grand and critical effort, and has made 1842 the turning-point in our recent history. The income-tax once established ought to have been soberly contemplated as a permanent institution, capable of sudden expansion in war, and giving in peace a fulcrum for operations more or less speculative on other branches of revenue. It was unwise to admit that it was a makeshift or a necessary evil.

The existence of the tax in 1853 enabled Lord Aberdeen's Cabinet to reduce the 'taxes on knowledge.' Its maintenance on the old sevenpenny rate in the years since the Russian war (which was rendered impossible by the anti-Lewis orator, followed as he was by Mr. Disraeli at a safe distance), would have enabled Lord Palmerston's Cabinet to knock off the remaining taxes of knowledge last year, and the wine duties this year. . .

I believe that people will expect the minister to admit that he was wrong in inveighing against the tax, to

admit that it must, in all probability, be permanent at a fixed rate (to rise in war), to settle once for all whether there are any remediable hardships about it, to put off all serious changes in the other taxes except such as arise out of the treaty with France, and to apply his original powers of thinking to the military and naval expenditure.

We should also be assured that the Cabinet is in earnest about the Reform Bill. As it is, people suspect, not without reason, that this Pandora's box of disputable finance is opened to let fly a cloud of troubles that will divert our attention from constitutional reform.

The vice of the Budget is this: that it looks like 'log-rolling,' or coalition bargaining. In order to trump Pakington, &c., the Palmerstons want to spend millions more than they need on dockyards and nondescript troops. The finance minister thinks this all wrong, but is so out of sympathy with the nation about the general attitude of self-defence that he has no great authority when he condemns War Office and Admiralty extravagance; therefore he goes into competition with the money-spending ministers, and is indulged with fancy finance at the cost of disappointed taxpayers. At the same time the non-Whig member of the Cabinet, Mr. Gibson, drawing with him the support of Bright, is to be allowed his million for paper duties. A man of £200 a year will be paying £2 or £3 to gratify these individualities.

Whereas what the men of £200 a year are willing to pay for is the pride and the noble joy of holding a high independent place amongst the nations; and they would worship the minister who would show them, as I have not the least doubt it can be shown, that this can be

done without the eighth or even the seventh penny of the income-tax.

The Cabinet is too large, and too much of a parliament, and it has an unprincipled, idle thinker at the head of it. But if it passes the French Treaty, it will be glorious in history. . .

You see you don't escape the critical schoolmaster, even when a Lord of the Treasury.

To Rev. C. W. Furse.

June, 1860.

I enclose you a letter which will, I think, show you that my pamphlet¹, after all, is calculated to promote the cause of reform at Eton. Ashamed as I am of its incongruities of style and awkwardnesses, I really think it has proved, thus far, curiously successful. The people here, whilst exulting in the defence against their assailants, have received a perceptible impulse onwards. I assure you, that it is not merely for the sake of having influence here that I am glad I reserved so much in my pamphlet. I feel that such a body as Eton College ought to be dealt with very considerately, and that one ought to give them full credit for anything in the way of progress. It is very pleasant to see Balston entering into the thing cordially and carrying the old men with him, and also to hear of William Carter glorying in his father's liberal vote: 'It was the old man, after all, that carried it,' he said.

To Rev. C. W. Furse.

June 20, 1861.

I had been out last night at the Richmond dinner²; so I read your note as soon as I woke, when the maid

¹ *Eton Reform*, Eton, 1860.

² The annual dinner of the 'Apostles.'

delivered it; and it was the happy beginning of a very happy day, which I am now ending. . .

The dinner was rather less brilliant than usual, partly because F. Stephen was in the chair, partly because Walpole and Cookesley gave the thing a wrong turn, talking about Eton; but it is a breath of mountain air to me, nevertheless. . .

I had a good deal of talk to-day about the Commission with Lord Lyttelton, who came to see his son play as an old Etonian, and heartily enjoyed his innings of forty-nine, got carefully and slowly. It was a very jolly thing to hear the lads applauding the captain of last year; and many of them know that his father is watching him.

I strongly recommended George Brodrick for Secretary to the Commission. Lyttelton is the only Eton man on. Twisleton is for Winchester, Lord Devon for Westminster, Lord Clarendon for the men that hate public schools.

To Henry Bradshaw.

ETON COLLEGE, Feb. 9, 1862.

Are you not coming here? You will have a new motive if they let you see Hawtrey's books, which will, I suppose, be sold.

But come, anyhow, to see the boys and young men. My friend Dalmeny is looking forward to making your acquaintance, with the natural eagerness of a budding bibliomaniac. I took him last week to Lilly's, and he forthwith inquired for rare tracts printed by his ancestor Primrose. We went on to Evans's, and there he picked out a print representing another Primrose of the seventeenth century, preacher to the French Church in London. At

Holloway's he bought autographs, and finally went and made acquaintance with my brother and sister, and showed as much interest in a live child as in dead books. He has the finest combination of qualities I have ever seen. He was quite taken, as I was too, with Dufferin's show speech (do you remember Dufferin, how Cookesley called him the 'orator' ?); and when Wayte set theme out of it the boy put the peroration about 'Laboramus' into flowing, simple, dignified Latin, and then went with me through the last book of the *Princess*. The night before I had translated to him most of the beautiful bits of *Agamemnon*, and I assure you he enjoyed the old poetry nearly as much as the modern. I am doing all I can to make him a scholar; anyhow, he will be an orator and, if not a poet, such a man as poets delight in.

To Lord Rosebery.

KING'S COLLEGE, April 20, 1862.

I have been qualifying for an interview with *you* by reading the Family Life of Pitt¹, which I find savours not nearly so much of the family as of the *Annual Register*, being stuffed with narratives of events which Pitt expressed no opinion upon—such as the Battle of Camperdown and the visions of Brothers. I find the third volume much better than the two first. There is really much valuable light thrown on Pitt's resignation. It is a successful book in raising one's already high estimate of Pitt's character; but it is not at all an instructive book for a politician; e.g. the Budgets are treated in a startlingly superficial way. The author should at least have given us the benefit of a striking

¹ Life of Pitt, by Lord Stanhope.

history of Pitt's financial policy given in a Budget speech by Gladstone in 1853. . .

The biography ought to explain, I think, why and how Pitt was estranged from Shelburne, who was at starting his leader. I believe Shelburne must have been a really bad man; but the silence about him after the break-up of his Ministry puzzles me in all books, since he remained for twenty years a leading speaker. . .

On the whole the book is [more] like a shambling and scanty history of England, with an occasional insertion of something about Pitt, than a political biography.

To a Pupil.

August 18, 1862.

I wish you to be one that will not merely pick out and appropriate what pleases, but unconsciously attract and indirectly stir and elevate the minds of equals no less than inferiors. If you face all reasonable difficulties in the way of headwork, you will become less fastidious and therefore more influential in dealing with those in whom the head and the heart go together, that is the great bulk of active people.

To Lord Rosebery.

PENZANCE, August 29, 1862.

This gallery [at Boconnoc] is very long, and seems to be famous. One end of it is a small, pleasant book-room, containing one or two Morocco relics of the first and last Lord Grenville; amongst others a copy given by him to his nephew Lord Fortescue (my courteous host), of the little book which he edited, Chatham's Letters to his Nephew, with the letter of dedication to William Pitt, beginning so coldly 'My dear Sir,' after they had

been so closely and dearly united in their sweet youth. Pitt never answered the letter, which must have been meant, in Addington's days, as an olive branch.

I was taken to see an old beech called Gray's; not the least proof that he was ever there; but it is a sweet spot, worthy of him. . .

Elsewhere, on a heath, a tall granite obelisk, sacred to the memory of Sir Richard Lyttelton, close to the battle-field¹ where the great warrior of the west, Sir Beville Grenville . . . helped to rout the Roundheads. . .

This, and another bit of broken ground, form a charming contrast to the long troughs of woodland where the deer and the streamlets wander. It is the most shady, soft, silent, dreamy, poetical spot I ever saw; and I like to connect my beloved eighteenth century—the first age since the time of Pliny when men were at leisure to worship virtue—with so much truly natural beauty and repose.

The house has a singularly delicate air of faded old-world refinement about it. I suppose it has never been smartened up for a new married couple for sixty years. I wish they could keep it unchanged.

To F. Warre Cornish.

K. C. C., Nov. 17, 1862².

. . . Did you ever read in Keble's *Lyra Innocentium* the poem on 'Shyness'? It should be in every teacher's note-book. . .

I have sent these lads some modern history questions; and Dalmeny promises to do them, that he may thereby

¹ Bradock Down, Jan. 1643.

² This letter was written when Mr. Johnson was absent from Eton in consequence of illness; his work being done by his colleagues at Eton.

induce me to come back—rather a circuitous reason. I would give you a piece of plate if you would get that lad to work: he is one of those who like the palm without the dust. He writes me word that he got ‘fair’ for his Lyrics. . .

Man after man comes here delighted with Kingsley. He has been going over the best possible subject—the early history of the United States: when G. reported to me he had got as far as the settlement of Georgia. Knowing the subject, I feel satisfied that he is telling them the truth; and he is verifying my prediction that he would get more good from Cambridge than he would do it harm.

John Mozley came here to-day, asking to be told about political economy and its relations to charity, &c., &c.: a thoughtful man, wishing for new kinds of knowledge. He also admires Kingsley’s lectures. Indeed, the testimony to their merits is overwhelming.

Liveing has his laboratory full of students: but Geology and Comparative Anatomy, the two cognate sciences which open the mind, are in abeyance. . .

One of the scholars told me that in scholarship one can get no decided opinion from any one here but Shilleto. There was no one like Goodford, sure of the truth in a question of accuracy. . .

Catch me reading Colenso. My divinity has been Edward Irving, *Mores Catholici*, *Paradise Lost*, *Mémoires de François de la Noue* (the stern Huguenot).

If there is one kind of literature that I hate more than another it is ingenious interpretation of the Bible; worse than Gladstone on Homer. . .

Did you ever read what follows? ‘Music is the most entirely human of the fine arts, and has the fewest

analoga in nature. Its first delightfulness is simple accordance with the ear; but it is an associated thing, and recalls the deep emotion of the past with an intellectual sense of proportion. Every human feeling is greater and larger than the exciting cause—a proof, I think, that man is designed for a higher state of existence; and this is deeply implied in music, in which there is always something more and beyond the immediate expression.'

I wish one could get as solid a grain as this out of two books of Platonic chaff. Two books of Polity have I by shameless skipping ('the band as before') got through in the last two or three days; and I have got a little Greek, and some pretty dramatic playfulness; but oh, how little science or poetry.

I used to get sick of the everlasting ἀλλά; but now I fancy whenever I see it that it is a bit of notation representing some bird-like movement of the beautiful Greek throat or eye, and it becomes very acceptable except at the end of a draggletail sentence.

To Lord Rosebery.

TORQUAY, Dec. 9, 1862.

I wish you to read, though it is not much of a book, Bourne's *Life of Sir Philip Sidney*. Bourne has learnt to admire virtue and liberty from writers better than himself, and he writes in much the same strain as Motley. The really delightful part of Sir Philip Sidney's life is his passionate yet intellectual defence of his injured father, rewarded by the father's perfect admiration. Of all human happiness the crown is to be able to defend one's father, or to thank a son for his championship.

To Rev. E. D. Stone.

TORQUAY, Dec. 18, 1862.

I send you a metrical experiment, having had the line running in my head—

καθανοῖσα δὲ κείσ' οὐδέποτε μναμοσύνα σέθεν¹

—and not having the ἠλακάτα² at hand, nor having read it lately. Do you know any other specimen of the metre? It seems to me peculiarly Greek, not fairly represented by 'O crudelis adhuc.' I enjoy the entire absence of spondees—quite a new sensation. Please to correct my accents, as I have no books. . .

My lines are suggested by the death of Thorvaldsen: he died at the age of seventy, imperceptibly, having fallen asleep at a concert. But when I had done them I remembered Provost Hawtrey's last appearance in public, at a music party, where he fell asleep: and so I value my lines as a bit of honour done to him, and it seems odd that I should unintentionally have caught in the second and third lines his characteristic sympathy with the young. I append a mild paraphrase for the ladies.

NEC CITHARA CARENTEM.

ἄσον ἠδὺ τί μοι, Μοῦσα φίλη, μέχρι περ ἂν θάνω
 μή με κωφὸν ἔα μηδὲ βαρὺν τοῖσι νεωτέροις
 ζῆν τὸ λοιπὸν, αἰεὶ δ' εἴ τι σοφὸν καὶ καλὸν ἐκμαθεῖν.
 γῆρας οὐ σὲ πρέπει, Μνημοσύνης παῖ λιγυρά, στρυγεῖν,
 ἥτις οἶσα χρόνον τοῖς ἀγαθοῖς ὡς θεὸς εὐμαρῆς,
 καὶ Πλάτωνι σύννει καὶ Σοφοκλεῖ, κοῦκ ἀριθμεῖς ἔτη.
 δεῦρ' Ἐλευθερίᾳ σύννομε καὶ μήτηρ ἀηδόνων·
 ᾧτά μοι μέλος οὐ λαμπρὸν ἔδν· νῦν δ' ἀπερεῖν δοκῶ
 οὐκ ἄνευ σέθεν, εἴθ' ὕπνος ὄδ' ἔστ', εἴτε τὸ τεθνάναι.

Guide me with song, kind Muse, to death's dark shade;
 Keep me in sweet accord with boy and maid,
 Still in fresh blooms of art and truth arrayed.

¹ Sappho, fr. 73 (Bergk.).

² Theocritus, *Id* xxviii.

Bear with old age, blithe child of Memory!
 Time loves the good; and youth and thou art nigh
 To Sophocles and Plato, till they die.

Playmate of freedom, queen of nightingales,
 Draw near: thy voice grows faint: my spirit fails
 Still with thee, whether sleep or death assails.

To Rev. C. W. Furse.

TORQUAY, Jan. 8, 1863.

I am reading a book which . . . contains enough to make an Englishman generally happy—*Dalhousie's Administration*¹. The second half of the first volume gives the details of the incomparably clever and beneficent government of the Punjaub, with its magic reforms.

Dalhousie was as quick as Henry VIII, otherwise this, as an eminent man once said to me (in confidence), is a slow age. We are made slow by having to consult so many men. . .

Jan. 9, 1863.

I could not get to sleep last night, being engaged in making a half-humorous, half-sentimental boating song for the 4th of June; and when I wake I find it burning to be written out. I do a song with a tune in my head, or perhaps two; last night it was 'Waiting for the waggon' and 'A health to the outward-bound.'

There is a brass band here, which is more of a comfort than morning visitors.

To F. Warre Cornish.

Jan. 14, 1863.

'I hate to see trees pollarded—and nations,' said one of the Hares in the *Guesses at Truth*, perhaps thinking of Italy or Spain after the action of the Holy Alliance.

¹ By Edwin Arnold.

I hate to see a nation, formed by wisdom and cemented by common sacrifices and mutual forbearance for whole generations, broken up for what should be considered a Parliamentary defeat.

But I shall be quite satisfied if the war results in the definitive formation of a slave Power, limited by the Mississippi, hemmed in by the old Free Soil, by the new Free Soil of Missouri, Arkansas, and Texas (won by fighting), and still further by France ruling Mexico, and Spain strong in Cuba.

Let this be the amount of the new Confederation, and I shall feel pretty sure that the accursed institution of slavery will come to an end, by economical causes, in a few generations. The old United States, spreading freely on the right bank of the Mississippi, will break up in due time, perhaps, with two or three Confederations; but it will be free from the shame it has borne ever since Victoria came to the throne, the disgrace of abetting and protecting slave-owners.

I do not wish the war to end soon. I believe it is the only way of raising a body of ruling, honourable families in either North or South. I believe the Lees and Maclellans will hand down to their sons some such nobility as Washington and Hamilton (who died without sons, I think) might have been expected to bequeath; and I cannot think there will be another Jefferson to poison the fruits of virtuous exertion.

We must not expect the Americans to behave now as well as Europeans behave. It is the first chance the good wholesome people of the North, the high-spirited people of the South, have had of delivering their politics from the corrupt influence of trading politicians.

The Southerners, as regards military life, are worthy

antagonists; but the Northerners carry to the field the catholic principles of justice and liberty. The Union, and the rights of man, are glorious battle-cries. On the other side the object fought for is the right to cover the greatest possible area with slavery.

I think I shall get through the nine weeks. I am to be in London (Athenæum Club) on the 16th.

To Hon. Charles Wood.

ETON, Feb. 1, 1863.

It is revolting to my notions to think of people folding themselves up in religion without dreaming of the cardinal virtue of justice, political justice. I had rather be one of Mr. Hubbard's clergymen at St. Alban's, Holborn, preaching (for want of a church) to fifty people in a frowsty cellar, than one of your soft Dominicans immured out of sight, and out of sympathy with freemen. Disgusting is that 'other-worldliness' which divorces piety from patriotism.

Did you ever read the Form of Prayer to be used at Sea? It is highly national; and in the first Collect there is a bit of mysterious sublimity, 'Who hast set bounds to the sea, till day and night shall be no more' (not quoted correctly).

The Anglo-Catholic John Henry Newman would have been much more dangerous to you than any of Antonelli's reptiles. He *was* the greatest man that ever tried, and he made the most noble effort ever made, to change the character of a nation; it was a splendid and beneficent failure. . . .

I read with great interest an extract from the great preacher Lacordaire's letters: it was about Oxford: perhaps I have already mentioned it to you. When you

come here I will show you some lines I wrote at Torquay on that text, to prove to you that though I loathe Roman Popery, particularly when enthroned in the beloved Virgil's city, I can have a little fellow-feeling with a French Catholic. Indeed, the longer I live the more I appreciate the French altogether, including their piety, which is not with them destructive to love of country.

I am glad you are going soon to Florence. I was there four days, not worshipping it, but glorying in it. . . I went about the streets cheering with the Tuscans for their King, the day they received him; and Butler¹ and I . . . said to each other that the king of the two tribes was coming to accept the homage of the ten tribes, coming from Hebron to Mahanaim, to make a contract with his people.

'He chose not the tribe of Ephraim'—that is, the showy Naples—but Florence, the true jewel of modern history; and so on with one of those historical parallels which go upon three legs. But Florence really is thoroughly delightful to think about; it retains the lines, the features, that it had in its heroic age. Butler and I stood for hours, waiting for the King, opposite the Duomo, leaning against the very Baptistery of St. John which Dante loved so well, and facing that tower of his friend Giotto's. Whereas at Rome you must scrape in an ash-pit for a bone of the real Romans; indeed, a visitor like you is so absorbed in art and society and ecclesiastical chaff that he never thinks of the Valerii and Sempronii, never sees anything (I believe) that was seen by Tacitus, except the horrible amphitheatre, the shameless monument of the worst part

¹ Rev. H. M. Butler, Master of Trinity.

of the Roman character. At Athens you can shut your eyes to anything modern and intrusive, and the ruins are in perfect harmony with those everlasting works of nature which Sophocles loved.

I am sorely afraid that in this Albertine age our upper class are corrupted by 'art.' This Epicurean indifference to the critical struggle against that worst of antichrists, the modern glorification of slavery, would thoroughly shock, not only Burke and Cowper, but Earl Grey or Lord Macaulay.

Pray keep up the memory of the Whigs who abolished slavery; read the memoirs of the men who had the sense which your contemporaries have not, the deep-seated indignation against all kinds of tyranny. You are born into an age which, as far as England is concerned, has no serious grievances to be redressed. The battle of justice has been won; you live amongst refined people, who, as far as politics go, 'abhor no manner of evil.' I had rather, at this moment, be a Russian than one of your Belgravian *dilettanti*.

I feel the more strongly because I have been myself benumbed a little by reading for so many years hardly anything that served as an antidote to the *Times* and the *Saturday Review*. I now read the *Spectator*, which is edited by Hutton, who used to edit the *Economist*, and I find myself once more heart and hand with true lovers of freedom.

I hope Stansfield and Forster will speak up this week for the 'good old cause.' You have at least one true Whig in the Cabinet, the Duke of Argyll, who has spoken wisely and bravely about those detestable preachers who say that slavery is a divine institution. I am afraid he will never be Prime Minister. But I

prophesy that the 'Sutherland connexion' will be known hereafter as the best nucleus of true expansive, generous Whiggery, the only 'set' to which advanced Liberals can trust themselves.

I read Döllinger's *Church History* ages ago, and found him a hard-headed writer. If you want to do justice to Roman Catholics, read Möhler's *Symbolik*, a great German book, translated long ago, dogmatic theology with a sweet savour of piety, not at all repulsive.

Journal. Aug. 1863. I am halfway through a long vacation, which may be my last. I began it by driving over to Staines, after a day of sorrow without bitterness, a day of sad and kindly partings. At Staines I wrote my report serenely in a tolerably comfortable parsonage. It was a pleasing novelty to take the Thames in a boat from that end, and work *upwards* to Ankerwyke. . .

Aug. 5. On to Alton, Hants. In the train fell in with the great defender of heresy, Fitzjames Stephen, who discoursed theology and Renan. I felt so frightened that I expressed myself very incorrectly on legal and critical matters, but recovered myself on purely military and American ground. Just as I was getting to feel that I was getting to row him round with my historical oar we stopt at Alton, and I was greeted by the kind and bright face of Montagu Knight, who drove me to Chawton. . .

Item, on Sunday we caught a mole, and tried him in a boxful of sand, and were amused with his rapid construction of tunnels, and found him very good company, I may say good innocent *chasse* for Sunday; finally let him loose in rough turf, and he got away as quick as

a ghost. This was the only occasion on which we fairly rallied the whole family: one of the young ladies read an instructive passage out of a natural history book, whilst the others plunged their hands into the sand feeling for the mole, and brought him an elegant cold collation, worms and water. . .

Aug. 19. At noon it stopt raining, and I landed at Furness Abbey. The hotel, mixed up with the station, is handsome and not overdone; the servants homely and civil, the table d'hôte at 1.30, simple and sound and cheap. I sat next to a superior clergyman, who said grace when asked, and knew the Knights of Chawton. The grounds are very delectable, and contain magnificent ruins: the best in colour and bulk and variety that I ever saw. I was not the least teased by any vendor of prints. I wandered about for hours enjoying the splendid combination of washed sky, bright sun, bright grass, red sandstone, and good trees, with a pretty little murmuring stream by the side of the modest railroad, which, when it comes up to the east end of the Abbey Church, hides itself in a tunnel. It is altogether the most comfortable, satisfactory and unspoilt ruin that I ever saw.

At 5.0 I went on, passing with delight heather and broom, till I reached my destination, Seascale, where the line goes over a noble expanse of sands. I saw but two houses besides the station. I asked at one for a bed, accosting, at almost the same moment with two other travellers, a calm and full-blown landlady, who wore one of those huge brooches of which I had often wondered what became of them. She replied that her house had been full of regular lodgers for weeks, and that there were no beds or food to be had at Seascale, not even a

carriage to take one on. Nor was there a train, except a luggage train. She advised me to go on, seven miles, to the little village of Strands, close to Wastwater. But how was I to go? There was a horse and a boy, engaged to take a gentleman to Drigg—would be back in an hour.

Meanwhile my competitors had extorted two beds and a promise of food.

I took a walk on the sands, looking hard for the ebbing sea across the doubtful pools, whilst a strong north wind raged upon me and the sun glared his last. Then once more did I feel the rare terror of the sea-coast, the terror of childhood remembered as far back as anything, enhanced by my very early acquaintance with Edgar Ravenswood and the Kelpie's Flow. I saw the sun to bed, without ever reaching the actual waves; heard my last hope, the luggage train, rattle by; sat down on the sand-grass to warm my chilled fingers; then came back to the prosaic arrangements of a tourist; a glass of brandy, the packing of my bag, the directing of my heavy luggage, the bargaining for a journey to Strands. I parted on very friendly terms with my tranquil and well-bred lady of Seascale, promising to *write* for a bed next year, and consigned myself to the boy, who very soon announced to me that he had discovered that the gentleman whom he drove to Drigg was 'tipsy,' and then gave me local knowledge, and his far-reaching experiences, till through darkness and unaccountable gates we came over one or two hills to the village of Strands and its two 'hotels'—and my anxiety about a bed was soon relieved, and three well-boiled eggs were the supplement to my Furness dinner; and I was Sultan or Bashaw in the best, perhaps the only, bedroom

of a humble, respectable, manless cottage, the bill next morning for two meals and bed being four shillings.

Thursday, Aug. 20. I ate three more eggs, and was off at 8.0, on the top of a Manx horse, six years old, called Silas. . .

We soon got out of Strands and within sight of the Screes, awful precipices bounding Wastwater on the opposite (east) side: on them there are wild goats, the descendants of goats which were introduced to drive the sheep off, and prevent their breaking their necks. This antipathy of goats to sheep I had been told of before in Cumberland, but I find it is unknown to people in general. There were on the roadside elaborate arrangements for haystacks, but no hay: there was some bigg or bearded wheat, growing and promising to ripen in November. There are foxes in the hills, and every farmer keeps, besides several collies, one hound; so that when they combine they get up a pack to kill a fox. I saw one of these hounds crestfallen and modest, following some shepherds, and a colley-driven flock of black-faced sheep, which all leapt a bit of water which they could have walked through without wetting much of their trotters. . .

Advancing to Great Gable, which is a stately hill, I found it good to hold on to the mane of Silas, having my bag hanging to my neck by double straps. Silas discreetly divided the upward part of the Styhead Pass into stages, and took a bite of grass whilst waiting for his master, who was making up my Bond Street umbrella into a double bulge of gampishness. But when we topped the pass I resigned Silas, and walked, making the lad ride, of which he seemed ashamed. So I tripped cheerfully down by the tarn where Cornish

bathed in '59, and I scrambled gladly over the many rough and merry streams that flow towards Derwent-water, and enjoyed the sudden and brilliant contrast between the austerity of the southern Wastwater-side and the gay and varied slope towards rich Borrowdale. The mountains here are all the more striking because you come upon them without much break from the flat sea-coast. As we got into the *riant* Seathwaite regions we began to meet tourists, and they became more and more numerous as we neared Lowdore, which I reached in time for luncheon, and having fed I slept deeply: then saw the waterfall, which was more considerable than in '59, and hurried in an uncontrollable trap to Keswick. . .

Friday, Aug. 21. I left Keswick on the top of a coach at 9.0, and in three hours and a half reached Penrith. I was on the hindmost seat, with four people opposite me. As I never go in second-class railway carriages, and seldom in omnibuses, I felt something out of the way in having to confront ordinary middle-class travellers so long, with nothing to do but talk to them or listen to them. . .

One ought to be able to make more of one's fellow-creatures; but in truth they seemed to me insipid; they did not talk as people so often do on a French diligence, that is to say, with easy gaiety and a considerable amount of communicativeness. I wish I could like the common Britons as well as I like the Frenchmen. I had several hours to spare at Penrith; therefore, in obedience to the guide-book and the landlord, I took a gig and was driven past Brougham Hall, which the driver wanted me to visit, to Lowther Castle. . .

Coming back to Penrith I went to see in the church-yard the dismal strange old granite obelisks which are

believed to be gravestones of an old British king, and were always visited (says the guide-book) by Walter Scott. . .

Saturday, Aug. 22. After breakfast I went to Dumfries: left luggage at the station and took advice about the lions, which ended in my going to Car-laverock Castle, about eight miles. As soon as I got out of the town I found myself going south, parallel to the Nith, with the fine mountain Criffel far away on the starboard bow. On the west the clouds melted into the rim of the gently curving broad valley, and I lost myself in a silvery haze. It made me tingle and shiver like music. At last I had got a sensation, and it was certain I had not travelled in vain this time. If one could discharge all petty and paltry impressions and string together those rare and sweet sensations, the retrospect of life would be a trail of glory. After some miles of *riant* country we got to humble villages, and waste lands, with a look of the sea about them; and in a lonely region, on good turf, backed by a small wood, and girt with a broad moat choked with all kinds of water plants, was the famous stronghold of the Maxwells.

On returning to Dumfries I was dropt at the old church. . . Presently I came to the real place, outside the church, a small shrine of Greek style, glazed, containing some plain prosaic gravestones lying flat, with a rilievo on the wall, in which Burns in a swallow-tailed coat, with an over-large head and open throat, looks round from his plough at the allegorical creature who appears in the sky and threatens him with some sort of wrapper; something, one may hope, more suitable to a ploughman than a dress coat.

After this I was asked whether I should like to see the tombs of the Martyrs. If I had not been reading my guide-book, I should have lost the respect of the key-bearing woman by owning that I did not know who the Martyrs were; but I jumped at it like a dace at the hook, and at once assumed the aspect and attitude of 'Old Mortality.'

It is curious and also comfortable to find the Dumfriesshire people interested at once in Prince Charles and in the Covenanters. I boldly tell them that I am deeply Hanoverian, though tolerant of Jacobite songs, and I care as much for the Covenanters as for any enthusiasts I ever read about, unless the De la Noue¹ people were enthusiasts.

It is also curious to see how much they think of Burns, and how proud they are of him, and how their memories are stored with his rhymes, whilst they deplore his moral degradation and speak sorrowfully of the mischief which he did to the young men by teaching them infidelity.

CAPENOCH, *Monday, Aug. 24.* . . General Sir Alexander Clark Kennedy, K.C.B., Colonel of the Scots Greys, who took an eagle at Waterloo. . . The arrival of the old soldier set me upon reading Siborne's *Waterloo*, and the references of my host to Spence made me, in fairness, read Spence. . . I asked the old gentleman why we had no cavalry at Quatre Bras; he said that his Brigade, Ponsonby's, was marching up and down the country all day, not knowing where they were wanted; marched sixty miles and came up when it was all over. Does not this go some way to show that Wellington had been out-generalled? I asked why the French did not ride in upon us at Fuentes d'Onoro; he said they had no

¹ François de la Noue ('Bras de fer') the Huguenot leader 1531-1591.

opportunity after the first hour, when they ought to have done it. In the advance towards Vittoria our cavalry had an opportunity of taking a whole column of infantry, the garrison of Salamanca, left in a plain unsupported: but the Duke rode up and told the horse artillery to cease firing, and let the French go. At the time he, Kennedy, was bitterly disappointed; but afterwards he made out to his own satisfaction that the Duke was afraid of scaring the French away too soon: he wanted to shut them up in the mountains by Graham's flank march. . . . When he took the eagle, it was in attacking broken infantry. He told us how he 'unscientifically' told his men to 'attack the colour,' got up to the officer who bore it, ran him through the body, and, as he was seizing the eagle, had a very little bit of his nose taken off by the discharge of a musket, which made his eyes water; he had turned his head suddenly and without knowing why, not seeing the musket which was close to him. . . . He had been to Waterloo since as a visitor, and found the guide correct in his account of the eagle, on which he told the guide who he was. . . . It was something for *me* to meet with a man that could speak of Waterloo.

He remembered Burns dining at his father's house three or four days before his death, coming by his own wish to meet Mrs. Riddell, with whom he had quarrelled and wished to be reconciled before his death, which he knew was near.

Mrs. Gladstone gave me some little account of the Carlyles. She evidently does not appreciate *him* but praises *her*. He is a very industrious man, and is quite happy at having so arranged his day as to gain half an hour lately. Mrs. Carlyle was greatly taken at Capenoch with a little penny matchbox hung on a nail in her bed-

room; 'just what Tom would like of all things, to light his pipe with.' . .

Thursday, Aug. 27. I forgot that on Sunday I read a wonderfully good, original, scriptural, clever sermon of Spurgeon's on Ruth's dipping her bread in the vinegar. Nothing in the sixteenth or seventeenth century would have been more English and at the same time Hebrew. It requires genius, or something like it, to preach with so complete a deliverance from the style of this age. The imagery was half witty, if wit is truly defined as 'the discovery of unexpected relations between things,' and half poetical. George Herbert, Donne, Cowley would like it.

Friday, Aug. 28. It cleared up by the time I reached Melrose, where I was dropt about sunset. I walked up stream, wondering to think how I had forgotten the place since I went there in my Christmas holidays of 1846 from Hartrigg. How dull and tame, how beclouded with misconceptions I was then, how enslaved by my Whig mentor! The love of literature had then been overlaid by a half-hearted love of science, and though I went to see Scott's trees and books, I did not care for Scott in '46 as I did in '32, when he died, and I subscribed five shillings to the fund for saving his library from creditors. And now, my ambition being trodden under foot, my hopes of improving the world withered away, social liberty attained, tongue loosed, shyness diminished, theories given up, I find I love Walter Scott as well as I did in boyhood, and take Tweedside for the home of my fancy. . .

DRYBURGH, *Saturday, Aug. 29.*—I fell in with a dear little boy aged eleven, with a delicate voice, who told me the names I asked for. 'This goes to

Galashiels' (I had been there in '46). 'Do you know Gala Water?' 'No,' said he. I asked for the sake of the sweet song; and next day I had the pleasure of seeing that classic water in full force from the train. 'Do you know the Eildon Hills?' 'Yes,' said he, smiling with a budding smile and looking up at them. I looked up too, recognized them with strange interest; I fancied there was on them the same veil I had noticed in '46, when they seemed uncanny, and redeemed Tweedside from looking no more poetical than Devonshire. . .

I turned to the left, and got to the ruins of a suspension bridge, where Tweed was flowing valiantly. After a little looking about I saw a bluff of red rock to the right, and, just before the river was turned by it, a series of 'stickles'; and going that way I soon was ware of a boat coming from a cottage opposite. I was sculled across for a penny below the rapids, and told I could not miss my way to Dryburgh Abbey. . .

Bending gently to the right I came upon friend Tweed again, for he had been round the bluff meantime, and was doubling on himself like the good old Torridge. . . . I rambled about with the pleasure of a discoverer, heightened by a grain or two of trespass; nor did any one take umbrage except a bird or two, scared out of the ivy: other birds, one or two, perhaps only one, sang to me encouragingly; and my scientific friends whom I have since consulted, tell me it must have been a robin. I thought all birds had relaxed uvula in August, so that I made much of this robin, if it was a robin. . .

I don't know to this day who lives in those houses close to the ruins, who owns them. I only know I was

alone there with the memory of Walter the Rhymer. How much more keenly than I could would he have enjoyed that clear shining after rain, those light shadows thrown by the clouds which swung overhead, released from the labour of yesterday, free to drift where they liked now they had filled Tweed to his banks, and washed the cobwebs off Dryburgh. How kind he would have been to me. What life a few words of his, spoken in Scotch, would have put into my dull mind.

The lines of his that haunted me then and there were—

‘Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife:
To all the sensual world proclaim,
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name.’

And Wordsworth’s lines written at Abbotsford a year before Scott died—

‘A trouble not of clouds, or weeping rain,
Nor of the setting sun’s pathetic light
Engendered, hangs o’er Eildon’s triple height¹.’

And so on to the end of sonnet, which indeed is part of my mind, ending with ‘soft Parthenope.’ It makes me think of Virgil, whom, in a shadowy sort, I love and regret as a friend out of reach.

What travelling is like that which takes one to the haunts of poets and the sanctuaries of historical nations?

Green grow the water reeds in the moat that runs under Dryburgh, and may no one tread that fairy-like ground that does not honour Scotland and her minstrel!

With which humble imitation of Washington Irving, and Yanks in general, I proceed to say that I walked home to Melrose on the road taken by Scott’s funeral, halting as the mourners did on Bemerside for his

¹ *Yarrow Revisited*, ii (1831).

favourite view—a long quiet walk, only one touristical carriage all the way. Eildon Hills are to me henceforth a three-headed Parnassus, and Tweed a beatified Torridge. . .

As soon as I had recovered from the scenery, I rushed to a shop for newspapers, and was amazed at finding that even in Edinburgh they had no English papers, except that the Hotel had the inevitable *Times*. Truly it is still a distinct nation.

Sunday, Aug. 30. I did my duty by the Castle and the Calton Hills. Reconciled to Scott's monument, not to Nelson's. Since I was there they have put up a Duke of Wellington on a conventional charger thrown for ever on his haunches, and propped up by his solid bronze tail, probably an imitation of Emanuel Philibert at Turin. The distinct nation is not so narrow-minded as to deny itself the glory of Wellington and Nelson; but I can't think of any Scotsmen honoured in London, except Erskine, and he is hidden away in a Lincoln's Inn cupboard. Oh, yes, we have some Napiers; but no Adam Smith.

Monday, Sept. 7. Eighteen years since the sorrowful¹ and timid beginning of my professional life, I parted with a friend whose friendship is sometimes like coals of fire on my head; and travelling in company with sailor-like men bearing bundles of shiny black floats for herring nets, turning away disconsolate from the sea raging under a Norwester, and after one or two beautiful glimpses of sea-coast fringed with slopes of cornfield, I reached Berwick-on-Tweed, and made love once more to that glorious river.

As soon as I got into England I cared for nothing

¹ An elder sister had died on Sept. 7, 1845.

but newspapers. Ten did I buy and read that day—*Scotsman, Courant, Times, Star, Daily News, Spectator, Illustrated News, Saturday Review, &c., &c.* Down with Charlestown!

I wished hard for the Queen to come back and make Palmerston do his duty in stopping Laird's abominable ship-building. I forgot my own affairs in an agony of painless thought about England.

Thus ends my journal.

K. C. C., *Sept. 26, 1863.*

To Lord Rosebery.

ETON, *Nov. 8, 1863.*

Mrs. Gaskell promised my Brother a set of her books, and gave him half a letter with the signature of C. Brontë. Her writing is not good enough for the author of *Villette*: she turns her *d* over, but she writes a good *s*, which I mean to take up (a Greek *s*), and she makes *a* in the Greek manner (*α*), or something like it. . .

I brought away from Staines as my own a delightful Kentish dog called Bob. To-day Bob went out to walk with me, and behaved charmingly. I tied him up in a *pro formâ* way, and left him when I went to chapel. After chapel he was gone; . . . I suspect he has run back to Staines, where he lately tasted blood, the blood of a respectable parishioner, so that he cannot live there, and must be sent back.

My present interest is in the deaf C. He lights up when I speak to him in school, and likes being looked over. Think what I lost during seventeen years of teaching in rooms that were too badly lighted or too

noisy for me to see answering eyes or hear gentle answers¹. N. is almost civil, and does extra work with my pleasant party on Wednesdays; and H. has yielded to coaxing, up to a temperature of about five above freezing-point. Hartopp is very proud of having fought at the Election riot. He says he knocked down a man; but we believe the man was more like a wineskin than a man, and yielded to a push. Behind the curtain on Wednesday, two hours after the fray, I heard Rawlins and Lewis, K. S., asking Neville Lyttelton about his adventures. Twice did he answer 'I got a tap on the head,' and then they went into the depths of Plato and Livy. . . My belief is that he knocked down three fellow-creatures, and hurt his knuckles against some sort of eye. Willan had two black eyes, Turnor one; Candy, at the peril of his life, rescued four captured hats; but still some people came down hatless, as I learn from Hartopp's theme. . .

I was greatly stirred by the Emperor's speech, and read it out at construing with trimmings—that is to say, a quotation from 'Locksley Hall.' He is not the worse statesman for indulging an 'ideologue's' taste for visions such as young poets and undergraduates generally take up with, about 'a Parliament of man, a Federation of the world.' I like him better than his uncle; but I would pay income-tax to put an Orleans king in his place or in his son's place.

To Lord Rosebery.

ETON, Nov. 25, 1863.

On Sunday I read from my new book (a lovely bit of binding) a beautiful old poem which you ought to know,

¹ The 'New Schools' at Eton were built in 1863.

Tickell's 'Elegy on Addison,' all about Westminster Abbey, where I am to be next Sunday morning. What can be better than the combination of classical heroic lines with the memory of classical liberal wise Addison—mention made of statesmen and poets, in a setting of perfect ecclesiastical associations.

Journal. KING'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, *Dec. 29,* 1863.—My holidays began Dec. 11.

I went straight to Cambridge, reflecting on the way pleasantly on the good performances of my division and the increased amiability of many pupils, though my glory as a tutor is fast fading away. . .

I had five days of the candour and vivacity of young men, reading nothing but Mozley's Essay, writing my reports in a charitable state of mind, making little plans for the holidays. . . On Wednesday, Dec. 16, I reached a very formidable house, finding a friend there for whom I would face a battery of beaux and belles. . .

I had been at Battle Abbey on the day that Prince Albert was buried, and that week was full of the excitement about the French. I had a comfortable remembrance of a romping game under the cedars near Harold's chapel, which took the edge off the terrors of the house. It was very cold then, two years ago; and there were some awful old people there, colder than the Sussex hills. This time the house was twice as cheerful. The sublime Library, in which books are sumptuously buried like Cheops in a Pyramid, was then unfurnished, but is now radiant with blue velvet, and soporifically warm. . .

In the Library I was at home, only afraid of slipping

on the parquet. I found a folio copy of Matthew Paris, given away a hundred years ago by some teacher with a Dutch name to an 'ingenuus ac probus adolescens,' who had missed the first prize; in the middle of the page were six lines of elegiacs about this failure, and at the bottom 'ora pro tuo magistro.' . .

One evening I read Terence, two acts of *Adelphi*, out of an *Editio Princeps*, or something nearly as old, villainously printed; not because I preferred such an edition, but the other available copies were used by my companions. . .

As a contrast to the merry frivolities of the lads, I had, and I valued, the gravity and plain lengthy statements of my host¹, who walked with me twice, and seemed to me, as in '61, a truly honest and public spirited man. I learnt one or two things from him about politics. He said that Palmerston and Russell made up their minds quite by themselves about foreign policy, and did not show the other Cabinet men all the papers. He was aware that the Polish agitation was to a great extent factitious, and had refused when asked by Zamoiski to take up their cause in the House. . .

One day I went upstairs to see the new bedroom in which the two boys sleep, and Archie showed me his father's miniature, and his best books, old prizes, and Charles Fox's *Virgil*, just given him by Lady Holland, and Chatham's letters to young Camelford, given by Lord Stanhope with a badly written but well worded inscription, in which he says that his nephew, to whom he gives the book, is related to Chatham, and able to appreciate his 'lofty tone.' He showed me his collection of autographs, one of which was beautiful and pathetic, a letter written

¹ Lord Harry Vane (Duke of Cleveland).

by Lord Dalhousie to decline an invitation because he was 'hardly presentable, for besides other tribulations he had become quite deaf.' How I should like to write his life, so as at least to know all about so kingly a personage. I wonder whether these men who kill themselves in making empires were as idle at school as our lads are: perhaps the idlers are unconsciously obeying nature, in putting off all effort, so that they are accumulating a stock of activity. They get meanwhile, what we grubs do not get from our books, the priceless courage without which one cannot be a Dalhousie. . .

Saturday evening I spent in the Athenæum, reading softly. Next day four hours in the Abbey. Wordsworth in the afternoon, just before the Anthem, discoursed with more emphasis than force, chiefly on Jael, partly on himself. As usual I was far more moved by the epitaphs than by the sermons. Whenever I go there, I linger as long as the heartless vergers will let me by the humbler monuments, where I read in the rational English of the eighteenth century, or in choice Sapphics, eulogies of lost virtues; implicitly believing that the irrecoverable souls were as fair as the marbles say they were, longing to know them, pitying them for being dead, pitying their kinsfolk who lost them so long ago. Then and there do I love my countrymen, and think them all kind, all worthy of immortality; friends that have been denied me, allies whom I would fain summon to the wars, taxpayers who helped to make this glorious England, and who deserved to live long enough to hear, as I have heard, of Delhi and Lucknow. Resurgant si fieri potest. Preat mors. Vivat Anglia.

KING'S CROSS, *Monday, Dec. 20.*—9 a.m. A gleaming

forenoon in graceful Hertfordshire; all alone the whole way, so that I could, when it got cold, stand up and act windmill till fingers warmed again.

1 p.m. The well-known station at Doncaster. . . Nine years ago I went there for the first time, and truly it was a great day in my rushlight life.

2 p.m. A lively gracious greeting at the door, to which I walked up silently. . . Sir Charles ¹ and Henry out hunting: my own host at home. . . At once, under the old inimitable spell, I became talkative, honest, cheerful, and comparatively courteous. There was another leaf of my mind turned over. Instead of having to go out of my way to speak that I might provoke a listener to think, which is my staple employment at school, I was myself put upon a luxurious rack of incessant suggestions and questions, having a feast of opinions set before me with a constant refrain of 'don't you think so?' invited every minute to commit myself to some statement, probed and teased for all such scraps of thought or knowledge, or at least interpretation, as my rusty memory retains, urged to read this pamphlet and that book, never scolded for lukewarmness, but rather thanked for contributions towards the settlement of theories. . .

His father and the mother seem to gather virtue and sweetness from looking at him and talking to him, though they fight hard against his unpractical and exploded Church views, and think his zeal misdirected, and are very glad to hear me trying to modify his principles. He pretends to triumph over his mother, to convict her of inconsistency, to expose her half-truths, to scout her old-fashioned notions: she fights hard,

¹ Sir Charles Wood (Viscount Halifax).

repeats herself with indomitable confidence, scolds him, and plays the domestic Pope; and all the while her face gets brighter and kinder because she is looking at him.

Happy are the parents who, when they have reached that time of life in which the world is getting too strong, and virtue is a thing of routine, are quickened by the bold, restless zeal of their sons and daughters, and so renew their youth.

Tuesday, Dec. 21. I went with George Palmer to follow the young sportsman Frederick Wood over the fields on a very cold, bright day. As I was well I enjoyed the walk and the chase of many rabbits. . .

Wednesday. We passed by the old Quarries beyond that bank on the Barnborough road where the boy of 1855, in the spring, lay sketching, and was too weak to get home without my fetching a pony for him. The wood to the Quarries is clearer now, as there is no work going on. The Knolls that have taken the place of ancient rubbish-heaps, each covered or tufted with a thorn-bush, seem to me as fit as ever for hide and seek, for a midsummer night's dream. . .

He took us to the edge of the hill, and gave us a very good view of the Don and the Castle¹. We crossed by a ferry. . . We sat, cold and hungry, in a little side-place hardly to be called a room, searched through and through by the wind. . . Fierce was the eating, and high the merriment; and low and homely was our archaeology. . . On coming down we scrambled into a field full of picturesque lumps of limestone—just such a place as would have suited the Black Dwarf; then along the right bank of the Don, past limekilns which reminded me of the Torridge. . .

¹ Coningsborough.

Then the sun fell—and I suppose that is the signal for the stars of the soul to come out. . . For, as we stept in rather more slowly through the darkening woodlands, turning about boldly in full reliance on our guide, he began to ask such questions as one does not often have to answer:

‘Tell me exactly who were the Realists—Nominalists—Jansenists,’ &c. . .

‘What is the difference between the view of science taken by men like the Bishop of Oxford and the view which you say Mr. Tom Carter would take?’

‘Do you care very much about your country?’

‘Do you think there might be a National Church in Italy in unity with ours?’ &c., &c., &c.

He told me of Mr. Liddon, the saintly and learned preacher, of the devout worshippers at All Saints’, whose black nails show they are artisans, of Lord Rivers’ daughters working night after night in teaching big rustic boys. . .

He listened with great interest and intelligence to all I could tell him of Church history, particularly the Anglo-Catholic movement.

He told me of the Society formed under the influence of Archer Gurney to pray daily for the restoration of Christian Unity. . . To me the process was like the rummaging out of old broken jewels and discarded fancy dresses, every fragment having some half-sweet, half-quaint association.

It took me over the variations of my youth, with as many turns and climbings as we had to make in the woods; and my mind as bare and dusky as the wintry trees. . . .

I had told him that I thought such a man as Tom

Carter would say that the final cause of civilization was the enhancement of saintliness by greater renunciation, because the fairer and richer the world becomes by the progress of arts and sciences the more there is for the saints to give up. Without pretending to hold such views, I had said that they seemed to me a nobler way of thinking than the double-worldliness of those who try to reconcile 'society' and high secular cultivation with the service of the Church—though I guarded myself against being supposed to blame the people who make themselves at home in the circles of secular schemers and thinkers for the sake of reconciling them to the Gospel. . . .

We got to Doncaster when it was dark, and found the Vicar¹ at home, writing his sermon. He received us graciously, knew who I was, told Charles Wood what he knew about Arthur Stanley's wedding, and went on, with an admirable mixture of candour and reserve, in clear, deliberate, but not over-formal sentences, in correct academical language, with tact and subtlety, with slow but not insidious afterthoughts, to express his views about the attack made by Wordsworth on Stanley.

I was quite satisfied: it was exactly the Vaughan I had expected, evidently a very able parliamentary man; . . . quite fit to sit in council with Gladstone and Westbury, capable of fighting them with their own weapons, quite fit to be a bishop, head of Trin. Coll.; fit also, I imagine, to be head of a Jesuit seminary. . . .

The Queen, says Mrs. Vaughan, was ultimately quite reconciled to the marriage, joined the hands of the Dean and the lady, and said to him, 'Never forsake

¹ Dr. Vaughan (Dean of Llandaff).

her, don't forget her, *don't leave her behind on the platform.*' . . .

He [Sir Charles Wood] was so busy that he turned over to me, on Saturday, a batch of papers about some ecclesiastical mares' nests which have been discovered in Penang and Bombay, asking me to give him my opinion, as Herman Merivale had referred to him. It was quite a promotion to me. I went at the silly job with hearty relish—enjoyed references to rotten old Acts of Parliament; wrote an elaborate memorandum, and copied it out; got thanks for it, proudly conscious that I have had my hand for an hour on the panel of the great State Coach. . .

It is better, perhaps, to look over State papers than schoolboy themes; but to look over the theme is better than to crib sermons, or embroil clients, or gamble in shares: and perhaps the theme-writer may some day write a despatch on the annexation of Persia.

Anyhow, I am proud of my Cambridge friend Maine, the poet of our time, whom we thought the truest follower of Tennyson, the possible orator, the actual jurist, the future legislator of Hindostan. A long extract from his letter was shown me: he spoke of Lord Elgin as knowing his mind better than any man in India. He spoke with all his vivid impatience of the perverse misruling of the law about rent in Bengal, and with the confidence of genius about the bill he is to bring in for the settlement of that very dangerous question. . .

Monday, Dec. 28. I went very soon after breakfast to the 'Studio.' . . Here we were all at work tying with twine and wire toys, oranges, and wax tapers, to be ready for the spruce fir in the village schoolroom.

Brassy and greasy were one's fingers . . . we persevered, and got some credit in the long run. All the things being armed with strings, I carried a flasket full of tied things down to the village, whilst F. scared off the children for fear lest they should penetrate our mysteries too soon. . . We had a long and pretty task in hanging things to the tree. . .

At sunset came the Squire, and all, to see our trophy: in trooped the grown-up people of the village; a dear shepherd-dog, inseparable from his master, the clerical-looking coachman; a bent old man called Kay with a foolish wig; plenty of ugly stupid women, all wondering at the brilliancy of the illuminated tree; somehow or other they slipt away and made room for the forty children who steadfastly gazed at the lower branches, ate buns with astonishing silence, and in due time received three or four trifles apiece cut off the tree. F. W. escorted old Kay home, and was late for dinner. The rest of us, all but the manager, went back in procession through awful darkness, by a new mysterious way, helped by a lantern, just as we used to come back from evening parties in Torrington. I cannot help feeling that summer feasts are much better things for poor children, and that they had better earn their toys in games and races. But there was something patriarchal in this gathering of a whole village; a perfect family unity, great simplicity, and plenty of tepid benevolence. When Armytage goes to dust there will be a fervid parsonuncle who will aim at something grander; there will at least be singing before the tea-drinking.

That night, whilst we played whist, Mrs. Grey and her daughter and niece sang to us, far off. What can people do better in this glimmering labyrinth called life than

sing together, 'each hand upon a sister's shoulder laid,' as Wordsworth says.

Late as we were in going to bed, Charles came to my room as usual, for it was my last night; his loving youngest brother came too; and after our chat was over I could hear them upstairs laughing with or at their mother, whom they visited in her room. There can be no happier mother in Yorkshire.

Tuesday, Dec. 29. I did as I was told, having slid back into the old habit of compliance. I went to see the hounds meet at Marr. They put me on Brown Bess, who behaved perfectly. . . It was a pleasant swift ride through Melton Woods: I had to turn and come back alone for fear of being late for the train. Bess must have been disappointed; but she was very amiable, and took me, softly as the West wind, along the beloved road under the crags to the thorns, where I drew bridle, and thought once more it was the place for Merlin to be entranced in. . .

Lady M. gave me a fragrant geranium-leaf at parting, and the boy saw me off; and in two hours I had relapsed into my average dullness.

Journal. ETON, Feb. 2.—School at 7.30. . . Took pains in explaining the similarity of Elisha's and Paul's miracles, the difference of the credibility of what is said about Paul and what is said of Apollonius Tyanaeus and other rather hard topics. . . Sunday work very well done . . . evidently boys take interest in it. . .

9.45. Came Warre to consult about a very hard bit of Thucydides: my old notes taken in 1843 cleared it up.

He told me of a grand passage in Aristotle's *Ethics*, which he had just done with F. Hervey. I read it: it is a proof that the best man loves himself, even in his most heroic self-sacrifice; for he lets his friend have a prize, or, what is dearer, the chance of action; and for his country he will die, yet all the while he keeps for himself covetously the honour. (Three cheers!)

Feb. 3.—11.8. Greek play in school. Set Iambics out of Mat. Arnold to volunteers. Found D., who is very low in class, staying on to copy some pencilled Iambics of mine that were in the book, evidently wishing to learn the art, which was a merciful invention of Mercury for prosaic boys. Enjoyed teaching them the metre, with some improvement in the method—some very orderly minds at work. . .

5.10. Read Lardner on the divisibility of matter for five minutes, that I might lecture on Atoms, apropos to Cicero, in school, which went off pretty well: explained the difference between *atom* and *element*, between *mixture* and *combination*; told them the difference between Lucretius' mechanical theory of atoms and Dalton's chemical.

Noticed how odd it was that the Romans, who could speak of 'formae literarum aureae vel qualeslibet,' should not have hit upon movable type for printing.

Lectured on *is qui* with subjunctive.

6.0. Prepared the feast of Greek for Rawlins, Lewis, Lyttelton, and having dined (with the help of *Macmillan's Magazine* article on 'A French Eton') was ready at 7.0 for them.

They did a fine passage of Sophocles, in which Electra scolds her weak sister for not siding with the dead father against the living mother, and glories in avenging

him by spiting her, wearing bad clothes, and the like. Item, a delightful bit of Demosthenes, where he taunts Aeschines for not contributing to a fund for his country's defence, when all that ever spoke on the bema gave something, and Aristonicus gave the money he had saved up to recover his franchise with (by paying some fine to the State). Item, the sublime passage of the Ethics, which lifted up the lads and made them wonder. I took care to tell them that I got it from Warre.

Item, my favourite bit of Plato, where Theodorus introduces to Socrates the teachable, quick, even-minded Theaetetus, the ideal listener, telling Socrates that the boy is like him in having a snub nose and ugly eyes, but speaking with motherly joy of his sweet nature. . .

I looked over Dalmeny's verses: to alter them was a long, delicate job, as they were not commonplace *pro formâ* things, but an honest attempt at turning (of his own accord) some rhymes of mine which he had read in manuscript on the French lady who, on her deathbed, made her page play on the lute 'La Défaite des Suisses,' till he came to 'Tout est perdu,' then made him go over it again, and died murmuring those last sad words. . .

Feb. 4.—7.o. F. Wood came to play chess with Northcote. I went the other side of the curtain and taught English history to Joynes's boys; they were very attentive. . . It was a series of names of people, their relationships, losses and gains in wars and treaties, outlines of policy, reasons for this and that—very rapid, and hammered in without mercy.

8.o. . . My lower boys did French: read three or four pages of the beautiful book, Alfred de Vigny's *Servitude et Grandeur Militaires*. . . I put them once

more through the French kings from Louis XIV to Louis Philippe, and told them about Duc d'Enghien and General Clark Kennedy, the Waterloo man who had just died.

8.45. Looked over some French exercises with the boys. Incidentally boys like F. Wood and Dalmeny learn a little by hearing me talk over the mistakes: I appeal to them when in doubt, but I am getting to trust myself more than I did at first. . .

Feb. 6.—10.30. Construing: then I made out my Sunday questions; one of them was a comment on 'Laborare est orare'—in setting it I read to them from Milman's Church History about the origin of the Cistercians, which was also one of the two subjects for theme: tried to create some interest about Benedict of Nursia and his great discovery, 'the holiness of labour,' whereby slavery was stormed in its fortress. Another thing they have to answer is, 'What has become of the precious marbles in the Temple of Ephesian Artemis?' another about usury in the Book of Nehemiah.

It is the only exercise they have to do which admits of research and variety: gradually it has dawned on me that they take a special interest in it.

Explained the theory of oaths, apropos to the statement of the Plataeans in Thucydides that they promised but did not swear: no, that was yesterday; middle voice and 'indefinite frequency' to-day.

12.0. A little shopping: got my partition put up to keep off the cold; read the *Spectator* newspaper; talked to Senhouse and Parker from Christ Church; warmed myself. . .

4.0. Verse making and lessons with Fourth Form. . . A note to Browning, controversial—a relief to my mind

—neatly enveloped and addressed, but discreetly dropt into my pocket.

5.30. Dined on a grilled fowl, talking foreign policy with Northcote expeditiously; read a very amusing part of the *Odyssey* with him by way of pudding; set him to work at theme; looked over the themes of the friendly Wodehouse and his mates; Grant looked brisk; W. and Francis amused themselves by trying on Wilson's gown. Baring, unabashed by the romping and chattering, did verses by himself on the death of Empedocles.

9.0. Hartopp came for his verses on Madeira, wished for a war because going into the army; Cyril, who came soon afterwards, did not wish it, because his brother is in the army. They ate nuts and drank Lunel whilst I drank tea. . .

Last night after journal I read a good deal of an old volume of *Edinburgh Review*, including Maine's elegant little article on *Midsummer Night's Dream*, an enlargement of an essay which he read before our Society at Cambridge. I remember how proud I was of its being in the *Review*, and how eager for knowledge I was that year, when Herschel reviewed Humboldt's *Cosmos*, and I soared beyond classical purlieus, little thinking that after all I was to be nothing but a third-rate grammar-monger.

Now to bed, to read newspapers and melt the roughness off my abject throat.

Average work for the six days about nine hours: how little it seems! yet how hard it would be for me to do anything else—except, indeed, such work as writing this Journal!

Sunday, Feb. 7. . . I spent three hours alone, chiefly reading Milman's *History of Latin Christianity* that

I might have something to say at 8.0; also Carter's sermons. I wrote three letters full of bitterness about the frustrated reform of my College.

2.0. My young boys gathered round the fire: I read them bits of Cowper, a good passage about the wickedness of ambitious kings, Alex. Selkirk and the Castaway. Told them about Cowper and Huskisson: they filled in the dropt rhymes, and were intelligent. They read to me some chapters of Nehemiah—the bit about Ezra telling the people not to weep; and then St. Paul's parting with the elders of Ephesus. . .

I was sorry when they went, being chilly and dull; fell asleep. . .

7.0. I formed my party of seven round the fire . . . a gentle set, not very clever, but sufficiently cultivated, with frivolity for the hour banished. I told them a good many things about the Church history of Elizabeth's days, and got them to read out long bits of Collier. . . They must have learnt something about the principles of the English Church, partly because I have gone over some of the points several times; at least they know more than their fathers knew at the same age. They behaved so well that I was truly sorry to part with them.

8.0. The room was filled with the next set, eleven. . . I lectured them on Church history, on the Roman theory of development, the Anglo-Catholic theory of tradition, the rational theory of tradition compared with the undoubted writings of the Apostles. We made references to the First Book of Corinthians, which we are supposed to be reading. I told them about Cassian, Jerome, Martin of Tours, Benedict of Nursia, Gregory the Great, and reminded them of Clemens Romanus, Diocletian,

Constantine, Theodosius, Boethius, &c. Some of them showed some knowledge—at least more than I had at their age. . .

This day at least I have done something—rash, perhaps, but not commonplace—that was not connected with my duties as an usher; and by way of change I enjoy it, though it may cost me dear. A little strife with *men* sometimes would be an agreeable change.

I have been to-day with twenty-seven boys, all of whom have been cheerful, orderly, attentive, and seemingly free from any grudge against me. Not a bad Quinquagesima, though I have begun, perhaps, a quarrel with certain Kingsmen.

Feb. 8. School very difficult because of the coughing which comes of their rushing in hurriedly, opening their mouths. I have no voice to make head against it, and had to bring down the quiet A. and B. from the top form to get them within talking range and bring something out of them; whereby I got the comfort of seeing A.'s pious face—he seems to live in a Church that goes everywhere with him. I discoursed as well as I could on Spenser, from whom I set verses, a bit on mutability; corrected some of their frantic anachronisms, and explained that the *Faerie Queene* and the *Divine Comedy* were not epics—this was let into the parsing like a line of gold thread. . .

5.15. The hardest lesson in the week—Cicero on the proofs of creative Providence. I had glanced at Whewell's Bridgewater treatise on *Astronomy*, and had found the place in Bentley's lecture, 'Confutations of Atheism,' where he follows Cicero's argument against Lucretius. So I had something to say; told them about Ptolemy,

Copernicus, Newton, Laplace, &c.; found that several of them gave all the credit to Galileo; told them about Bentley and Boyle, who endowed the Lectures. D. came to borrow the volume of Bentley which had been passed about and looked at. . .

My pigeons go forth, and bring back little sprays from the olive tree of truth, which it is so hard for an elderly man, encumbered with vanity, mannerism and authority to approach. *Fiam lenior accedente senecta*. Ten hours' work to-day, some of it fatiguing, but only because of the East wind. Ten hours spent in a Goshen of complaisance, simplicity, gaiety, and as much mental activity as I nowadays expect. . .

Feb. 9.—10.30. A splendid bit of Virgil—Evander's lament for his son—full of grammar, idiom, and sentiment. I tried the patience of the boys with wanton digressions till we were getting late for school.

In school the same Virgil: not a boy could construe the hard lines properly; they had wretched editions; if I had not been so hoarse I should have railed at them. In the midst of the exposition came the Head Master's servant to say that they were wanted at 11.30 to hear Speeches, so that the grand lesson was broken up, and this by men who profess to care for classics: may Virgil's ghost rebuke them!

Talked outside in the sun with my old comrade John Yonge about the lesson: we taught each other in a simple way. He told me—what I had forgotten—that Lord Falkland turned out, as a *Sors*, the lines we had just been reading about 'dura rudimenta,' &c. . . Think that a thousand years hence they will quote Virgil.

11.40. Themes, or rather versions—lukewarm Latin, anyhow.

Miscellaneous business with some brats. Shute set down to verses by himself.

12.40. F. Wood and I went out, ride and tie, up the bank of the still, cold river, taking it by turns to give Myrtle a canter, in which the dogs shared. . .

At Surley corner was a regular picture, a barge laden with wood, with the slenderest, straightest thread of smoke at each end, one horse pulling it down stream, the poplars behind, Myrtle and her glowing young rider in the foreground. . .

Galloped back in time to release the captive, who had done nine verses on Cassandra—alone for forty minutes—finished Latin prose work; then came N. Lyttelton with a bit of Greek prose, done from Hooker, rather a good job. Then Hale for a gossip. Then I wrote a vicious letter to the Windsor paper about the unbearable filthiness of the College streets. 3.45. Small boys came for verses, &c., and I read sundry bits of Greek and Latin and choice bits of Motley's *Dutch Republic*, though wishing to sleep. . .

7.0. S. Lyttelton, and others, took notes of my catechetical lecture on the history of the fight against Philip II; sometimes they read aloud the passages, ready for them, in Motley. So they were introduced to the scholar-warriors Ste. Aldegonde and François de la Noue (Bras de Fer), to the heroic Louis of Nassau and his mother Juliana, to my favourite doctrine about chivalry—that it is a sentiment engendered by literature, and never fairly developed till the sixteenth century, when men read the Bible and Plutarch. . .

8.0. Then we got into a sublime passage where Socrates says that Apollo has made him a philosopher, examining himself and others—and he was as much bound to do

this at all hazards as he was bound to stand in battle where the generals bade him stand—and quotes the story of Achilles telling his mother that he will avenge his friend, even though she foretells that he must die—for how could he stay to be taunted amongst the *νηυσὶ κορωνίσιν*, and cumber the earth. And, hoarse as I was, I made them see that this was a wonderful thing for Socrates to say: that even then literature was the well-spring of noble thoughts: that the record of his words stirred Cicero, and he, through Valerius Maximus, kept up some idea of virtue in the Middle Ages; and that when they came to read Cicero himself in the fifteenth century they began to be more noble, and became still more noble in the days of 'Bras de Fer,' when they read not only Cicero but Euripides, Plutarch and the Psalms. . .

Eight hours' employment—and I do not feel older after it.

Wednesday (commonly called *Ash*), *Feb.* 10.—7.30. School, the last chapter of both *Timothies*—half the boys got punishments for being late—this is one of the results of our hateful irregularities; for if we began every day with a regular lesson or prayers no one would be late. I railed. Took refuge in the good and steady lads who have too much self-respect to be late, and read with them; expounded the peculiarly ecclesiastical nature of these epistles, the liturgical flow of some passages, the germs of a Creed found herein, the obscure nature of the evidence about the government of the early Church, &c., &c. . .

8.45. *Times* at the fireside; F. W. late for breakfast because of prayers at 9.0.

Took it easy by way of keeping Lent: did some exercises, read Latin and Greek for Rawlins, which

I found more edifying than the curses of the Jewish law. . .

Friday, Feb. 12.—1.5. I was on Myrtle, with a dog at each stirrup, the soft rain in my face, and the kind wind coming to me from my home: so I galloped blindly—for the rain disabled the spectacles—up the river as usual, but further than usual, even to Bray; back the same way, chirruping to the dogs and meditating on Colenso, whether it would be expedient to subscribe.

To Rev. C. W. Furse.

LONDON, *April 14, 1864.*

I wrote to you from Rome on the morning of Monday the 4th. . .

That morning I sent the boys to see the old woman¹ at the Minerva, and they were mightily pleased with him (?) and the other nondescripts.

I strolled out promiscuously, hit upon the Pantheon, and knew it by sight; saw a church with fleur de lys on it, and found it was dedicated to St. Louis of France, which was rather gratifying; crossed the Tiber, sauntered through mild, quiet, not very dirty regions for ten minutes, and then to the left, by a bridge and an island, back to the Temple of Vesta, just as I wished. On by the river-bank to the English burial-ground: a charming, quiet, spring morning, birds singing in the cypresses, no other sound; saw the graves properly; home over the Aventine (where one gets no view) and Trajan's Forum. Out again with Dalmeny . . . he wanted to see St. Peter's and St. John Lateran; so we did both, and made a vain attempt at the Sistine. At the Lateran we

¹ Pius IX.

were happy, reading the inscriptions on the monuments. . . We had a royal view of the beautiful hills.

Then we walked back by Coliseum, stumbled upon Cloaca Maxima, with which I was charmed and the boy disgusted; we agreed, however, about the two bell-towers, St. George¹, I think, and Mouth of Truth, and I enjoyed them all the more because I had never heard of them. Indeed, I think the second is the prettiest thing in Rome, and well worth imitation as a church tower. So I took the lad to Keats's grave, as we had nothing else to do, and I suppose I am the only man that ever went there twice in one day.

Negatively I enjoyed my escape from the babble about art. — tried it on with me, but I at once indicated a preference for Paris, and in other ways showed myself Vandal enough to be left to invincible ignorance. He was so good as to suggest that I should devote the morning to Overbeck's studio! On a rainy day there might be something to be said for it; but as a general rule one bears sea-sickness and diligence-grind for the sake of the old rocks and the inexhaustible sky.

All the artists of this century are dust compared to the creeper that hung like a child's uncombed hair over a white garden wall near the Lateran, a handful of the largesse scattered by spring.

April 5 we went to Cività Vecchia, and took diligence for Follonica. This was an austere journey, all the length of the Maremma—coming down with a scream to a dark river (Ombrone), and waiting on the bank for a ferry-boat coming to us silently with a Cyclops light. One village every five hours. Ninety-four miles of wilderness without rails. . .

¹ Sta. Francesca.

That day we had the loveliest sunset at Leghorn ; and in the street at night we saw the awful and deeply interesting sight of the *Misericordia*, the black-calicoed masked men, with one great torch, tramping fiercely down the street, and stopping at a gin-palace for the coffin : this I watched, standing amongst the street children, who did not seem frightened ; but if anything could add to the terrors of death it would be that mass of live blackness. . .

Two days of brilliant weather at Paris. . .

We saw Sainte Chapelle, which is a gem ; Notre Dame, where it is charming to hear the sacristan holding forth about the true modern martyr, the Archbishop of Paris, slain at the barricades in trying to make peace. They show you his vertebra with the bullet, a picture of his death, his robes, &c., &c. It is a remarkable synthesis of hagiology with scientific truth. His death is as fine a thing as you can find in any part of Church history.

We saw the tomb of Napoleon, which is a poor concern ; we went to a review of 3,000 cavalry, which was beautiful ; we heard some fresh, brilliant music, Gounod's *Mireille* ; we shopped ; we talked politics and history. Dalmeny is a strong but wise admirer of both Napoleons. Altogether he must be the wisest boy that ever lived—and full of fun, too.

To A. H. Drummond.

ETON, May 13, 1864.

Read the *Life of Sir William Napier*. . . I now read the new *Life of Wolfe*. They are both books which an officer should read carefully, making notes.

If you don't fill your head in your youth you will be

found 'Mene, Tekel, Upharsin' when the time comes to take command and have influence.

This is just what the conqueror of Scinde says most emphatically. It is all very well to trust to animal spirits and tact in early life; but when the bloom is gone an empty-headed man has but little influence. I find William Napier saying, quoting the Duke, too, that half our operations are ruined by stupid generals of division. Men of uncultivated minds are generally stupid at forty, except in their own groove.

To Hon. F. Wood.

July 24, 1864.

The life of the last summer month at Eton is probably as happy as any kind of life. It is pleasure set in a framework of duties: the daily obligations are, as it were, the hem that keeps the garment from unravelling. What else is there that makes pleasure respectable? would you not be ashamed of it if there were no yoke to bear? With you it seems to be the staple of life, not a diversion or a refreshment after toil. Would life be honourable, would mankind be respected by angels, if we all lived always in pleasure? This is the question Cicero asks. But when the ancients speak contemptuously of pleasure, they mean something very different from what you enjoy. Your pleasure consists in good fellowship above all things: there is nothing solitary about it—nothing like sitting 'each under his own vine, his own fig-tree, drinking his own cup.'

The essence of the life which you enjoy here and remember proudly is brotherly and neighbourly sympathy. In the most easily-remembered periods of this kind of life you are making common sacrifices, joint

efforts, you have hopes and fears towards which many minds converge. What is dull and wearisome here is taken patiently because you bear it together: it is when some are exempt, when there is a doubt about exemption, when it is not certain whether you are expected to do a thing or not, that discontent arises. At the universities duty becomes more irksome, because there is so little there of universal obligation, and perfect, certain obligation. But then you substitute for the routine school duties private studies which bear distinctly on your own success. At college a man is divided in life: partly he is working for and with others, partly he is struggling against others for a place. It is a less beautiful or poetical form of life than the Eton form.

But the desire of knowledge is stronger: the power of gaining knowledge is greatly increased, the perception of the value of intellect is greatly quickened. From college you will look back with some regret for lost opportunities of gaining knowledge; but it is not certain that you will be justly reproaching yourself for negligence. Perhaps there is much offered here which can be taken only in fragments and by reflection.

As soon as you are out of the 'chamber of maiden thought,' at once you begin to regret, to repine. The poets say that in youth we love autumn. High pleasure comes to us tempered and blended with regret, with a sense of insufficiency, with regard, as we say, that is, looking back.

This is the keynote of poetry. This is the mystery of music: the sense that we lose, have lost, something—that there is something we cannot reach—that there is infinity which we cannot reach.

Perhaps the most exalted state of a man's mind is

that in which he strains after a comprehension of all that is most excellent in mankind—when he is seized with a sweeping theory of history, animated with a longing hope of universal human progress, dreaming, like the man in 'Locksley Hall,' of a golden year that is to be, when the wars shall cease and the nations shall be made one, or praying early and late for an universal Church without rent or scar. In such aspirations there must always be, with pure and noble minds, a sweetness and a bitterness too. In the best hours of generous youth one must mourn over one's weakness and limited range, one must deplore the hindrances presented by society which make it impossible to know all men, to act with all classes: one must hate the diversities which keep nations apart: one must love zealously those few men of one's acquaintance who are above prejudice, who are truly liberal, who seem to be incapable of giving way to the world. In the very age of great catholic ideas one is really drawn most closely to the few. Pleasure is then found in the hearty alliance and outspoken communications of a select body of men of one's own age.

Then comes the desire to influence others: and every moment comes disappointment. You find that you cannot have things your own way. Even a child or a servant beats you; a family attorney is impregnable, a churchwarden shakes off your zeal as a seal throws off water; a brother magistrate or a Government officer makes you feel very *young*.

Then comes the doubt whether one is meant to do anything but take care of one's own skin, or save one's own soul, or continue, in a well-marked rut, the course of one's own family.

Then you are tempted to acquiesce in the world's ways, to admit that there is nothing to be done but smile and avoid committing yourself and make the best of every chance of getting something for yourself and your own kinsfolk.

When this time comes, it would be well if one could vividly bring before one the very happiest and noblest part of one's early youth. The remembrance of what you felt and intended when you were confirmed, or when you were leaving school, or when you lost some dear friend or relation, would have a great effect in saving you from going back to Egypt. If you had a journal, or a bundle of letters, or a book of poetry with marks in it, or a biography of some good man that you had read and been moved by, it would be a countercharm, it would be like the plant that Mercury gave to Ulysses.

Journal. ETON, *Sunday, July 24, 1864.*—I wrote two sheets full of outlines of a discourse on youth and its rising above the world. I wrote with hardly an erasure, and finished what looks complete, in time for Church.

We were not out of Church till 12.30, when my listeners met. I began my talk easily by speaking to R. Lewis about his essay on music which he is to write—its effects—its use in training—rhythm—form—how to the performers it is finite, regular, formal; how to non-musicians who have imagination it suggests the infinite, awakens longings that we cannot satisfy; how this desire for what is unattainable blends with *all* our pleasure, which is not the 'pleasure' spoken of by the old pagan philosophers; that our pleasure, as soon as we become men, is indissolubly blended with regret, remembrance,

regard ; that early manhood is a sort of autumn ; that we repine, reproach ourselves, often with injustice, &c., &c.

One notion followed another, and I was helped by what I had written, but not bound by it.

Among other things I told the lads that manhood will bring them Ephphatha, that they will some day 'dare to seem as good and generous as they are.' A strange sermon : but they listened, and answered me when I questioned them of their own experience ; and my friend, in the evening, gladly took my MS. to keep for his brother to read ; so perhaps I had as much success as the dignitary with his pupil. . .

July 27. I had a peculiar pleasure—a letter from the father of a boy who had been in my division, thanking me for making his boy's work pleasant to him ; the most gratifying letter I ever had on professional matters.

At 10.45 we separated lingeringly, three or four taking copies of the *Vale* . . . then I had to sit up to do work for school. . .

Thursday, July 28. This morning I gave a lecture on the examination papers, and told the boys how they had done. By 10 a.m. all school work was over.

At breakfast we had Charles Wood's eager proposal that I should go at once to Hickleton. It was a great help towards breaking the fall.

But there was nothing to comfort me in parting with Holland ; and he was the picture of tenderness.

He and others stayed a good time, talking in the ordinary easy way—no confessional—and one by one they shook hands ; first N. Lyttelton, veiling his grief at leaving school in his quaint hard Stoic manner, shaking hands with X.—they used to hate each other, but have been great friends this summer. Then R. Hussey spent

some time with me, copying out two of his honoured exercises into my book whilst I did business. M. Lewis came, and his shyness did not prevent my saying what I wished to say to him. But to Holland I could say nothing: now that I am writing about it I cannot bear to think that he is lost.

They were all gone: I had been plunged into bills and rummagings, when I had visits from C. Moore and Douglas Hope, who came as his shadow. We had a very friendly, cordial chat, and as they were going, I found that they wanted copies of the *Vale*.

Last of all came for the last time the boy who has been my companion, the constant helpmate in my troubles; he was grave, pitying me; as he has always been truly compassionate in my illnesses and gloominesses.

What a world it is for sorrow. And how dull it would be if there were no sorrow.

I went to luncheon, and thought the lady who has made our evenings beautiful with music seemed as sad as I was.

Friday, July 29. I wrote letters in the shady room with the birds behind me: a very elaborate one to Lady H. about her boy's being *made* to write, and not having everything done for him by private tutors; a hopeful letter about one who is getting to be very interesting. Item, a delicate and complimentary account of W., perhaps the smartest bit of writing I ever turned out, and strictly veracious. Item, a good account of P. and G., whom we have certainly improved. . .

6.30. Dined at Egham Vicarage, met the Right Hon. Wm. Monsell, M.P., Catholic, an excellent man who is coming back to the Ministry. . . He talked with the

greatest openness about Newman's *Apologia*, quite pleased to find that we had read it; he was quite proud of it.

'How remarkable that after a long and general conspiracy to silence him he should regain the ear of the nation. Dr. Döllinger, the highest authority in our Church, says it is the most important work he knows, even ranking it with St. Augustine's *Confessions*.

'Longman pressed Newman for the MS., so as to bring out a number every week: in twenty-four hours he spent twenty-two hours writing¹.

'He was not appreciated in Ireland, nor is he by the Italianizing party in our Church. He went to Birmingham because he was told to go there: they should have sent him to London. He is made happy by the general reception of his book, by finding that men are still attached to him.

'He did write the pamphlet against Peel about Mechanics' Institutes.

'He has more faith in the providence of God than any man I ever knew.'

These were some of the things said by this personal friend of Newman.

¹ See *Nineteenth Century* for Sept. 1896, 'Recollections of Cardinal Newman,' by Aubrey De Vere.

Archdeacon Furse writes, Oct. 22, 1896, as follows: 'Once when visiting Cardinal Newman I happened to tell him that Wm. Monsell reported to me that he had on one occasion given about twenty hours out of the twenty-four to the composition of the *Apologia*. The Cardinal smiled, and said "Did I? I forget. If Wm. Monsell told you that I said so, I am sure I did. I was a good deal younger then." He then rose from his chair, and leaning his elbows on the chimneypiece, half buried his face in his hands, and said slowly and with pauses, "But I never told him—I never told any one—that half the time I was writing that book I was in floods of tears."'

Sunday, July 31. I walked alone, with a quick step, having a tune in my head and the wind in my face, down the river-bank past Pentonhook Lock, where in 1836 we beat Westminster, which was the happiest and most heroic day of my early school life. Does any boy now feel the elevation of heart that I felt that day? How I loved the bargees that cheered our returning barouche in Windsor street, when we came back with our blue ribbons triumphant, having shirked 6 o'clock absence with Keate's connivance. Poor bargees, all dead by this time.

I read Newman's *Apologia*, and was deeply moved by the end of the main work, before the Appendix, where he thanks his friends: but I concluded after all that he is not single-minded, for he shifts over from the philosopher's to the simple believer's attitude; he is bound to give a wise man's, not a woman's, defence of his new creed, and to refute the arguments he once used against it.

MAPLEDURHAM, READING, *Monday, Aug. 1.*—I had a charming drive from Reading over Caversham Bridge and through the private road of Caversham Warren, under shade and past fresh green crops, to Mapledurham. A lovely land, where the poplars are big and stand far apart, and are in contrast with symmetrical oaks or cedars, as the mellow chimneys of old red brick are with the scarps of chalk, and the piles of shaped logs of beechwood stand on the banks waiting for the barges, and mallow, breast-high, blooms in rivalry with loose strife, and the mill has a wheel with broad teeth like the Torrington mill, and the Catholic squire's house has the Protestant church crouching at its gateway, as it did in the days of the Plantagenets.

Mr. Coleridge¹ was very gracious and full of communications: . . . he called me 'Billy' every five minutes with the utmost gravity. He told me about Newman, whom he wishes to write to or even to visit and renew his old friendship: they are of the same age. Newman was a good mimic: kept his satirical spirit under control, in print, till he turned Catholic: ought now to apologize for having satirized Keble and Pusey. (I suggest that he cannot be asked formally to unsay anything: one must be content with his having practically cancelled the satire by resuming the language of respect.) He has printed nothing in the *Apologia* that bore upon his old friends without submitting the proof-sheets to them. Keble said to Coleridge: 'By all means go to see him, if you are at Birmingham. I would give anything to do so myself. He still loves his old friends much more than his new Catholic friends.' 'Those who know Newman (says Coleridge) know that he sometimes sits weeping for two days together.'

He never let himself become a confessor of women. Pusey gave it up: was disgusted or wearied with it. Pusey, Keble, and others, being asked, advised Coleridge not to attempt the confessional with his pupils. . .

Coleridge was as bitter as Wm. Monsell was, against Kingsley, and as tender to Newman. He agreed with me in thinking that Newman had not (yet was bound to have) refuted his old arguments for the English Church.

I read the article on Public Schools in the *Edinburgh*, and felt quite ready to join in a school that should do without Greek and Latin. The hopeless thing is that the Universities give such overwhelming reasons for

¹ Rev. Edward Coleridge, Fellow of Eton and Rector of Mapledurham.

keeping up the dead languages. This the writer forgets. . .

My best wishes for the Comet's journey; and when he comes back may he find slavery and bigotry melted away.

Aug. 4. Went to Athenæum, and read like a butterfly all the evening: a bad article in the *Dublin Review*, a very good one in the *Christian Remembrancer* on the great *Apologia*: observed how far superior the Anglican piety and taste are to the Roman. . . Began a new book about Jeanne d'Arc by the high-minded lady who wrote the memoir of Hélène d'Orleans, and found her tone of mind quite poetical and rather philosophical. . .

HICKLETON, DONCASTER, *Thursday*.—After food Charles Wood took me out to pick ferns and grasses for decoration, which he afterwards effected very skilfully, reminding me of his primrose chains wrought ten years ago: in the wood we met just one kissing shower, the first rain I have heard pattering on green leaves this year. . .

At dinner my host observed to his wife that he had all his four boys together—and well might he be proud of them. . . We discussed the voluntary surrender of Gibraltar, which the eldest son vigorously advocated. . .

In the library Charles made me talk to him: I told him everything I could think of that would interest him; he was insatiable: truly the desire to be taught comes at the wrong time for schoolmasters. How gladly would I bring out my humble stores to the regular customers, the boys of seventeen, in school and pupil-room—and they will have none of them. . . I received to-day a letter from W., very affecting, even in my lethargy. *Quis vel qualis sum ego, quem tanto amore dignentur boni viri?*

Friday, Aug. 5. I read, and made a few statistical extracts from Sir Charles Trevelyan's minute on a gold currency for India, and had a talk about it with the Secretary¹: tried to impress upon him that if his five-rupee notes were good, as no doubt they are, so would one-rupee notes be; that if silver coins were tokens, it was a pity to waste so expensive a substance in making them; that coin bearing a real intrinsic value is really wanted only for clearing international accounts after striking balances; that the Hindoos had advanced a good deal beyond their superstitious habits of hoarding, and might advance, probably were advancing, gradually towards a rational habit of embodying wealth in securities or claims. Laid down my favourite doctrine that money is purchasing power, &c. Satisfactory talk. . . . Charles talked to me at night: we considered what knowledge was useful, and concluded that it was fair and easy to say that there was no such thing as useful knowledge, except in so far as the sciences and arts are useful in enabling people to attain that leisure which breeds refinement. 'It seems that the best thing to do is to join hands and so drift to the grave together,' said one; and the other did not gainsay it. . .

Saturday, Aug. 6. I told Charles that I wished him to read things that did not interest him, such as books about the English Constitution, &c. (so much for our renunciation of knowledge). I warned him against the danger of prolonging boyhood unduly and remaining in a family groove. . .

Sunday, Aug. 7. I tried to read a little Descartes, and then a little Voltaire, but was drawn into one of the old charming talks with my two friends; and they paid

¹ Sir Charles Wood.

me a visit in my bedroom afterwards, and then left me to make this record of three days, which would be called happy if I thought myself capable of happiness. . .

The late Earl Grey had some trouble in convincing the poor that they were not meant to be poisoned under the new Poor Law: he went about eating the Union bread in public; and at last he bought an Union loaf every week, and had it served up at breakfast, where the family thought it the best bread they got. The present Earl was one of Melbourne's private secretaries, and often re-sealed his letters, which the Minister had himself sealed so carelessly that they came in two: he was very careless, left all sorts of secrets about: the secretary had to sweep up and burn.

Talking of Outram, Capt. E. said that he was brave to foolhardiness. He was standing with several men looking from a terrace into a tank full of alligators; some one said, 'I wonder whether any one would plunge in among those brutes?' Outram did so at once; made such a splash that he frightened them all off. E. told me that in some parts of India tigers had become so numerous since the disarming Act, that they were obliged to give back the arms to the people.

Monday, Aug. 15. I am still trying to remember what I heard, learnt, or perceived at Hickleton. The very effort saves me from losing the general impression of rare and undeserved enjoyment. . .

These two good brothers accompanied Charles and me in the carriage to Doncaster. . . So my parting was cushioned softly. The train came late, when we two were deep in one of the regular talks, and smart young men armed against the grouse put their heads out of windows to call 'Charley' into their carriages; but he

was so good as to stick to the private or extra carriage which the stationmaster put on for him; and I enjoyed his companionship all the way to the Quaker town of Darlington. . .

I got out at Clifton, imagining I might get country quarters tolerably near the north end of Ulleswater. So I landed at a neat little station at 3 p.m., but found that there was no inn; even the village was some way off; nor was there even a man, much less a fly, to take my goods: so I left them with the lone stationmaster, wondering whether he ever saw a tourist before, and marched off vaguely towards Askham. . . After a hot but pleasant walk over a park (Lowther), through beautiful woods, along fine fresh uplands, to which I wished I could have led some of those starving Yorkshire cows; through lanes fringed with the most fairy-like combination of grasses, ferns, and other nameless plants, I dropt down to Pooley Bridge in time to get a comfortable meal, a sweet glimpse of the lake, and a snug coach-drive back to Penrith, which is but three miles from Clifton: so that I spun out three miles into seven miles walking and six coaching, and then spent five shillings on fetching my luggage; and it was a thoroughly good job too. . .

My companions inside the coach were not at first appetizing: they were two plain middle-class elderly women. . . I thought they were Lancashire shop-people, such as I am used to see in the Lakes; but presently the first speaker said, 'Dunmallet will look so beautiful—sheep all up the slope of the hill.' This sounded like a native; I began to think she was introducing her own land to a visitor . . . their little memories kept budding as they passed house after house, till we came to Eamont Bridge, when the

lady with the ringlets remarked emphatically, 'Now we are in Cumberland;' and I knew it was no Lancashire sightseer, but a true Cumbrian. Then the other spoke of some garden or grounds, lamenting that the storm had blown down some trees, but saying that it was still beautiful, morning, noon, and evening; then the other murmured in a homely, tender way, 'I often imagine it to myself;' and then I knew she was coming back brimfull of piety to her home. Good luck to her!

Saturday, Aug. 13. . . I determined to walk to Brougham Castle and the Countess's Pillar. Luckily I had the wit to charter a small boy as a guide to set me on the way, a plan generally to be recommended, because the boy does not know too much, can be easily got rid of, gets a lesson from his employer, and earns an honest coin. My young Cumbrian was fifteen, but still at school; a British school, in a new advanced class, paying a higher sum than before, qualifying for apprenticeship. . . 'A boy was drowned close to the Castle the other day out of a raft, fishing; his father went to look for him, stood up to his neck in the river, poked for him with a crooked stick, got hold of him by the breast and lifted him up, but let him drop; but Jack Ousby got him up.' Such was his talk—all to the point: I tried to be as good a *raconteur*, and told him briefly the story of the Shepherd Lord, the Clifford of Brougham Castle; but I found my little friend did not listen.

So I gave him my usual exhortations to read books and copy extracts into a blank book, and rewarded his half mile of walk with a fourpenny bit, which faith persuades me was at once spent on a copybook.

I went alone to the mild Wordsworth's haunts, found the Shepherd Lord's keep redolent of cows who had

retreated into it from the cruel sun; they did not grudge me the green bank and shade on the west. . . I trudged along the Appleby road, till I reached the little minaret, now made useful as a dial and as a notice-board for Volunteers, who request me to keep the high road when 'the red flag is on the butt.' What butt? Wordsworth would have written a sonnet on the butt, as he has on the dole of bread given at the pillar 'for ever' in memory of the great Countess Anne's mother. As I knew that the pillar was Jacobean (= ugly) I think I did no common homage to poetry in going to see it. . .

Since I have been here (Capenoch) I have been doing nothing but writing this Journal and reading *Misérables*, unless one reckons conversation.

Yesterday Mr. Gladstone¹ drove me to Drumlanrig, where I should have enjoyed the grounds, but for the sun and the flies. . . To-day we went—a carriage full—host and hostess, two young ladies and I, and had a long day of sun and air, with a fair amount of interesting country, a few wild flowers, and many sweet songs in the twilight. What I have *kept* is a new tune, 'Sir Randal,' a pathetic, simple ballad about a young Scot who went to the wars of High Germany in 1632, and found when he came that cousin Jean, who wept for him when he left her, disowned him on his return. . . It was a treat to be eight hours in a carriage with three ladies, all lively and composed and perfectly sensible and up to fun. We laughed under the tyrant sun; and our sympathy with wronged lovers came out, like the sock, at nightfall. . . Miss Margaret Gladstone and her mother delighted in telling us the many and undeniable proofs of the Duchess of Buccleuch's goodness of heart.

¹ of Capenoch.

I am told that T. Carlyle left the county in disgust with his neighbours because they had only two topics, drilled turnips and the Duke of Buccleuch. But, in spite of his great authority, I shall go with the shire. . .

Wednesday, Aug. 17. This is a day to be noted in this little book with honour and thanks. I have been well; actually disembodied; unmindful of physiological facts, drawing breath like a bird, and feeding like a contented cow. I dreamt last night that I was at the head of a Whig combination; I composed a jolly song about the 'good old cause.' I got dukes to come to dinner and forget themselves. I woke with a sense, such as I had in my boyhood, of having had a deep, rosy sleep. I walked five hours on the moors, knee-deep in heather, and steeped in the finest air, lying down now and then to rest, or to escape shot, or to see the cool clouds, with 'Sir Randal' running in my head—no fatigue, no heat, no thirst—rimmed in with little mountains that had all the modulations wanted for the due rendering of the sunlight.

With my host marched his amiable brother William. . . . He told us that he knew Gen. Ramsay, aide-de-camp to the present Emperor of Russia. R. said that he believed that Nicholas on his deathbed sent for his son, and said he had wished to set the serfs free but dared not, and charged him with the duty. He (Mr. Wm. Gladstone) heard from a Russian officer that he left Moscow with 2,500 men, and reached Sebastopol with 500. His firm was employed to help a Scotchman in selling a steamer at Petersburg: of £6,500, the purchase-money, £1,500 went in bribes to the functionaries. . .

This evening, solo singing and solo playing alter-

nately—both pure and finished—and four people of one mind, as we were in the carriage, in absorbing it. Why should this come to an end? Why do voices and fingers fail, and minds start asunder? As poor old King Hudson said of the champagne, how much lost time have I to make up? how many evenings have I spent in dulness, when I might have been in the bowers of music and that womanly courtesy which lavishes sweet sounds and thanks one, by looks if not by words, for listening?

Friday, Aug. 19. I sit down at noon instead of midnight to talk to my book.

I have been sitting in the library, reading Macaulay's account of the wars of the Orangemen, the death of John Temple, who could not bear dishonour and remorse, the gathering of the angry Protestants at Kenmare, 'the imperial race standing at bay.' Meanwhile through the door came the simple, religious, plaintive singing, 'Waste and weary,' 'This is no my ain plaid,' and other sad sweetnesses that made my nature ache with those pains that neither angels above us, nor the kind, affectionate dogs below us can ever feel—'longings like despair.' . . .

Life without music is despicable, with it inexplicably strange. Listening to pathetic songs I rebel against the death of those who sang them in the old times: the makers of those melodies are my unknown brethren; all others who speak in what we call words fail to let me know them thoroughly; music is the only communion of hearts, and it makes one's heart feel hopelessly empty. . . .

Saturday, Aug. 20. We are all vain, more or less; but some of us have taste, and some, pride, to keep down

the display of self-complacency. How much good it would do M. to read high literature, were it only for the sake of finding something above him, something to admire. Churchgoing does not ensure this. These men take preachers, whether Spurgeon, or Monro (of Harrow Weald), or S. Oxon, or Manning, just as they take speakers, singers, engineers, and other clever men. They are, in some sort, all of them 'Peter Bells.'

Sunday, Aug. 21. Yesterday I went up the valley of the Soar five miles or so . . . then I walked home by another way and enjoyed my stepping powers, and welcomed some huge inky clouds which threw a few drops on my umbrella but had not the heart to spoil the harvest. Outside the house I stood chattering and looking at the throbbing scarlet of the geraniums. . .

I fancy N. has a great deal of lost time to make up in the way of loving and being loved. A month of trouble and sorrow would let her soul chip the shell, and let loose the true woman. . . Is there any training for women but suffering? . . .

Went to the Free church. . . Mrs. — put me into the minister's pew. . . I was in difficulties as people crowded in, and had to take refuge in the seat of a hospitable layman, who smelt hard of peppermint and went on obdurately pepperminting all through service. The music was more tuneful, but the preacher was more nasal and monotonous than at the Establishment. They had similar instruments of torture, poles with boxes at the end pushed along the pew-shelves to rake up the embers of zeal, and even little children dropt coins into them. I can fancy these poles tipped with burning brushes and pushed under heretical chins at an *auto-da-fè*. . .

I have given the united parents my best advice about the education of their son John. . . I long to tell the shrewd, kindly, even-minded mother that she ought to show more attention to her daughters. Her 'pearl' wants only to be set in the fine gold of love. Some day some one will come, and her easy wit will melt into faltering tenderness; and the heart that is now uttered in severe music will get another mode of utterance. But meanwhile her mother should drop on her every day the honey stored in her own great loving-time.

Croquet is a plague: it is better to sit on the moors and look for *pedicularis vulgaris* than spend the walking hours in a little frivolous crowd. To-morrow I shall have to pack up again; and I shall be much more sorry to go away than I was last year or the year before. I have found something that looks very like health, and I have overcome a very ancient antipathy to a certain sex . . . and, speaking roughly, I have sometimes been very nearly free from self-pity. . .

Tuesday, August 23. Mrs. Gladstone brought me two nectarines. . . I forgot to say that one day, as we were going over the garden, I noticed the absence of lavender, the only thing which I used to pick at home as a boy in August, and still pick at Cambridge. She brought me a little wisp of it at dinner-time, nicely tied up; and my handkerchiefs have carried the fragrance of it. . . I wish people would everywhere take up the pretty etiquette (which I think prevailed in Ireland in 1844) of presenting a guest on his departure with a nosegay. It would be much more pleasing than the sandwiches which one gets nowadays. . . Nor shall I forget the old lady's pleasure at discovering that Miss R. was singing Scottish songs: how she stood up and put her arm on the

singer's neck to support her as she stooped over her to listen. . . She reads *Sherlock on Death* as cheerfully as young people read a novel. She has overlived the anguish and the horrors of parting.

How dull I was on the journey, and then wandering about Glasgow—though I fairly tried to employ my mind in thinking of the excellence of the Scotch, and noticed everything: the groups of well-dressed maidens standing in Thornhill to be hired as servants; the procession of carts bringing the Duke's luggage from the station; the comeliness of the barefooted children in the lower part of Glasgow; the Sabbatical silence of the respectable streets—where there are side-streetlets, on a steep slope, so grassy that the Lincolnshire sheep would be happy if they were sent there on a visit; the good taste and patriotism and scriptural purity of the coloured windows in the Cathedral, each given by some munificent tradesman or landowner, most of them enriched with blazonries; the beautiful monument of Anderson, who died in the Indian Mutiny war. . . I bought *Enoch Arden*, which I finished that night: the poetry was not so soothing to my solitude as it should have been. The two big poems seemed to me less interesting than novels, less affecting than what Mrs. Gaskell, less noble than what George Eliot would have written on the same subjects. . . The most original, free and striking thing in the book is the sailor boy who answers the mermaid: nothing can be more pointed or manly. *This* could not have been done in prose.

Is not Tennyson now in that stage which Shakespeare reached when he wrote *Measure for Measure*? I remember Hallam generalizes that as a phase of thought which all great minds must go through.

During these last five days I have finished *Les Misérables*. Why does Victor Hugo bring in that little episode of the two lost children and the swans in the Luxembourg? Is it as a little bit of repose in the midst of the struggle? or is it a bit of forced consistency, to show that he is exhibiting a gallery of 'miserables'? I lament in him that French bloodthirstiness: he kills so many men at the barricade. Grantaire's death reminds me of that fine French chivalrous death of the young lover in the *Fille du Régent*. How impossible it would be for an American to touch so lightly the gay recklessness of Courfeyrac at the barricade! Gavroche is a true jewel. Eponine is well conceived, but would have been worked out in some ways better by an Englishman. Victor Hugo, like A. Dumas, cannot get on without such physical horrors as *sueur glacé* (how am I to know what the gender of *sueur* is?). . .

I finished the book late at night, Aug. 26, melted and half slain with pity for the human race.

On Wednesday, Aug. 24, I forgot to hate the Pope; but I gloried in Scotland, and thought how her happiness grew out of the immortal stock of 'civil and religious liberty.' I wandered about Glasgow, buying a compass to steer myself if bemisted in Ireland, looking at a tartan shop of great splendour, with serious thoughts of inquiring for the Johnson tartan. . . I strolled along the quay, and saw bales of cotton wasting their fluff as they rolled into carts, and pigs of iron, and other solid proofs of the wealth which the Glaswegians owe to political wisdom. I saw their smoky-black College, and their list of prizes offered for essays, with no envy. I saw not, nor wished to see, their blockade-runners; but I indulged a spiteful wish for a sudden peace in

America that would make it a bad speculation to have built them.

The day was fine, the steamer easy and roomy, the scenery of the Firth of Clyde was good. I read my French book, and landed at Greenock and killed time with a longish walk: I saw two boys quarrelling over a game, and took comfort in the thought that they could not have a 'shinning-match,' because they wore no shoes. I bought, wherever I went, penny or halfpenny papers, partly to please the little boys who sold them—such serious and respectable little Gavroches! partly to have the gratification of reading sensible stuff, free from grumbling, free from superstition. I read on deck till 8.55 p.m., and then took refuge in sublime twilight broken by heroic islands, and then in that shelf which this benighted age persists in considering as equivalent to a bed. . .

KILLARNEY.—On Friday, Aug. 26, we were off to see the lakes before 9.0. It was a day of unexampled lustre. . . I never saw, the others never saw, such reflections. I had been told by Edward Coleridge to look for a sensation in the foliage of the arbutus: but it was rather the holly that struck me; or perhaps the charm of the lakes is that the low islets are all crowned with thick foliage. No rock looks forsaken or wrecked or degraded. No turf that we saw is swampy or foul. It is scenery in full dress: every crevice filled with fern, every scraggy trunk hidden by a neighbour's boughs. . . I missed birds and falling water. It was August, and a very dry August. To make up for these defects, the season gave us the haws, the rowan-berries, the yew-berries—all red—the holly-berries turning; alder-masts bright green (which I had never seen before), hydrangea and escallonia well out at the 'meeting of the waters';

a little furze, not too much heather, magnificent grasses, lovely water weeds. I thought I should like to go there in winter and see the hollies enjoying the place by themselves, with the black lower strata of the rocks hidden by the rise of the waters.

It was that night, after being saturated with cheerful beauty, that I read about the self-denial and anguish of Jean Valjean—a worthy book for such a day. . .

Sunday, Aug. 28.—6.30. We crossed the drive to the laundry, and climbed up a ladder to an upper chamber, which had a small table with a white cloth, sundry chairs, and a few tin sconces.

Mr. Richard Mahony, my host, B.A., aged thirty-six, read a verse or two of the blessing of Joseph, and preached without book, dwelling on 'the good will of Him that dwelt in the bush.' . . He was very forcible without ranting, very rational though fervent. His words were well chosen, his manner simple and business-like: he evidently believed all he said. . . After he had prayed and a hymn or two had been sung . . . he asked the people to pray for a young woman who had been led into the right way, and for the Roman Catholic brethren. We knelt: almost at once was heard the rough, hurried, clumsy praying of an elderly labouring man. Very hearty it sounded, and full of scriptural words: people said Amen just when they liked. . . Then my Brother prayed—that they might be patient, gentle, and discreet in teaching others . . . his manner and speech were liturgical, yet scriptural: I was astonished at his success, if it is right to apply such terms as success or failure to praying.

My chief interest here has been watching my Brother in the enjoyment of his leisure, particularly when fishing; thirty years ago I used to potter about the Torridge

with him, hoping that he would catch a fish, and grieving bitterly over his bad luck. Again I did and felt the same as on the Upper Torridge, under Halsdon and Abbot's Hill in those few summers that he spent in honour, of which I was so proud, as a landowner in our own country; when the pleasure was enhanced for me by thinking that the oaks on the bank and the rocks that jutted out to break the water were all his. Yesterday I ran to fetch his landing-net, just as if I were a blood-thirsty boy, and felt a childish pang of disappointment when I came up puffing and blowing, only to find that he had been deceived by two little troutlets. . . Sorrowfully did the zealous fisherman at the end of all his wettings look into his basket and count up ten of these little impostors. But he was consoled with a magnificent stormy sky, blue and lilac gauze dropping from lurid chaos on to the peaks: I could not see all this; but I did see two rainbows drawn on a background of hard mountain, within rifle-shot of the lake's edge where we stood.

What I have gained here is a charitable, if not affectionate, way of thinking about Ireland. . . Solid Irish history seems to begin with the seventeenth century, and the more modern it is the better I like it, because there are more rainbows. As a contrast with Scotland it is a sadly instructive country; as a cure for any love for Popery it is valuable. But I suppose men better than I may derive also from Ireland a new kind of family lovingkindness and a pure, fresh, joyous spirit of evangelical piety.

Sunday, Sept. 4 (K.C.C.). I have reached my home. It is bright, though silent; full of things that remind me of the past time and of absent human beings. My College gives me a pleasant welcome. They are really

glad to see me: they have no trouble in entertaining me; I cause them no anxieties; they have not to consider how they will dispose of me after luncheon; no horses to order for me. I am at once comforted by knowing that I give no trouble, and resuming my right to grumble. I found a good friendly servant, and a courteous letter; more to the point, I got a good dinner, the first for some time. At dinner was a sensible and cultivated General Smith, to whom I was introduced by his contemporary Mr. Barnard¹, a charming representative of the Regency and the nankins. . . He left the navy, for which he still retains a preference, and went into an infantry regiment. When the Waterloo campaign began, the headquarters with three companies were on their way from the West Indies. The battalion was made up at home, and was sent up from Brussels to the field, arriving at 11 o'clock—702 men; fifteen officers, of whom seven were wounded. They were under General Lambert. They remained stationary till 6 p.m., when Smith was cut over in the leg, and had to hobble to the rear. He got upon a return tumbril; was helped up by an officer of the Light Division, who had an arm in a sling, and was very civil. They went very slowly through the forest of Soignes; the sides of the road were deep mud, pavement in the middle. A staff-officer rode up and asked the man with the arm in sling whether he really was so badly wounded as not to be able to return to duty: he said he was; the staff-officer said he was sorry to hear it. Smith ascertained after they got to Brussels that it was a sham. I asked him these questions: Did the men complain of the inefficiency of their muskets?—No. Did

¹ John Barnard, Fellow of King's, died 1885.

they see what was going on?—No. Could you see what was going on elsewhere, as for instance at Hougoumont?—No. We could see ears of corn cut off one after another; then we heard the bullet. Did you observe wounded men lying close to you, whom you could not leave your ranks to help?—No. Did you receive any supplies of ammunition?—No. Did any staff-officer come to you?—If they did, it was only to the brigadier. Nothing was said to us about the progress of the battle by any one. Did you get any food?—No. Most of the men had never been in action before; unconscious of danger. I have hastened to put this down for fear I should forget the precious evidence of an eye (and leg) witness about Waterloo. Perhaps I may never have another chance of questioning another man who was there. How I did hate the idiots who interrupted my catechism with their platitudes, presuming as they did to tell us things, things stale as the remainder biscuit, about frightened recruits and the like. How rare a thing it is to be able to listen without obtruding one's vile self.

Monday, Sept. 5. Compared two accounts of Joan of Arc, one a French book, the other in the *Pictorial History of England*. They agreed as far as I could see. It seems that she had to overcome tough and coarse unbelief: the leaders did not give in to her claims except as a means of encouraging the more credulous followers. Did she do, or did she undergo, any miracle? The evidence for her supernatural knowledge of the king's dream and of St. Catherine's sword seems rather good. She seems to have been devout and clever too. What does Renan think of her?

. . . W. lent me Froude's last volume; and I have been looking at such parts as I had not read before.

Froude has all the advantage of not knowing how stale his matter is; he writes with a gay, free unconsciousness, which is enviable. I suppose if one plays games till twenty-one, learning meanwhile to read and write and chatter, one can begin then to get up a subject for the press with the advantage of having no preconceived ideas: Trollope, Kingsley, and perhaps others, write fluently by virtue of their ignorance.

. . . I went by twilight to see Myrtle, in the 'Quarters,' a field where our choristers play cricket. She fled from me, although I called her 'old lady' just as I had scores of times on the banks of the Thames.

Tuesday, Sept. 6. Last night after journal I went into the little western room, and read a few pages of Dante's life with a dictionary. . . I got up at 8.0, read Froude's amusing but irreverent account of the first English slavedealers, who are described with bold irony as carrying on their complicated villainies on strictly Calvinistic principles, trusting in the divine favour for escape from the dangers into which their wickedness brought them. So loathsome is the cant of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries that one cannot wonder at the language of Helvetius (whom I read at Capenoch) and Bentham, which I read this afternoon.

I was writing letters after breakfast when my young stonecutter, who would be a sculptor, Mr. Henry Wiles, came in. I paid him £50 for his marble representation of my head, having already paid £15 for the clay. . . It may be an extravagance; but the money has tended to give him hope, perhaps happiness; and it is worth while, even at the cost of £65, to make a young man happy, even for a year.

At 4.30 I dined, well, in Trin. Coll. as the guest of

Sir George Young ; met my old acquaintance, with whom I have been at the same point of half-acquaintance for many years—Munro¹, a great scholar and honest, simple, rugged man ; also the good-looking and well-bred Blore, and Bowen my brother schoolmaster, who travels through Northern France on a velocipede. . . After dinner we had a pretty little investigation of Lord Westbury's Act for the sale of small benefices. In the country you may hear a man make a fine sweeping statement and then give one instance ; so you may in London. At Cambridge, in our best circles, one man asks whether the Act has had any effect ; another man says, ' Yes, I know one or two cases ; ' a third man says, ' I know one case. ' Then some one says, ' It is, I suppose, the only instance in modern times of a gift made by the State to the Church. ' Another doubts, ' Is it a real gain to the Church ? is it not merely a transference from public to private patronage ? ' This has to be explained by another to mean that, although the money derived from the sale of the advowson is applied not to State secular objects, but to the augmentation of the income of the benefice, yet the clergy gain nothing in the increased chance of preferment, because the benefice is a piece of private property, whereas it was once a thing to which any curate might aspire. But we conclude that the State has acted, at all events, in a disinterested spirit.

All this is said in the quietest way, without the least attempt at display of cleverness. . . The refreshing thing in these conversations is the absence of platitudes.

Wednesday, Sept. 7. Wiles came with my marble double . . . and deposited the lump on one of the old

¹ Rev. H. A. J. Munro, Vice-Master of Trinity, Professor of Latin.

Torrington tables: it is flattering in the bumps above the eyes, but the nose does not seem sharp enough. . . After dinner took sherry with the amiable Barnard, and examined him as an old Etonian in the names of people mentioned by Praed. He says he used, with others, to ride up the bank on June 4, which Praed describes. He never looked upon his tutor *in loco parentis*. It was Thackeray; who used to keep Fourth-Form boys waiting for sense, then gave them enough for two lines with no help, and let them waste an evening over the difficulties, which were such as they could hardly get their elder brothers to solve when they got back to the dame's house, e.g. sense for a long verse:

'In every village lives an old woman whose pleasure,' &c.

I have been five hours at a stretch in society, owing to Brocklebank's¹ return, whom I was truly glad to see: he is so full of plain, wholesome interest in plain, humdrum people, such as our tenants, incumbents, and choristers; with him I feel that King's College is my parish and my county, and I become a little Buccleuch, and have a hankering after legal terms and balance-sheets and coprolites. . .

At dinner I had two guests. Met Dr. Woodham², and was told by the lawful authority to sit by him, which was a rare treat. He has a strong stomach, capacious of beer and wine, a very strong voice, a good, manly, shrewd face, a flat, fine hand, a great memory, a rare plainness of speech. . . He is an enthusiastic Latinist, talks of Horace, Lucan, Catullus with more force and warmth than anybody I ever met; a first-rate historian and archaeologist. Boasts of never having read a play of

¹ Rev. Thomas Brocklebank, Fellow and Bursar of King's.

² H. A. Woodham, LL.D., Honorary Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge.

Shakespeare, detects inaccuracies in W. Scott, specially in *Ivanhoe*, but not in *Nigel* or *Pevevil* or *Woodstock*. . . He and I agreed perfectly about Newman's *Apologia*, and his zeal and enthusiasm in speaking of it were wonderful in a hard *Times* writer. . . He thought Macaulay exaggerated, but never turned black into white or white into black. . . All his talk was generous and ingenuous, with a healthy consciousness of power quite different from the vanity of most men; and he was a good listener, though we could teach him nothing: no one is afraid of him. If I had been properly educated, I might have been a little more like this well-informed man: I am sure I did not lack the wish to be well-informed, and my head might have hardened by mathematics. But in default of that, let me try to be at least enlightened, free from superstition, free from silliness, free from bitterness.

But it is hard to have to live without the help of men that could teach me something. . .

Sept. 9. Received at breakfast three amiable young scholars, one of whom was my friendly and gentle visitor when I was pleuritic nearly two years ago, and whom I consider from almost a domestic point of view ever since. What nice, well-regulated minds they have! how devoid of improper tenets or tendencies! how fit for appointments and responsibilities! They are utterly unlike what I was and most of my friends were at that age. We were in a ferment of conflicting opinions, tying knots in our minds, wondering *when* the world was coming over to us, expecting to see Jericho fall before the trumpets of Carlyle and *Jane Eyre*. These young men are as prudent as Joynes and as polished as the Public Orator. Such are the results of a sound

drilling in the humanities and algebra; and I do not envy, but admire. . .

Brocklebank and I sauntered into our garden, pondering the worn-out roller, lamenting the scanty crop of lavender, condoling with the gardener on the failure of roses; thence to the Botanic Garden, where we saw little boys feeding the University ducks . . . in our desperately dull pleasure-ground.

We sat together, like old fogies after dinner, reading papers like those haunters of clubs with whom we must, if we live, soon be numbered, till 8.0, when he went to his inventory of all the College farms at Sampford Courtenay, the Devonshire parish which my father used to think would perhaps be my benefice if I went to King's. . .

Sunday, Sept. 11. After service I skimmed *Pilgrim's Progress*. Thought it wretched stuff; wondered Macaulay could praise it so highly.

1.0. Bradshaw¹ came; we purred over books.

1.45. We walked in the garden, and picked a percentage of the few surviving flowers; then in the Grantchester meadows, talking over all the young people of the College like two maiden aunts. . .

4.0. Dined as Brandreth's² guest in Trin. Coll. hall. . . Having stored ourselves with fresh air we went to Clark's³ room in Neville's Court. . . My little vanity was gratified by Woodham's getting me to sit near him, and talking archaeology, and inviting me to dine with him and explore all the details of his college. He and Clark and Stephen and I had a rational talk about American affairs. . .

¹ Henry Bradshaw, University Librarian.

² Rev. Henry Brandreth, Fellow of Trinity.

³ Rev. W. G. Clark, Public Orator.

Cambridge is the place where men, holding perhaps strong opinions, can coolly compare notes, and help each other to understand a question without arguing. . .

I asked Clark about Tennyson. He was very slow in writing *Aylmer's Field*. He told C. of a poem in *Maud*, 'Dead, long dead'—that he wrote it off suddenly in ten minutes; and on hearing a word of surprise said, 'Well, it was less than twenty; ask my wife.' . . He once asked some one else in company what he thought of Alexander Smith. Venables observed, 'I don't think you need be alarmed, Tennyson.' 'Alarmed! what do you mean?' . . .

Woe's me, that I must live where no such men dwell; where, over wine or tea, I hear nothing of Mexican architecture, of Wisconsin earth-sculpture, of Stonehenge, of Dutch houses at Lynn, of Norman and Edwardian castles, of Greek music and dancing. So narrow and jejune is the social talk that I have been fed upon that I only wonder that I am not more frightened in the sense of my ignorance than I have been to-day.

Monday, Sept. 12. I kept my engagement with Brock, the bursar. We went over the statistics of our College patronage, considering what advowsons ought to be sold, what curacies augmented with the proceeds: the scheme seems likely to be accepted. . .

Received to-day a very good, thoughtful letter from my employer¹, who has changed her name since she wrote it, the mother of the beloved Archie and Everard, of whom I was glad to be reminded. If they were only as fond of knowledge as Cambridge men! Why care for knowledge? . . .

¹ The Duchess of Cleveland.

Sept. 13. Armine Willis, writer on foreign politics in the *Index*, and law student, once my pupil, came to breakfast with his brother Reginald. . . We talked about privateering, China pirates, and such juicy topics. . . We did something, I trust, to kindle in the robust Reginald an adventurous and aggrandizing spirit, so that he may be a tamer of barbarians and a destroyer of junks rather than one of our lazy college fellows. . .

Arthur Cayley¹, one of our professors of mathematics, has been known to lose himself in long investigations of symbols so as to forget to eat for days together and go near his death. But the mathematician threads his labyrinth alone; no wife nor daughter can even imagine what he is seeking for: when he has done he must, if he wishes to communicate with others, either be content with printing a treatise for a score of readers dispersed over Europe or set before his hearers in a lecture-room the mere rudiments of his knowledge. The musician can carry with him a thousand happy hearers. Amongst men who is more enviable? . . .

After dinner we sat together, talking now and then, reading lives of old Cambridge men, such as Darell the exorcist, and Killigrew the diplomatist, and talking about them; or talking over our old pottering tours in France. . . Chelsea pensioners perhaps talk in this way. It is a merciful arrangement that the sense of triteness and staleness diminishes as we get older. . . Shall I begin another Journal-book to-morrow? I close this in fair health, with my best wishes for all lovers of liberty.

Sept. 13, 1864.

¹ Arthur Cayley, F.R.S., Sadleirian Professor of Mathematics, Cambridge.

To Rev. C. W. Furse.

K. C. C., *Sept.* 17, 1864.

At the next College meeting I shall again bring forward the opening of the College; and we begin to see our way to it. I fancy some few people would wish me to be tutor here; but it is very doubtful whether I could be of much, if any, use, or at least of as much use as I can be in school (I say nothing about pupil-room).

It is a great satisfaction to feel at Cambridge that our young people, and mine in particular, do us credit and cause me, as an Eton usher, to be sufficiently respected. . .

The passage about Epaphroditus is the germ of all the exceedingly interesting flowers of sick-bed kindness. There is nothing like it in Pagan literature; though there are very kind letters of Cicero's and Seneca's about their sick servants.

To A. H. Drummond.

ETON, *Sept.* 23, 1864.

I do not pity you for going away—it is your profession. Glory waits you. The best thing but one in the *Enoch Arden* volume is the poem called 'The Sailor Boy,' which is quite to the point. Read also the beautiful poem about Achilles at the end of Horace's Epodes—*Horrida tempestas*¹, the lines about Achilles. You can construe them: he chose a short life and glory. Learn by heart the famous stanza of Walter Scott's—

Blow, blow the clarion—fill the fife,
To all the sensual world proclaim
One glorious hour of crowded life
Is worth an age without a name!

¹ Epod. xiii.

To Lord Rosebery.

K. C. C., Jan. 10, 1865.

I quite conceive and almost feel myself what you must feel at leaving your friends at Easter, and giving up the delightful summer at Eton; the last summer, which is often so full of interest as to blot out the memory of all earlier years. It is a loss which ladies cannot be expected to understand, and not many men of fifty can estimate aright—perhaps no one who has not been at Eton. I never spent such a summer myself, but I have watched many boys in their enjoyment of it, and caught the glow and lustre by reflection. Nor would I preach to the effect that similar and greater enjoyment and companionship will be found at Oxford, or elsewhere. Even if it were so, human life is not so long or well arranged as to spare one such summer. It is the pearl in the crown of years. I can half weep to think that I shall never again see a Pelham or a Holland stepping through those weeks of kindness and brotherly sympathy. May there be many generations of such happy cricketers, though I be out of earshot. . .

No one on coming to Eton can imagine what is in store for him if he becomes a genuine Eton playmate. But a parent can in some measure calculate it, and keep it before a boy as a great reward of virtuous living, that he should spend the last year and make the most of it.

I was talking yesterday to a lady, clever and brilliant, whom I have known since she was a very young girl. She told me she had sent her boy to Eton because she could feel sure there must be in so large a school many really kind hearts; and as he had a good heart she was sure he would find them out some day. . . He will go

straight into the Army with the soul not chilled, with generous fervour enough to melt all the vapours of his own natural shyness and other people's stupidity. That is the true way of estimating a great school.

Eton is not a mere place of residence for people working avowedly for an examination; a place which one is to leave as soon as one ceases to acquire fresh knowledge. It is a place which contains its own remedies for idleness, if people will only apply them; a place in which there is charity as well as selfish prudence, that goes on hoping, and looks to a distant point.

No tutor single-handed, and particularly in the upper part of the school, where tutors and pupils do so little together, can contend against idleness. He can speak plainly if he is beaten in the endeavour to get something done, and then he can try again.

*To the Hon. F. L. Wood*¹.

STAINES, Jan. 18, 1865.

I have arranged provisionally about rooms. The plan is to take the rooms opposite my own, in addition, so as to keep what I have as pleasure rooms, and use the big one of the other set for lectures and writing-work; the study of the other set as an office for bills, &c.; and then I should have a spare bed. It is very expensive having visitors at Cambridge; but I shall be able to afford it now and then. The sad difficulty is to know what to do with the vacations. I should like to loaf about Eton in June and July; but it would be thought eccentric and wrong. Want of work is what I really dread: the sentimental sorrow of leaving the boys and

¹ About this time the tutorship of his College was offered to Mr. Johnson, and he had arranged to accept it, but the plan was not carried out.

the sweet places dear to memory is not more than I am bound to get over: but when I remember the sorrow of that autumn when I was ill, I feel foolish about it.

We will go to St. George's, if I am not in desk; we will have a ride. I wish you joy of the woodcocks. Yesterday we feasted on woodcocks from the beloved Halsdon.

To Sir F. Pollock.

March 9, 1865.

. . . Now you have had enough of the frivolous Cambridge work, the mere philology, please to throw away the nuts and marry the bride Philosophy. Go to the best professors—don't be afraid of distraction: go to Birkbeck and Liveing, Willis, Stokes—*not* to Kingsley or Grote.

Read mathematics as a philosopher, not as one laying traps to catch marks. You are just at the right age for that more difficult study. Hereafter you will come back to the old literature with a totally new conception. What can you want of Latin and Greek for the College Scholarship? You cannot forget by that time what you know now. Don't spend another farthing on classical coaching. . .

I am very glad that your success coincides with election into the Society¹ of which I was a very unworthy member.

The Society will do you no good if you pick up in it only or chiefly the banter or irony. It will do you good if it makes you hammer out your own thoughts till they are intelligible and till they fit into other men's thoughts. The use of the debates or talks is to lay minds fairly alongside of each other.

¹ The 'Apostles.'

Journal. CLOVELLY, *April* 11, 1865.—If I had been trying to escape from creditors I could hardly have washed out my trail better than by coming here.

Had it not been for an absurd illness I should now be in France, boring a young companion. Luckily for him . . . I released him from his engagement; and after paying me a comforting visit at the club . . . he went to his sweet home yesterday. I stayed, finished my letters, heard some music, made up my mind (what an awkward-looking parcel it is after it is made up!); left my hotel at ten this morning, and booked for Bideford. . .

Nothing to be seen all the way but Salisbury spire, till the sun sparkled on the Exe, and then on the well-known weir, and then up the narrowing Creedy fringed with bright-leaved sallows. Over the Crediton watershed; on the other side larches young and gay, but never a daffodil all down the Taw, nor could I see an angler. But I heard happy railway-men noticing to each other 'how that rose tree had come on these last three days.' The plantations at Eggesford looked as hopelessly young as ever; but one of the stations, Morchard Road I think, was come of age in a handsome dress of creepers.

But the water—what a colour it had compared with the cowardly streams I had passed in Surrey and Hampshire! At the worst of times I adored the Devonshire streams; and now they are at once my smiles and my tears. Surely to wet one's feet in them must be different from any other wetting: if I were a fisherman I should have an excuse for it.

There were serene ships, all sail, trying to move in the Torridge Estuary—the view which my father used to

praise so steadily, and I could not, for want of eyes, admire; now I have glass upon glass, and something within that quickens the optic nerve.

I got outside the bus, and the driver made friends with me, bent on the job of taking me on to Clovelly. . . I noticed the old bridge¹, abominably modernized for widening; the old street as steep as ever. Why those horses did not jib when pulled up to wait for a deadlock of market carts I can't imagine.

Whilst my gig was harnessing I potted round the remnants of the market. Nothing to buy; thrifty townswomen were coming to get the pots of heath and cineraria cheap, but all was dull.

Just outside the town we passed at a fair trot two neatly-dressed women: one said in a clear, quick way, 'Oh, I wish you'd take this little maid!' So I made the driver stop, and she lifted up the little maid, who was at once seated on my hatbox, holding on to me and a strap, very demure, not a bit frightened—probably four years old: Elizabeth Mallet, to be set down at Fairy Cross—capable of no conversation beyond monosyllables; had seen no daffodils, but had seen (when the amendment was put) 'daffydowndillies'; would not be persuaded to smile a bit; was going to Bideford again next Tuesday; would have been much more interesting if it had cried: in fact, if it had not been felicitously called a 'maid' instead of a 'gurl' would have been hardly worth picking up. But Fairy Cross was a dear old sound, associated with long drives from Torrington and the eating of home food on the rocks of Clovelly, on days when the summer sun was pleasanter than it can be now. . .

The primroses on the roadside, in some cases ranging

¹ At Bideford.

up a slope as high as a small redoubt, were the only pleasant familiar things I saw on the way—for I cannot like the twisted tree-tops.

It was almost dark when we had to stop the gig at the head of the street. A boy was got to stand by the mare; the driver shouldered my portmanteau, and we went down the Genoese street carefully. When I had paid, and wanted to go to my bedroom, I was taken up the street again—but only to the next door, where lives the widow of 'Captain Marshall,' who appeared in ghostly white. . .

Soon deep in a book. Heard a young man's voice: 'Holds his book between his eyes and the candle—wonder he can see at all.' Fallacy of observation. Read on, listening for further contributions to self-knowledge, but gave up the low pursuit on getting nothing better out of his impudence than 'He's like a man that used to live at Tunbridge Wells.'

Now, if he had said I looked ill, or interesting, or like a sketching gent, or like a commercial traveller, or ugly, or a muff, or the like, it would have been worth while to have the terrace converted, on this exquisitely summerish evening, into a drawing-room: but to be told that one was like some man that once lived at Tunbridge Wells was a little too pointless. . .

Enough of the youth: sadly ignorant of the sound-conducting powers of wood and glass.

At 11 a.m. I was ready for my walk, committed to a 'maid' called Marianne, aged perhaps ten, who began her professional career last summer. . . The wind was refreshing, the sun not too hot; there were no flies. I thought the maid ought to have seen a butterfly. There were the old scentless violets, and once she

stooped to a wild hyacinth, but nowhere did the 'blue heavens break from underground' as at Halsdon. She owned no daffodils; but when she was gone I found a lone one, and then a group, on little graves.

I heard laughter of woodpeckers; and as we sat in the ledge of the rock at the Wilderness (we used to call it, I think, the Hermitage) a bird flew out within a yard or so of my face, and I half thought it was a swift; but the maid was munching a bun which I had bought at Salisbury, and could not tell me whether it was a swift or not.

When set fairly in the way for the beach I let her go home. So down to the well-remembered rocks, which stand like small pyramids with nearly whole shelves left out to let the light through—and the comfortable flat pieces resting on the long-ribbed reefs, where we bathed, my brother and I, the last time we came. . .

Then I picked out a resting-place where I could hear not only the waves but the millstream tripping down to its salting-place; and besides this bass and treble water there was, unless I am sadly deceived, for a short time the cooing of a woodpigeon. My jumelles box made a pillow, and I tied on my hat and let it down, and held up my umbrella for shade, and fell into *kef*, being incapable of sustained thought; ultimately wrote a triplet¹ on my shirt-cuff and packed up.

Following the millstream and liking its hurrying from its pool through its wooden trough, and further up its playing under steep banks, hearing once the plaintive cry of the gulls going perhaps inland as far as Torrington or Halsdon, stopping to look at a few deer, or to pat the white limbs of a holly as if it were a live thing, or to

¹ Cf. *Ionica*, II. 'Clovelly Beach,' April, 1865.

see what self-sown things were shooting out of a bank, I slowly crept up a valley which even in leaflessness is very pretty. So curving leftwards to the church, and back by the road that brought me last night, I was in by 2.30 p.m.

April 13, 11 a.m. Stood at the inn door silently for some time, hoping to be accosted, that I might order dinner: no one came. Walked till 2.30 in the Hobby, the long, winding carriage-road through which we always came to Clovelly in old times. How well I remember my father sending for the keys at the end of the drive when we came to the top of the street, taking out the horses, and unpacking luncheon, to be carried to Mouth Mill! It makes me groan as if I were in purgatory: other people may smile over old grief, but I can only ache.

I went on with my triplets, and stopt every now and then to write them down, close to 'twinkling star' not in flower, or a Danae-bed of furze-blossom, or a bank of periwinkles, or a tangle of moss and countless little green things; listening to indisputable woodpigeons, gulls and lambs, and sailors heaving together.

But there was no sun; there was a dull haze over sea and woodland; no wind.

After dinner another walk, some way on the Hartland Road. I watched some sociable lambs who stood above me on a hedge—I like their white legs. Then some cows chewing the cud as they stood . . . I like the movement of their forelegs as well as any animal movement. . .

Wrote three letters to keep off the sensation of cold, and began *Romola* again.

'*Ennui* brings about inevitable degradation of the

mind,' says Brodie in his dry, wise, modest autobiography. But why does one feel it, with books of a high order to read, and friends to write to, and other literary occupations? Because one is not well. It can't be helped. . .

NEW INN, BIDEFORD, *April* 14—which is really the old inn. Why do short-sighted mortals call things 'new'? . . .

[CLOVELLY.] After breakfast I put on respectabilities and walked slowly to church—a little late—made one of those inevitable noises one always makes in lifting a mediaeval latch, just as they were beginning to confess. I dare say the squire's wife, a pyramid of silk, thought my offence worse than any she was herself confessing. I wished to be late: it is the only comfortable thing in a strange church; you are put into an empty place with a reasonable hope of not finding that you have intruded. I took the place assigned me at the end of a bench as broad as a short Ovid. . . Well into the Proper Psalms. . . I felt a feeble nudge: it was a withered farmer, with odorous corduroys: after all, I had intruded. He had come in, wretch, by the north door, and made no noise: he had no prayer-book, luckily no hymn-book: if there is a friendly attention I hate it is being fastened on like a Siamese twin to a hymn-book, where I can see for a long time nothing but a strange thumb-nail, the owner of which can never be brought to understand my peculiar way of reading under my glasses—thinks I am at the wrong page, guides me like a child, obliges me to murmur and bow. . . Helena and Hermia could not have worked at the same sampler if one had been near-sighted.

Wanted to stop to look at monuments; but the

chancel was blocked with living relatives of the people honoured on the walls. The church has a good-sized chancel flush with the nave, without a chancel arch. Stalls in chancel for silken pyramids, too narrow to let them face about at the Creed—reminded me of Provost Hodgson, stuck, gasping, in the temporary wooden Chapel. Parson made no pretence of unction; quite respectable—is, I am told, an ardent follower of Mark Rolle across country. I made sure he was a Devonshire man by his saying ‘reel’ for ‘real.’

Plenty of gay dresses and pleasant chatter in the roads back from church. I got away to the Hobby; the sun came out, but not with strength enough to throw a shadow. There was the same brig laden with Welsh coal, waiting for a breeze to go westwards; sure to be wrecked if a gale came from the North. The owner, a Clovelly man, perhaps enjoying the delay. . .

The people still say by way of affirmation, ‘Iss, fay.’ They are a washed-out lot, but they laugh: people who laugh are not beyond one’s sympathies. I can’t laugh: getting as grave as a Yank. . .

TORRINGTON, *April* 15.—I am like the Proper Psalms: no joint is whole; my flesh withers: I am like a potsherd. Yet this morning I was tolerably well. . .

At 1 p.m., I took wheels and rattled up the Torridge valley, asking questions like Perkins’s steam-gun. There was blackthorn in full bloom: and a leash of butterflies hunting together, afraid to part company. . .

WILTON HOUSE, SALISBURY, *Aug.* 4, 1 p.m.—We walked up town, my little friend and I. He had just ceased to be an Eton boy. We ordered luncheon at Layton’s and strolled on the terrace, admiring the red berries of the mountain ash and the blue of the

distance. Our 'carriage' (it sounds grand) called for us at the shop, and we began a delightful drive through the freshest of fresh air, all along the road to Ascot, over the heath, through the ups and downs of Swinley Wood, past the red deer that will be hunted next autumn, on to the highlands from which you see (but I don't see) Wellington College and Sandhurst, and then to Sandhurst itself, which he saw with a nervous curiosity, knowing that he is to go there a year hence, knowing also that he will be pulled back, when he enters, to the low position of a freshman, liable to insult and personal violence, and that there will be none of the Eton luxuries and refinements there. We waited at Farnborough for the train, and walked about in pleasant places, making the most of the running sands. I have been able to make him happier for a year or so, and he sticks to me, and promises to come and visit me at Cambridge and at Eton: he told me more, perhaps, than he would tell my Journal, about his friends left behind at school, about his troubles, fears, and misgivings—but all in a calm, contemplative spirit, with no touch of sentimentalism. . .

Amongst his fixed ideas is the persuasion that he will never marry; and though bent upon going into the army he is very certain that he will be afraid to face death in battle: these pretty sentiments I believe may go into the Journal, as they are freely broached everywhere. . .

I was taken round the cloisters—that is to say, the sculpture gallery—to see how the moonlight improved Wyatt's despised Gothic architecture. But the moon preferred, I thought, the glorious cedars, coeval with the blessed Hanoverian dynasty, which stand over

against my lattice where I sleep in No. 7, Bachelor's Row.

I like being in this famous palace, as I am honestly earning my luxuries, not by parasitical bows and scrapes, but by plain useful Greek grammar to be served up to the boy¹ three hours a day. He is a nice, teachable child: but it is I that go to school when I come to a big mansion. Odd and out of keeping seem the luxuries with the prayers. My sister's little frugal meals and short prayers, with her two maid-servants, are more like primitive gospel. But the wealth here is flowing freely over the estates. Wilton House is more defensible than King's College, Cambridge.

My boys are scattered: I hope each is making some sister or mother happy. I wish I had a mother to make happy; I wish I had made my mother happy when I had one. The boys are much better than I was.

Aug. 5. The house (Lady Herbert said) is full of interest: above us is Wolsey's room; we have a letter, never printed, from Lady Pembroke to her son, telling him to bring James I from Salisbury to see *As You Like It*; 'we have the man Shakespeare with us.' She wanted to cajole the king in Raleigh's behalf—he came.

Aug. 6. At 5 p.m. I walked in the grounds alone; stepped out the circumference of the ilex at the south-west corner of the house—eighty paces of shadow. . . I think I should get tired of the flat valley, where the magnificent timber hides the hill, and there is no sky, very little air, no sense of infinity.

Aug. 8. There are many days, weeks and months, in which I feel like a fungus in a retired part of a kitchen-

¹ The late Lord Pembroke.

garden — forgotten, left out, useless. Then comes a torrent of notices more or less indicative of regard or consideration, and I am lifted into the honours of a conspicuous dandelion. At noon A. called at our schoolroom and marched me off, by appointment, to Bemerton. The new church is all very well, though the tower is too dumpy. But the old church, George Herbert's church, is almost destroyed. There are a few ribs of the roof, stumps of windows, a floor heaped with rubbish. They may call it 'restoration' if they like.

At the parsonage the wife showed us the trees which Dyce drew for the picture of Herbert meditating: one is a medlar which the good man planted close to the pleasant little river—its trunk was coated with lead. It struck me that George Herbert must have led an easy life parochially; the church would hold about fifty people.

At luncheon appeared Edward Hamilton¹, my pupil, with a note from his mother asking me to dinner, so that the dandelion became a dahlia. . .

Aug. 11. In my walk to-day I saw several children kindly treated. There was a girl of eight or nine marshalling four children of four or five, who were to march in single file holding skirts silently: she drilled them cheerfully, saying, 'That's better' very nicely: she seemed to call it 'threading the needle,' and I fondly persuade myself that she was training them for a school feast.

I saw a blue man, middle-aged, possibly a butcher, taking leave of two children sent on an expedition, one in a go-cart, the other in charge: to the one in charge

¹ Sir Edw. W. Hamilton, K.C.B., son of the Bishop of Salisbury.

he gave a copper, and told her at least five times in the same tone of voice to 'give her a cake.' Now this is the first time I ever knew a man of the hard-handed class spend a copper on a cake for a child. I saw a go-cart stopping for a flock of sheep (the sheep, of which there were many flocks, were truly enjoyable, as they kicked up no dust, owing to the rain, and their valuable feet made pretty rakings and harrowings over the dark soft roads), and when they were past the girl in charge stooped to ask the incumbent whether it liked seeing the sheep—asked that simple question affectionately—for my benefit more than the child's. The children can never guess how much good they do to stray bachelors. Incomparable is the charm of a little rustic girl, like the one in the old vignette in Scott's novel who says, 'What's yer wull?'—when she answers my question about the farm, 'who lives there?' with straight, unwavering grey eyes and a firm, undaunted face. I heard singing in a cottage; I heard a little girl humming 'Annie Lyle' to a go-cart. . .

Aug. 13. Count Strzelecki says that when the Duke of Wellington went down in his carriage to Parliament and was hooted all the way as a Tory and Anti-Reformer, Alava, who sat by his side, put his head out of the window, clapping his hand to his heart, and crying out, 'I also am a Tory—I am an Anti-Reformer, and I glorify myself for it!' whereat they cheered. P. S. Did they cheer? Not sure. . .

Yesterday I made another little attempt to impress my young Prince with the duty of hardening his head, overcoming difficulties. We went over in the middle of lessons to see the foxhounds, which came to pay *him* a visit. I loved the dogs, as I always do—their wistful

faces and quiet fawnings; they were much milder and more picturesque in couching than the last pack I saw. . .

They talked about the custom of sitting to drink wine after dinner, peculiar to Englishmen. The Count made me laugh with his account of Lord Malmesbury entertaining foreigners, and, as it is his habit to think aloud, saying to himself, 'Shall we go out all together or not?' Mrs. Disraeli was sitting next him, and, thinking he meant the Tory Ministry, exclaimed, clasping her hands (at least the Count clasped his), 'Oh dear, I trust to God, not!' . . .

Aug. 15. After seeing [Bishopston] church I went along a narrow deep-hedged winding lane, and came to a magnificent walnut tree, the finest by far I ever saw; and opposite a nice-looking small old-fashioned house, at the gate of which were eight children, waiting about with no apparent object: presently I heard a rough, loud man's voice. I thought he was driving them off, but he was counting them: he was in shirt-sleeves, but had a well-dressed companion. They leant over the gate, the rough man called the children, and in his rude way, disguising kindness (ever since the fashioning of this eccentric island-people kindness has been a thing worn under a cloak), he distributed his plums, sending one to the brat in the 'cradle' (perambulating): he would not help me about my road till he had finished the dole. I had half a mind to stop and talk to him—indeed I began about the walnut-tree, and am indebted to him for knowing it is a walnut—but shyness, the plague of this eccentric English nation, broke off our budding acquaintance; and I had to betake myself once more to the company of the dumb downs, where there are no

birds, but some musical sheep-bells here and there, and a brilliant sprinkling of harebells. . .

On the way back I had a little friendly talk with a lonely shepherd about his dog and sheep. I once read in a guide-book that Wiltshire was famous for the acidity of the ale and the mildness of the peasants' manners, and I certainly verify the second statement in all my walks: they are a well-spoken race compared to Devonshire, Bucks, or the North, but not to be compared to Cornishmen. . .

Strzelecki at dinner talked of Palmerston: 'He began to improve at seventy-five, he is still improving; if the Danish question had arisen five years ago, he would have mounted the British Lion and sung "Rule Britannia."' Whereon Count Thun said: 'I am curious to know when he will be in the full possession of his faculties.'

Last year prizes to volunteers were given here in the presence of the whole county: the swells assembled in the Vandyke Room—an estrade had been put up at the window to make speeches from; when everybody else walked round to get upon it, Palmerston with one hand vaulted over the bar to save time: he 'becivilized' the whole county. . .

Sam Oxon lowered my opinion of the clergy by coming up to his brother bishop¹, who was showing the plans for the mending of the spire, and saying, 'Let me have a squint at them,' which was the only utterance of His Ubiquity that I caught or cared to catch. If the clergy wish us to respect them, let them be plain, grave, and perfectly gentle, without a pennyweight of affected *bienséance*, without a grain of any kind of slang.

¹ Bishop Hamilton of Salisbury.

Aug. 17. The Count began . . . to talk to me in a very interesting way about the Atlantic cable. He said that the magnetic storm had acted on it, and on other lines running 'on the parallel,' but left untouched the wires that ran on the meridian. Sir John Herschel two days ago talked with him about it, saying it could not be a mere coincidence that a change about the same time took place in the spots on the sun that there was zodiacal light and Aurora Borealis visible. The Count lamented that as Herschel and Faraday were failing, there was no one capable of generalizing from a very high scientific point of view and making out a theory to account for such phenomena. Tyndall, he said, is coming on; but the other men are men with their specialities, not so comprehensive as Herschel or Faraday.

It is pathetic in the highest degree to hear an old man thus deploring the decline of his old friends, when it is their rare intellect that he wishes to keep alive for the discovery of truth. They die, and we do not replace them: and yet the mass of knowledge grows little by little, and the wonderful human race lives on.

Mais la mort—c'est une bêtise. . .

She is not so pretty now as M., who looks very angelic when singing the hymns in the Chapel. They are in the deep romance of early friendship, in the bower of 'maiden thought': may their days be as the rippling of the waves, and when they sleep may they dream of one another! . . .

Aug. 18. It is a feast of still waters and running waters—formal trees and free luxuriant trees—artificial gardens and natural woodland—classical bridges,

Renaissance porches, ferns, deer, ducks, cows, gold, velvet, *luxé*. . .

Two or three honey-drops of humanity—worth more than all the planes and cedars: but the cedars, which have survived so many stately Pembrokes, pierce my heart and cannot be forgotten.

Aug. 19. The Earl¹ was under-secretary to Castlereagh when he died: hated Canning like other friends of Castlereagh: determined to go abroad for a time. Canning took the office, and at once asked the permanent under-secretary Planta, 'What does Clanwilliam wish for?' meaning to make him, as Castlereagh's *élève*, his first care. He sent a note asking him to meet him, not at the Foreign Office, but at Apsley House, though he was no friend of the Duke's. The Earl went there and waited for Canning, who, when he came in, 'took him by the buttonhole' and drew him to the window; but before he could say anything, burst into tears, and then spoke in a very kind, friendly, delicate way, treating him as the only man to whom he could be, for his old adversary's sake, kind.

[CAPENOCH.] *Aug. 26.* I came here on Friday for the fourth time, I believe, if not the fifth. I remember the journey, running through the grassland, the great hunting-grounds, noticing the red sandstone and the descent into Lancashire, and the river under Lancaster, and then the rise again to the wild country behind Ulleswater: then Carlisle swarming with Volunteers, whom Walter Scott would have smiled upon, and the evening lights on Burns' country, and the recognition of sweet Nithisdale. . .

I wrote seven sheets of letters, and read a book of

¹ Lord Clanwilliam.

systematic Education (1815), including some account of mensuration and fluxions, and pined and fretted at not having been taught: also Grove's grand address to the British Association, in which was an account of the analysis by spectroscope of a vanishing star—hydrogen burnt with some unknown, probably solid, body. . .

I think young ladies must be improved since I was young. Or was it that I was unlucky? I can now reckon up some eight or nine that I have liked. I am afraid they will play horrible games in the Library every night, and I shall get no Mozart.

Tuesday, Aug. 28. I declare the beauty of Nithisdale is wonderful . . . thoroughly enjoyed our drive yesterday to Morton Castle. Though near Drumlanrig it looks as if it were in a wilderness, moated as it is on three sides by a broad bit of water, on the banks whereof are scattered trees and smooth turf sloping up to a stern, purple range of moors. We saw Criffel far away: the girl was vexed at being told that the English hills were in sight, or ought to be. She wanted to be far away from home: she revelled in storm clouds that gathered, like waves before they break, on Queensberry and the Lead Hills and Robert Bruce's citadel. After we came back from this good expedition, I walked with my host up the valley of the Soar, which was knocking its rocks about uproariously: we went on till we saw the setting sun bumping against a very steep side of russet hill. . .

Friday, Aug. 31. Partridges making their wills. I have had some music, the old Capenoch tunes. No more squails. . .

To-day I got well, and finished *Les Travailleurs de*

la Mer. It did not make me weep; but, if you skip resolutely, it is a very pretty, noble book—there is very little French cruelty in it: one is very glad to have the *pieuvre* slain. Gilliat's parting speech to Déruchette, his only speech, is extremely pretty; his shyness is truly admirable. I don't see how you could wish him to be an accepted lover after he has lived two months on molluscs, and become a Glaucus.

Does Victor Hugo hate his Rev. Ebenezer? Does he love his Déruchette?

The birds are charming when they let Gilliat drink the rain with them out of the hollows of the rock, and when they try to warn him away from the rising tide. Who could wish to kill a bird? I shall call seakail Déruchette henceforth. Gilliat's taking care not to tread on his seakail which he planted for her is a thing to be remembered: he is going to die, and she is going far beyond the reach of his garden produce, and yet he will not tread on the things that he grew for her. . .

The little lady of Capenoch has been lunching one day with the Dormers, another day with the Lauries. Her admirers pay a smart price for her sweet presence: they must needs have somebody else with her. . .

It is strange that any one can be so good and gay as she is with no duties. She has the salt of originality. To-day she sat at dinner near her father, and the green shade of his carving-lamp made her look like a sea-nymph. . .

Sept. 2. The Soar runs past the kitchen garden up to a scarped bank sloping very steeply, about twenty or thirty feet perpendicular. The land above is full of water-worn stones, proving that the river has eaten his

way down. It is bewildering to think, what we are told to believe, that all the indentations of a hill, and even of a mountain district, are due to water. The aching mind goes over the time past like a swallow on the Atlantic. If I had been taught geology at seventeen it would have made me go crazy. . .

Sept. 4. I went straight back to Cambridge solitude, not in good health. Next day, Sunday, I found myself the senior in Chapel—our choir improved, and pleasant after the Kirk Sabbaths. A dose of literary talk in Bradshaw's rooms: his quiet enthusiasm about libraries, when he described his working all day in the Bodleian with his colleague Beasley, was strangely different from the talk I hear elsewhere; yet he has just as much knowledge of and regard for live persons, and he is just as hospitable, as the illiterate rich. . .

Tuesday, Sept. 11. . . . When there I read Crowe and Cavalcaselle on Italian painters. I was much interested in the account of Albertinelli: he was a fellow-apprentice of Bartolommeo—he went off to the Medici Gardens and Pagan art, while Bartolommeo fell under the influence of Savonarola. When Bartolommeo became a Dominican and was set to paint for his convent, he got Albertinelli to come to him as his partner, in a regular business-like way. The two ships that had been parted met each other and sailed alongside. Does not this happen with plain folks who are not painters? Two college friends part, the one secular, the other devout: it may be that they may still love each other, though the one burns the pretty things which the other idolizes: it may be that they may work together again after many years. . .

A family that knows illness has the due chiaroscuro:

an unbroken home is like one of those early Italian pictures with gold background and no shade. . .

Saturday, Sept. 15. Back at King's, a nice family dinner, without gowns, in the Combination room, the faithful and fatherly Bursar¹ presiding. 'Where are we to go to church to-morrow?' said he, assuming domestically that I should go with him, as I did last year when the Chapel was shut. We agreed to try the Simeonite church, where Birks preached. On coming back we fell in with the excellent and learned Munro. . .

Cambridge manners: at dinner a very good Professor, Lightfoot, asked me to drink wine with him across the table, conversation being impossible. . .

After dinner I sat next to a real genuine Cambridge man—clever, loud-voiced, cheerful, humorous, ardently fond of statistics: he was once a finished critical scholar, and used to work with Montagu Butler at correcting 'compositions'; then he became Bursar and plunged into £ s. d., and now he glories in thinking that in a few years he will have forgotten his Greek alphabet. . .

We were lamenting the decline of Cambridge: Munro comforted me by saying, 'We are first in philosophical mathematics. When I was at Athens I heard a learned Frenchman talking to a learned German, and saying, "Mathematics are not to be found in France nor in Germany, but in England: the three first mathematicians in the world are Robinson, of Trinity College, Dublin; Sylvester, in London, advocate; Arthur Cayley, also advocate"—giving all their names and titles correctly.' . .

¹ Rev. T. Brocklebank.

Monday, Sept. 17. Breakfast in the Combination room. Brocklebank entertained Franks the antiquary and Bradshaw; Munro and Peters were my guests. A breakfast of four courses with a lucky glimmer of sunlight. . . We were talking of going to the Geological Museum: Franks said, 'You have something there of great archaeological interest: a head of *bos primigenius*: it was found with the celt that killed it actually sticking in it: you can see the dint on the bone—but the celt is elsewhere.' We imagine that our remote ancestor, the owner of the celt, irreverently termed by one of us 'the savage,' had dug a pitfall for the ancestor of our oxen, and so got well over his head. Though Munro growled rather contemptuously, I took the boy to see the fossils, but cut short my lecture on trilobites and saurians to suit the Latinist: thence I marched them to the Comparative Anatomy, and luckily found my old pupil J. W. Clark¹ setting up things in the workshops, probably things he had brought back from Denmark, where the great Steenstrup gave him (and he showed us) a sucker of the biggest of all *pieuvres*. In a bottle he had the head of a common one: he respected me for having seen a live one at Nice, and for telling him the Norman name of the beast, 'minaur.' He was told by Bursar Hammond, a Jersey man, that the *pieuvre* is never seen there—or if seen is harmless (it has another name in Jersey). . . Clark says the Danes are extremely civil to Englishmen, and talk English. I should like to go there, if it were but to see people that return good for evil.

¹ Registry of the University.

Leaving Munro to his Greek, I went awalking with Brocklebank, who was full of things he had to tell me about College business: e.g. he had new maps just made of our neighbouring manors: Coton, Barton, Grantchester, leaving out the freeholds and showing all the little copyholds in their curious intricacy: without such maps we actually lose property. . .

We went to Grantchester to look at bits of property, to see the new schoolroom, and to visit a prosperous but grumbling tenant who lives close to the beautiful church, and close to Byron's pool, and very near Chaucer's Trumpington Mill—as poetical a property as any nobleman owns; and no great county potentate is received more kindly and respectfully than our bursar. It was fun to see Mrs. L. first, and get her to give a rose-coloured statement about crops, and then to draw out her husband's moderate grumbings, and banter him for not agreeing with his wife. The wretch is filling up an old moat, and wants us to cut down some big trees. We have about 1,200 acres in that very pretty parish. One may gloat over these things in the collegiate spirit more inoffensively than one could in the family spirit. . .

I left a slip of Haverholme myrtle in the flower-box of the little drawing-room under the care of the amiable gyp, picked one sweet rose in the College garden, and went off (at 1 p.m. Tuesday, Sept. 18) to school once more: that is to say I went to a crinolinery or school of politeness, to be on my best behaviour for three days, and to learn the ways of womankind—which are on the whole not wonderful. . .

I walked forth to look for hopping, but met the hoppers bringing away their 'cradles.' Then I thought

I would do justice to Alton, which I had fancied was a very paltry, vulgar town—so it is compared with Sleaford. . .

Having found two rather nice brick buildings, I gave plenary absolution to Alton, and came back in that happy hour in which things look well to me, my poor eyes spreading out freely to them. Then I discerned how pretty the houses are in Chawton. . .

These¹ are the men that you can rely on for the uniform discharge of simple rural duties; two hundred years ago they would have gone meekly and resolutely to die at Edgehill or to pay the sequestration in Westminster. Croquet and crinoline and champagne make no real difference: these men are just Church-and-King men, as their forefathers were; the type was set early in the seventeenth century, and remains substantially the same still. These are the men whom, if I were a minister of State, I should wish to please: they are outside the Court circle, not known in the huge club called 'Society.' If they keep away from electioneering and share-gambling they may perpetuate their virtuous and beneficent families beyond the lives of their yew-trees.

I think I like them rather better than those who fill their houses with the people they meet in London, and [who] do not like having to entertain their humbler county friends. . .

Light lie the snow on their goodly roofs—roofs still beautiful with old mossy thatch; but the cold slate is creeping on eastward. It seems strange that good old Wales and Cornwall should spoil

¹ Resident country gentry.

the rural charms of the young (geologically) eastern counties. . .

Parting: we pique ourselves upon it; but horses feel it too. Yesterday I had ridden with Stone to Hedsor Hill: he was to go back by Cookham, I was to return to dine at the Orkney Arms. His little mare struggled against going down the hill; Daisy was obedient in going up, but soon she began to whinny, and she did it twenty times, louder and louder, for miles, till she came to the well-known inn, and knew that all chance of recovering her companion was over. But when I go, she does not whinny for me. They don't misplace their affections as we do. . .

Friday, Sept. 21. This year my brother reminded me of what I was not likely to forget, but did not know he remembered—how twelve years ago we noticed the fact of its being St. Matthew's day that gave rest to our father after his long endurance of pain, and how we had thought of filling the only pretty foliated window in Torrington church with the Call of Matthew, because our father left his gold so early, gave up making money at thirty, and came home content with a sum on which he could marry the cousin whom for ten years of exile he had been hoping for¹. . .

I remember my mother saying, 'I hope you will always feel, wherever you live, that Torrington belongs to you still.' So we do. Now the old house is vacant; the vine that I made them plant on the verandah must

¹ Cf. *Ionica*, II. 'A House and a Girl,' 1877:—

'my Father like Matthew the publican ceased
full early from hoarding with stainless mind
to Torrington only and home inclined
where brotherhood cousinhood graced his feast.'

have been swinging its wild tendrils about the old bow-window of the drawing-room with no one to scold it. I wonder whether the big arbutus is alive, and the jessamine still on the frail balustrade of the staircase that led down from the verandah. I never go anywhere without looking for broad-leaved myrtle, because we had one on the wall which screened off the little yard where we had our workshop and brewery; even a round pear reminds me of the tree that grew at the back of the dining-room; and piously do I try to get Devonshire plums preserved. . .

On the first day after the boys came back I rode to White Waltham. . . The gossamers that day bothered me more than I can remember since I walked to Stoke thirty years ago. Are they not a symbol of the petty hindrances that reformers meet with, or of the sniggering frivolities that worry me in teaching boys? . . .

It seems a pity the tutors generally let Sunday Private Business be a thorough bore to themselves as well as the boys: they shirk it the first Sunday and whenever they can. The boys actually hate doing the Greek Testament on Sundays: how can it make them religious? They cannot hate the lives of good men: and in reading Wordsworth's *Ecclesiastical Biography*, Southey's *Life of Wesley*, Christian biography published by the Religious Tract Society, and similar books, you get as much theology of all kinds as you can by reading St. Paul's Epistles.

Nothing strikes me as more strangely infatuated than the neglect of biography, and the turning Church history into a set of councils and heresies.

To Lord Rosebery.

K. C. C., April 19, 1867.

I am going on to the Craven; to the wild moors near Jane Eyre's country; to the valley of the Wharfe, where the cruel Clifford raged; to the house of 'endless weeping'; to the Strid, where the greyhound pulled young Romilly into the water; to Wordsworth's, Landseer's, Rogers' battle-ground; to the domain of my Whig Chancellor the Duke of Devonshire. . . I am reading Burton's *History of Scotland*, out of sheer love of the country. He is a sceptical lawyer, and has no sense of shame in cooking whole chapters out of negatives, showing one what one knew perfectly well before, that there is no Scottish history before the Norman Conquest, except just a trace of truth about St. Columba and Iona.

But in his subsequent volumes he will do better; and I wish to go with a solid legal guide over the Wallace, Bruce, Stuart times, which are at present jewels of romance and echoes of boyhood.

It will be a new sensation to put the Black Douglas and Ramsey of Dalwalsey down in a synchronism: hitherto they have been to me of no age, only parts of Walter Scott-world—the best world, the true golden world. If there is a thing I should like to do, it would be to go with some one like-minded, some one who Waverleyed and Marmioned at eight years old, all over Scott's haunts, particularly the Douglas-land, which he visited at the very end of his beautiful life, when writing *Castle Dangerous*. . .

Read all you can about St. Francis; go to Assisi. Tell the Italians, with my love, that I have subscribed

fifty francs to Manin's monument. Insult Antonelli for me, and, as time is up, believe me to be

Yours affectionately,

WILLIAM JOHNSON.

Journal. ILKLEY WELLS HOUSE, *April 23, 1867.*— I spent an hour yesterday in Leeds. Once I had a chance of seeing the people: there was a small crowd, made of five or six globules like broken quicksilver, waiting at the half-open door of the gaol, which is part of the magnificent Town Hall; a prison van was waiting to receive some offender; nearest to the door were pale silent women, and silent children, not theirs. The only people talking were three biggish boys. I drew up to listen: the biggest, a haggard face with a small mouth, was telling the others how he had given evidence and had not been believed: he used the most pandemoniacal language in perfectly cold blood, had no trace of indignation at being treated as a false witness, expected and got no grain of sympathy from his listeners. I could not stay long enough to see the prisoner, nor yet to verify Hartley Coleridge's haunting sonnet about Leeds contrasted with Westmoreland—to see the 'nature' which he said abode in the black town no less than in the valleys of Helvellyn. Anyhow, there must be Gospel there; for they are building a very elaborate ornate subdivided Infirmary above the Town Hall; and there is patriotism, for they have statues of Peel and Wellington. . .

Between Leeds and Ilkley were civil and handsome people, and the women talk most musically. I read on the way the first chapter of Charlotte Brontë's life, not

believing the West-Riding folk to be nearly as brutal as that book and *Wuthering Heights* make them out. But I wish I could find Shirley and Jessie Yorke and Caroline's mother, and her who wrote

‘The dweller in the land of death
Is changed and careless too.’

I bought my Charlotte Brontë's life at a civil shop, Crossley's at Rugby, where I saw three schoolboys leave the shop arm-in-arm: nearly all the Rugby boys go arm-in-arm, and just as often threes as twos. I saw one fingering the new books: how kind booksellers are to let schoolboys do so: I should have liked to give him gold to buy some books; if I were a little more venerable in appearance I could do it and no one would stare. . .

Yesterday morning I left Everdon¹, where the Rector², now old, with a heart complaint, and a voice failing tenderly in administering the Lord's Supper to his son; —once a handsome man that used to dance in Devonshire; —he said he was glad to see me for the sake of my father, ‘an excellent man.’ . .

It is a pretty case of a meek, modest man striving to overcome evil with good. . . He told me how he knew he had not vigour enough to conquer his rebellious people, but thought he had not been wrong in coming away after long toil from Barnstaple, to which he was no longer equal. Since he has been at Everdon he has had a better living offered him in Devonshire, but he thought it wrong to take it, since he knew that they wanted him only as an old man to hold it whilst they sold the living. He talks smilingly of being the oldest life

¹ Everdon, Northamptonshire, an Eton College living.

² Rev. H. Luxmoore.

on the copyhold property of my college, always called over first by the Bursar. . .

2 p.m. Went to Haworth with three Butlers. . . Through Keighley—up a slope—down again to a railway which gave us only forty minutes; up the steep paved street of Haworth; stopt at a shop, bought a *Jane Eyre*, so did Bowen¹; Montagu Butler bought a *Professor*, as became his standing in the hierarchy; and from his copy I read once more the deeply pathetic poem of Emily's called 'Remembrance,' and her song which comes next but one. . .

We had been talking school shop so incessantly up the street that it was hard to remember the sacred dead; but I did, at the right time and in the right way. And glad to find Arthur Butler thinking as I do about *Shirley*, the best of books. They told me what Richmond told them about Charlotte Brontë's portrait. She was very shy, and for two sittings he was out of hope; but the third time she met the Duke of Wellington's servant leaving the house; which made Richmond say, 'If you had been here a quarter of an hour sooner you would have seen the Duke of Wellington.' Whereupon she broke out into eager talking about the Duke; and so the painter caught the expression given in his portrait, of which I bought a photograph in Keighley. When Richmond was getting on well with the portrait she stood behind him looking at it: he heard a sob—she said, 'Excuse me—it is so like my sister Emily.'

We saw the little parsonage, altered by the substitution of plate-glass for the very small panes: a miserable homestead, choked with big gravestones, with no garden but the merest strip, no bigger than a bedroom passage;

¹ E. E. Bowen, of Harrow.

hardly a courtyard of any kind; behind it, ugly stone fences shutting off Emily's moor.

Out of that prison the little Charlotte put forth a hand to feel for the world of human emotion. I wish she would come back to us, and count up the myriads to whom she has given new souls.

Now I remember reading *Jane Eyre* straight through at a sitting in my home drawing-room, and again on the black gnarled, wreathed rocks of Bude (1850) when there was a lowering storm-cloud and a sunset on a distant sail, and a hollow roar in the reefs, and the reading broken off by a queer rattle of shingle which turned out to be a sheep fallen from the cliff: the last summer holidays spent with my mother. . .

Coming back up the moor by sunset I saw, to my delight, a live bird perched on a wall: just in time with my glasses. It was, my companion said, a ring ousel, a blackbird with a white collar: I hardly ever saw a free bird before—it was a great pleasure. . .

FOUNTAINS ABBEY, *April 24*.—There were wood anemones, which I have not seen for a long while, on the bank further on: what can be prettier or more symbolical of the Torridge? There were horse-chestnuts drooping into the lakes like weeping willows, and very fine Norway pines feathering to the ground, and a wild cherry, a blossom-bower in itself, but not half so lovely as the tall one that had struggled up amidst larches and oaks at Fawsley¹. . .

His health goes . . . but not his generous, candid, prying, ranging, comforting, truly youthful spirit.

¹ Fawsley Park (Sir Charles Knightley's), near Everdon.

How many generations of orderly life, how many growths of literary sentiment have been needed to make the existence of such a man possible; a man who still, in the midst of the whole drift of metropolitan currents, can love dead men as if they were alive, and treat living men as reverently as the dead, and carries about with him a whole congregation of invisible souls. . . .

Talking of the great time, George IV's reign, when Whewell was tutor, when Sterling, Monckton Milnes, &c., were students, [M. Butler] said: 'Those young men would now be at Oxford. I little thought I should ever be a traitor to Trinity; but I am obliged to advise my best boys to go to Oxford. Eton is the only school that continues to send its best men to Cambridge. We are losing at Cambridge all the materials out of which we should make professors and statesmen.' He spoke very highly of Kingsmen, as distinguished from other Cambridge men, of their going to Dresden as their finishing school, and carrying on high self-culture. He counted up all the University scholars we have at Eton as masters; a topic which I should have been too proud to start, but I don't mind another person touching it lightly. 'We are not so far from the sun, nor do we carry such blunted hearts,' &c. (Fox's last quotation but one from Virgil.) . . .

April 27. I have been trying here of a morning to read the earliest English poetry, written in the fascinating thirteenth century, coeval with the intersecting round arches that make pointed arches in Bolton choir, and with the noble pointed windows of Fountains, coeval also with the pious sorrow of the foundress of Bolton Abbey, whose boy was drowned by his greyhound in the Wharfe. I picked up a sparkling egg-like pebble

there, which was shaped, I dare say, before the boy of Egremont fell in. I wish there were, besides metrical versions of the story of Joseph, and Havelok the Dane, some few lines about the loves and the sorrows of the very people who saw these most poetical of buildings when fresh in their first marvellousness. The bereaved mother could not say—for there were no words then to say it in—‘My grief shall arise and stand fast in the pillars of the house of prayer, and the memory of my child shall endure in beauty of carven stone.’

Did she see the stones put together in these fair forms? Did the masons care for her loss? Did the widows widowed by the sword of William Fitz Duncan come to pray in the new church? Did the monks grumble at leaving Embsay, or did they rejoice in the broad grassy platforms above the Wharfe?

All is gone but the noble stones. ‘All else is passed away: they have left us their adoration.’ . .

‘To be a great statesman one must have a capacity for great friendships.’ This formula I laid before M. Butler yesterday, and he was much impressed: yet he considered sceptically whether in fact there have not been great statesmen without great friendships, such as Pitt. So he got on his favourite topic, Peel, over whose death he mourned as a schoolboy, and he told me how moved he was by the beautiful little speech made in perfect English six days after Peel’s death by the French Ambassador, Drouyn de l’Huys—ending with ‘Long may the spirit of that great man preside over the place of his education: I can wish nothing better for Harrow than that it may produce another Robert Peel.’ . .

ETON, *Aug. 4, 1867.*—The summer is gone. All my French wine drunk; Japanese lily flowered and faded; several rowdies subdued; two or three victims of unpunctuality partly cured; fight with the Gas Company over, with defeat; farmhouse at Stourton¹ rebuilding; reform talk with two or three public men seemingly wasted; my country clinging to perplexities of readjustment²; my building scheme for King's College printed, circulated, praised, and cushioned softly by well-meaning supporters; only four men elected to Eton Scholarships, though we tried to get five; Procter, a genuine priest, going to take Richmond Vicarage in succession to H. Dupuis³, whom I sincerely eulogized in *Cloister Speech.*' . . .

June saw my old home turned into a tradesman's school. I refused to guarantee the master's salary with North Devon magnates, but promised twenty pounds (earned in Cambridge Local Examinations) to be spent, by me, on books for the use of the boys, to fill my father's honoured shelves in what was his dining-room and became his breakfast-room. I have been meditating and practising for my Essay, now advertized, on the cultivation of the reasoning faculties, and I am just going to begin it in high spirits.

'It matters not what we do, but what we are:' this is Miss Martineau's preaching, and after many years it came back to me from a devout preacher, my brother. E. *does* nothing for us or to us—but he is to us and for us a treasure. All he lacked before was warmth of

¹ In North Devon.

² Lord Derby's Reform Bill.

³ Rev. Harry Dupuis, Fellow of King's and Assistant Master at Eton, Vicar of Richmond.

heart ; and this, as I foresaw, but sooner than I foresaw, is come. . .

Towards the end of the half I bored every one with bits of poetry : there was an anonymous bit, an invocation to spirits who heal bodily weariness, asking them for a charm against mental weariness, which affected me a little ; there were Worsley's pathetic lines about music, and Shairp's simple Scottish lines about the trysting bush of Traquair, and that strangely pretty bit of the *Odyssey*¹ where Alcinous says to Ulysses, ' Tell me, my guest, why did you weep just now when the bard sang of the woe of the Trojans and Greeks ? why, the god, you know, devised it all ; he brought about this great suffering *that there might be song for the men of after time.*' Even so—men must struggle and die that their names may be playthings for poets ; Marie Antoinette's agonies are our jewels ; we pick violets off the graves of the wronged women and the stricken heroes.

On the last Sunday there was no Private Business : but my lower-boy pupils, who had been feasting with me overnight, came for an hour, and I read them *Enid*, the dream of the carp, and all about the faded silk. . . I offered to read aloud after dinner the extracts in the papers from the Queen's book about her marriage—one lower-boy came, and two or three Fifth-Form—one of these was —, who mocked, and met the fate of Ishmael. Her Majesty is the only topic on which I can tolerate no difference of opinion. . .

At 6.30 p.m. I went to dine with the College—too early—had to sit in a desolate shabby drawing-room belonging to a Fellow, a wasted place, commanding

¹ *Odys.* VIII. 578-580.

a Sabbatical view: I almost coveted what he could not use. I should like rooms in that quadrangle, as a master, not as a retired cripple. There was one book there, a volume of Edward Irving's life: for twenty minutes I was with a prophet. I see he was sponged upon by a literary adventurer, a pious drunkard or the like. To be a public man is to forfeit liberty: to be a prophet is to dispense with the power of seeing more than one thing at a time. Irving kills himself by overstrain of nerves; so does Montagu Butler; 'and we, whose hearts are dry as summer dust, live on.' But Socrates was lifted up against the fear of death when he thought of Achilles, the young man whom his mother could not check, whose life could not be hoarded, who would not for all her weeping stay by the ships to cumber the ground, with his comrade lying dead and unavenged. And Prince Max of Mexico, I now read, would not take his life when he might have got away, for his faithful followers were to die: Publius Crassus over again, not to speak of Sir Guy of Linteged in the *Duchess May*. . .

I have not been so industrious for a long time as I have been since Easter. This last week, in the midst of the pleasures and excitements, I did elaborate papers for Collections, one of which stirred up the men if not the boys. . . I got all the sent-up exercises out of hand in proper form, and wrote all my reports but eight, which have been done since reaching Paris, when my travelling companion was asleep. . . Thanks to the blessed summer with his healthful joyousness, there was no actually bad report, none that did not smell of hope and charity: I found many of the boys had improved since Easter. There was failure enough to record in the way

of mathematics, which, however, is not in any way my fault. There was success in French . . . and I have rubbed out another letter of Ichabod. . .

PARIS, *Aug. 6.*—The Bridge of Jena is the approach to the Exhibition: no wonder Prussia cuts a poor figure. I fed fat my grudge by buying candlesticks in Austria and paper-knife in Denmark. It was agreeable to hear English ladies at a restaurant noticing with disgust the horrible sounds made in conversation by some Germans, and to read the *Grand Duchess of Gérolstein*. . . I wish some one were here that would take me through Paris archaeologically. The hollyhocks, &c., in the Tuileries garden are the pleasantest things I have seen, except the river with its quays by certain lights. But I think of all that I have seen, I liked best the bird-shop near the Pont Neuf, and the old man telling the old woman (perhaps his wife, and they were dimanching) the names of the birds—‘merle this,’ and ‘merle that,’ and ‘cardinal,’ to the accompaniment of her feeble but cheerful laugh. The trader who exhibits these birds gives a hundred times as much pleasure as the competitors for prizes in the Bazaar. Working folk stop on their way in the sunshine to look at the bright, restless things and the magic turns of their little hidden necks. . .

EXETER, *Aug. 13.*—St. Malo at sunset—the old draw-bridge and portcullis and machicoulis. Hotel Franklin out of sight, up a corner, squeezed in between houses, hiding a dead wall with green things; a row of lights to show off the name of the Inn; flowers below. No room in the house; sent down a ‘drang’ into a very small street, all alive with happy children, to an old tall stone house—through a filthy cave up a wretched winding stair to a respectable bedroom and good bed, toilet apparatus

quite Lilliputian, no carafe. Left my bag after a wash-let; went out to walk—along the quay by moonlight. . .

On the day of St. Grouse I navigated the *Mare Durandicum*; inquired (in vain) for the Douvres; saw none of Gilliat's birds; saw St. Sampson's at some distance, and the cave at St. Peter Port, where *Déruchette* took boat. Spent the long day, fourteen hours' voyage, between reading Balzac, dozing, hanging over the bows, in a profusion of sweet sea air, looking at a purple sea, with now and then a roundish patch of brown weed. . .

The rocks at Jersey are finer in colour than I expected, and two of them very bold and columnar: but it is not so grandiose as Peter Port with its quays and breakwater.

As we went from Jersey Elizabeth Castle treated us to three or four shots, screeching imploring things, probably addressed to a target: an unwonted sound, like the voice of an animal hurt.

I am glad to have crossed the Channel at its full breadth, besides the compliment to Victor Hugo, and the treat of entering Devonshire by a new approach. I could not have done this another year, for the *Éclair*—so called because she is very slow—is going to be taken off for failure. Dartmouth by moonlight was quite the pretty thing it was said to be, and the Castle Inn was quite as comfortable. . .

A pretty journey round by Teignmouth to Exeter—everything looking its best. . . I have seen the lovely cathedral once more, in evening light, under the guidance of a vergeress, who told me a great deal and showed me much that was new to me. I still feel a considerable amount of interest in eighteenth- and even nineteenth-century inscriptions. . . The most interesting monument

to my mind was a tablet with a relief representing an organ and music-book and a young man kneeling before it: he is Matthew Godwin, bachelor of music, organist of Exeter and Canterbury, who died in the eighteenth year of his age, 1585; and the Latin speaks of his '*eterna memoria*' as if he were a genius. Was he? That was our great time for music, when we wrote madrigals better than other nations. . .

I resume this epopee on Saturday night, Aug. 17, in the parsonage of Clovelly, where I am guest of my Brother, the temporary incumbent. . .

Aug. 17. Map and compass to fall back upon. We cut the road and stept into the quagmires, keeping two points to the west of north. Found my old Burnham friend the cotton-rush; bogs contemptibly easy; peat carts to be seen and heard; cattle close to the swamps with no one to watch them; Dartmoor an imposture; Cawsand obscure. . . We dipped down a steep slope, and found the young Taw, about four paces in breadth, to be forded, a charming still stream, with here and there a little break hardly amounting to a 'stickle.' Shoes off, ineffables tucked up. We stood a long time on comfortable crumbs of granite, which harboured the feet nicely but made no mud. . . Over a ridge down into the valley of the Okement; but here were three little babblers nearly parallel, with beautiful deep, ferny, furzy, heathery banks—mere baby streams such as one often sees in hills; but the sedate girlhood of the Taw was matchless. In these fair valleys, with clear views of Yes Tor and his crags, we enjoyed the fulfilment of our hopes. All this was really Dartmoor, a good bit of it seen to the greatest advantage, and we had little sabbaths on chosen slabs of granite or cushions of turf: no insects,

no crawlers, no birds, no life at all—not enough breeze. About 6.0 we came to a little half-bank, and saw Okehampton lying hospitably before us. . .

Next day after breakfast we drove southward on the old coach-road to Plymouth; stepped out and clambered down into a wonderful tangle-wood of ash, oaks and all manner of underwood, in which were hidden the ruins of the old Castle¹: except at one point there was hardly any of the architecture left; but it must have been a great pile, built at different times along the slope of the ridge facing the moor, looking on the little Okement. Never have I seen ruins so ruinous, so ivy-ridden, so impossible to climb, so conquered by green vegetable life. Here we parted for a few hours. Luxmoore² took the trap to go on to Bridestow, where his grandfather had been clergyman and had built a good house; a jolly, kindly man, kindly remembered by Balls the innkeeper. Luxmoore went to see old humble retainers, and one of them, Mrs. Bevan, who keeps the shop of the village, entertained him on stuffed roast beef, on broad beans and kidney beans done in cream, with a rueful bottle of wine: her customers swarming at the very window, she would not serve them; that day she was entertaining a Luxmoore and had a right to be a lady, she said. . .

Sunset at Hatherleigh: we watched the people coming in and listened to elaborate bell-chimes. Luxmoore let out some of his strong fantasies—hatred of plate glass, belief that in the days of almsgiving monasteries the people did not bring into the world such large families so recklessly; whereupon I suggest that we have no record of their infanticides nor of the sweeping small-

¹ Berry Pomeroy.

² H. E. Luxmoore, M.A., Assistant Master at Eton.

poxes. In truth it seems to me that our difficulties in this age, our despair about the peasants, our failures in trying to raise them, are mainly due to an honourable reason—a scrupulous anxiety to keep up human life when once started, in however frail a form.

Friday, Aug. 16. Off at 8.0; soon at Hatherleigh Moor. Stopt a moment to look at the obelisk with a bronze rilievo recording that William Morris, colonel, was born at Fishleigh . . . and died at Poonah, aged thirty-eight. He used to ride to hounds as a boy with my Brother, and grew up a famous rider and still more famous swordsman. He led the 17th Lancers into the Russian host at Balaclava—taken prisoner; escaped in the confusion by throwing himself though wounded on a stray horse, and hanging on to his neck, guiding him into the line of the Russian gunshots, where he knew no Russian horseman would follow him. He dropt off senseless, no one knows where, and was brought in by our searching parties. This bringing in is so signified by the bronze rilievo. On that bleak moor, which might be a battlefield but seems so far from works of art, there was a little pathos in the figures of two soldiers bearing a wounded comrade. I never saw Wm. Morris, but I contributed to give him a sword of honour in lieu of the sword he lost in battle. He died of dysentery on the way to the Indian Mutiny. I hope he will be remembered.

We were in a great hurry, walking five miles an hour. I was vexed at not remembering the way. Not till I got to Iddesleigh Church, walking like demon horsemen up the hill, did I feel at home. Coming round a corner my companion gave a little cry of pleasure—he saw hounds. Presently we were in a sea of kind dog-

faces with three scarlets: 'Mr. Rolle's?' 'Yes, sir.' This was like Columbus meeting birds on the Atlantic. Soon came the barn where my Brother used to draw rein for a grand view of the Torridge valley backed by Dartmoor. . .

Down we strode merrily, the view lovely: came upon a bridge with a cry of 'lost my way!' It was New Bridge, and I had turned to the left unwisely: but I would not go back; kept along the river through a sweet bit of woodland, to the right through fields to the well-remembered Brightley, and there was Halsdon in sight; down again to Mrs. Budd's mill and a brilliant cottage-garden; up through Woolridge coppice, skirting the much-beloved woods with veneration; then on to the road, up above Dillon's cottage, along the road which I first traversed in a mourning coach following my grandfather's coffin in 1832. Then came the first formal tips of firs and larches, and the unaltered gate: there was good Walter Fry in sight, and Walsh the gentleman tenant resting on his sticks, gouty, but not grumpy. The two wonderfully old walnut trees were alive, touched up a little; nor did I really miss the huge elm that fell just before the owner went away. The best ash was greatly improved; Luxmoore saw two green woodpeckers; the raw new front of the house was set in rich clematis well grown. The rhododendron beds were bright and full and well trimmed. L. admired the pretty colt's stable, built of split larch, just in the dip to the south of the house; the old beech avenue was inviolate; the old stable had all its ivy; there was a new granary; Douglas pines and the like had grown up. . . All my Brother's plantings and clearings had answered, and Walsh said with some pride as well as truth that it was the prettiest place in

the north of Devon. We ate sandwiches and drank good milk at 11 a.m. in the little panelled dining-room. The visit was over in half an hour. . . I hated having to be civil where I was in a fragrance of sentiment. . .

We had been seven hours on our legs, all but a few minutes spent with Walsh, and it was the sharpest walk I ever took. . . We took a look at the central square, then up South Street, hurrying past my home. . . . I ran off to our graves, and was for a sacred minute alone: unwillingly saw our church, now so altered inside that one would not know it—my Father's font moved to the west end, the gallery where we used to sit swept away—all right no doubt, but——

A very hasty cup of tea in Palmer's drawing-room . . . and the rattling coach, hastening to catch a train, summoned us off and snatched me through the town, down over the common only too rapidly: I was at Bideford before I had done homage. Then all was dull and dark, till at the turnpike we were accosted by two women in a market cart, going back from Clovelly, where they had spent the day: Betsy the Torrington cook and Betsy the old laundress: very cordial both.

The long day ended in domestic tea, home in a borrowed house: and with it ended a most prosperous little tour, four days of Devonshire without rain and yet without dust: this last day had a hospitable breeze that enabled me to make a forced march, and I think the mind had its breeze too. . .

CLOVELLY.—The church, where on Good Friday, 1865, I was alone, and was bored by a farmer showing me the place in a prayer book, was on Aug. 18 this year crowded with listeners to my Brother, who preached twice with extraordinary fervour and penetration, without book. . .

What a contrast between those two sermons and the little scrap that I wrote that night, by way of beginning my essay for Farrar. I put it in here as a curiosity.

'A man engaged in a lifelong task without genius and without fixed ideas is likely to have his course of action modified from time to time by striking upon some hint or some maxim. Amongst many sayings that have acted on me almost like omens I may here mention two. They are perhaps discordant, perhaps in harmony. It was said by a learned academical man: "Every school should make the most of that which is its characteristic; Eton should continue to cultivate taste." Some one else of equal authority has said: "It is greatly to be lamented that for so many years of early life the reasoning faculties should be almost entirely neglected." At different times of my life I have been moved by both of these remarks. After oscillations which would be worth recording if they were not thought irrelevant to the topic I have been asked to handle, I flatter myself with the belief that I have settled down into a practical routine which results from both these forces; and after twenty years of petty toil I am sometimes tempted to imagine that I know how to combine the cultivation of taste with the cultivation of the reasoning faculties.'

Next day I cancelled this and began again with less pomp. Yet this rejected passage is really, I think, true in itself, and the keynote of my essay¹. Nevertheless I have done better in sinking 'Eton' and the first person, and in treating 'taste' as itself a function of the reason. Whatever may be the fate of my essay, I adhere to this discarded preface: it pleases me; it is written in the

¹ 'On the cultivation of the reasoning faculty,' in *Essays on a Liberal Education*, edited by the Rev. F. W. Farrar.

style which I respect, only it is too great an effort to keep it up; it is, if I am not mistaken, a style founded on two opposites, Dr. Johnson and Lord Macaulay.

Monday, Aug. 19. A day of suppressed thunder. I sat in all the morning writing carefully, and when I dressed to go to the croquet party at Clovelly Court I felt that I was sure to get the job finished. No dread of procrastination: and it has been this dread which has kept me from making literary engagements.

It is nine years since I shut myself up in a mean village inn to prepare rhymes for the press: a fortnight's solitude. 'Iole¹,' sunset on the Thames: sculling, with a little boy to steer, up and down the waters of Mapledurham; then Torquay visited by moonlight; then Halsdon in the glory of repose, and my little modest proof-sheets to correct in that peaceful home. That humble venture brought me at least one friend, Montagu Butler. Perhaps this other bit of printing will get me a friend, or strengthen an alliance. I am like Armstrong in the upturned boat in the Atlantic, chewing a tobacco-pouch, and feebly waving a little rag, to which a ship bears down wonderingly. . .

Tuesday. We went to Hartland, left the pony carriage, walked on through the Abbey grounds to the Quay, where nothing grows but a few sprays of tamarisk, a little grass, and samphire: we sat close to a fallen signal-post and a battered figurehead doing duty for ghost, and watched the blossoms of sea-scud fluttering and alighting on the little patch of turf. Then we walked on the steep slope of down, to the little waterfall which ended a little rill's life in a cleft between two promontories and was blown back like 'the wasted

¹ *Ionica*, I. p. 8.

purpose' in 'Lotos Eaters' by a mighty wind from the Atlantic. The rill is perfectly sheltered all the way till it comes to the edge, and runs very quietly almost on level ground, little thinking what a broad ocean and what a buffeting gale it is going to meet. There is just a paddock, cushioned between sheepwalk and protecting westerly knoll. I should like to build a house there. Nothing comes to Hartland Quay but coals; and half of them, I should think, must fail to land. . . .

NORTHAM, *Thursday, Aug. 22.*—Once more I watched the little waves thinning into mere laminae like mother-of-pearl, the delicatest thing that water ever did. . . . Truly I was that day avenged on my dull childhood: I saw so much better, with so many glasses and a mind so enlivened. The hours floated on, and I did not tire of looking at the glorious level and curve of the land and the infinite poetry of the sky, getting sweeter towards sunset. Thirty years ago my mother may have seen it all as I saw it then. I used in bookish times to wonder at her caring to sit still and gaze and breathe: in gazing and blessing the good air I almost do penance now.

I like mountains well enough: but they are not so fair nor exhilarating as a level with a little gradual slope to it and a great curve dying away in the distance and a sky mirrored in thin water.

To Lord Rosebery.

HAGLEY, *Sept. 1, 1867.*

. . . Mr Rolle . . . keeps a pack of hounds much too good for the country: his Christian name is Mark, and the country people think it is a title, and call him Mark Rolle with a reverential purpose. The huntsman invited

my brother to see the hounds, not exactly on the sly, but at six in the morning, killing a cub in my cousin's woods, which proved to be highly blameable woods, having no way of escape at one end. They persuaded me with ease to leave my bed at five and mount a hunter. I went just to see my near relative once more in a tally-ho attitude. I thought of blind fences, and seemed to myself like the man in *Happy Thoughts*; but after an hour's pottering I went home to breakfast, trusting implicitly to the horse for finding the way; and a single hound, having lost itself, went with me. Strange to say we fell in with half the pack under the command of a whip. But I persevered in cramming down my breakfast; and, in fact, I had to go on with my Essay on education, which is now in the press, whilst waiting for my food. The host, my cousin, who is stout and sportsmanlike, was there, to my surprise, announcing that I had missed the death of the cub, who fell close to our point of departure. On reflection I think that hunting amongst corn sheaves, with a great quantity of brambles in full foliage, is rather risky; and I am glad to have come away unscathed.

I am very well satisfied with North Devon, since our Member¹ is ruler of India, and his former opponent, Lord Clinton, is under-ruler.

To A. D. Coleridge.

ETON, Oct. 8, 1867.

It is odd that you should talk about my writing a book by instalments. I do every vacation write a genuine, original book, my Journal, for about three readers: these last eight weeks made a hundred quarto pages.

¹ Sir Stafford Northcote, Secretary for India.

I believe every man of sensibility might with some advantage do this, omitting all megrims, grumblings and sneers. This is more wholesome, I think, than cooking novels, or parasitically growing out of the bones of a dead man, or serving up with paradox sauce some very stale stuff about a past generation.

There are two kinds of books I should like to write— one a novel, if I could form a plot ; secondly, a biography of some man of my own time whom I reverence, like Sir James Outram, from papers. In particular I should like to write the life of the late Lord Dalhousie.

Journal. ETON, Oct. 9, 1 p.m.—I was alone in my palace of art, hard at work with French grammar and dictionary and Eugénie de Guérin, making out a paper of questions and translations for M. to do. Then I set myself to do a copy of easy lyrics for one of the masters to set to his division : the men cannot make them simple enough. I chose Calypso. It was very tough work to make it sensible stuff, and yet run quite smoothly and lucidly. I had done it and copied it out by 4.20, and found it was a little poem¹. . .

To F. Warre Cornish.

ETON, Nov. 16, 1867.

One thing I resolutely do, refuse to take any advantage of age ; another thing is uttering no complaints ; a third is facing the plain truth of my own unfitness to lead.

Twenty years ago I copied into my most private MS. book this sentence : ' How necessary it is that they who place themselves at the head of generations which they are to conduct to good or evil should first reflect on

¹ ' Calypso,' in *Lucretilis*.

what they have done to be worthy of acting upon minds, and whether, before demanding the obedience of others, they have learnt to respect themselves' (Count Molé's speech : French Academy).

I have no right to let myself be called a leader ; nor can I consent to be treated at all as a representative of Eton. If there is anything to be done (as I have said to-day in a letter to Warre, which you may see) I am as ready as any one to sit in council, to listen and endure, and in due time speak. . .

For the love of Montagu Butler I endured many hours of discussion of pedagogy with him and Bowen and two more Butlers last Easter ; but as a general rule I have very little sympathy with schoolmasters as such, and have very little faith in schools or schooling.

I consented to write a paper for Farrar, avowedly a fragmentary collection of suggestions, partly because I like writing, partly because I thought it might fetch me some real friend like M. Butler, who, I fancy, made my acquaintance because of something I had printed. But I think I have done enough just for this year in giving the profession my twenty hours' work, the pages sent to Farrar. Pride partly, the pride which tramples upon vanity ; want of faith partly, or, as I said yesterday, want of a hope ; consciousness of ignorance partly ; a sense of staleness above all—these are the reasons for not following up my Farrar job with conversations such as one would have at Browning's or at Wayte's house about school.

In avoiding visitors, such as Conington or Mrs. Evans¹, I am perfectly consistent ; I have done just the same with gentlemen like Pearson of Oriel and Woodward²

¹ George Eliot.

² Her Majesty's Librarian.

of Windsor Castle: they called on me, and I did not even return the call.

I cannot entertain such people; and I avoid their acquaintance just as poor married people decline dinner parties.

I decline also all invitations to Harrow, and to Gladstone's and Lord Houghton's 'breakfasts.' . .

I go to the Athenæum very seldom, and never speak to any one there unless addressed first. I never call upon the Fellows of Trinity except to get a lesson in anatomy from my old pupil J. W. Clark. I avoid the Richmond dinner, since they took to making me speak.

All this is, I fancy, of a piece. It is proud unworldliness. It is not 'abstention' nor 'abdication.'

No one shall ever say that I do not willingly follow when another man leads, as is said of Cicero in *Julius Caesar*. . . I am ready with sympathy and with criticism for you and the rest, provided they be not hardened frivolists. *Fungar vice cotis*.

The worship of celebrity is the way of the world, and I do not object to it any more than to the love of money or to the love of connexions. But I think it less favourable to wisdom than that kind of life which is described by Henry Taylor as 'the Life Poetic,' the looking at the world from a distance: it is this Taylorian life that I would wish to lead. He (H. Taylor) teaches me that if I cannot be in Parliament I can nevertheless do some sort of parliamentary work and practise parliamentary arts and virtues in a small sphere of action like a parish vestry.

You have conveniently given me an opportunity of making a clean breast of it; and I may as well add to all this *apologia pro vita mea* that I have another peculiar,

perhaps temporary, reason for sticking to business: it is my only honourable way of answering those who do me the disservice of making my old employers and old pupils think that I am likely to go from Eton, and that I am broken in health.

I am working harder at actual scholarship and school work than I ever did, except sixteen years ago, perhaps. I am more thoroughly Etonian than I have been of late years, more interested in the few boys that I have to deal with, more content with my employment. At the same time I cannot help being aware that I am quite out of fashion and on the shelf as a tutor; and without at all moaning over it I am, perhaps, on my mettle, trying to do what I have to do better than I did in the days when I was in request.

Would you care to read such a thing as a Journal of mine? I write journals for one or two friends, very garrulous sometimes; and, as nine years ago I gave you an anonymous booklet¹, so now I offer you, as a sign of friendship and confidence, my prose sentimentalities: they would, perhaps, convince you that I am not materially altered by the sentiment which is herein avowed; not a bit blasé or embittered or 'torified.'

I make no excuses for this egotism, you drew it on yourself.

Journal. HICKLETON, Dec. 27, 1867, midnight.— I came here for the ?th time, arriving in the forenoon. My friend² came lightly down the staircase to meet me, and took me to the library. . .

He gave me a little book, *The Dream of Gerontius*, a poem by J. H. Newman, on death and purgatory:

¹ *Ionica*.

² Charles Wood.

strangely fascinating for the writer's sake, not vulgar like ordinary Popery.

Though ill a bit, I am revived by being here; it makes me fancy once more that I am near the heart of my country, and in some sense ennobled. I think if I write a letter from here it will be in purer English and more courteous. . .

A letter from Mrs. Abraham asking me to receive her boy as a pupil. I wrote back to say 'I shall be happy to do so, though I know I am unworthy to receive the son of so good a man. There is no man whose voice and countenance come back so frequently to my memory; and I never tire of telling my younger colleagues what sort of man he was at Eton,' &c. She liked this: sent it on to the Antipodes. How strange that he should let his son come to me! not a promise either. Statesmen might well come to me, but why an earnest preacher?

I have put up the arms of his see¹ in the stained window of my College Hall this year, without telling him. His deep tones sound along the diameter of this globe and reach me.

'There is no refuge from the virtues which are not our own except by loving them.' . .

Dec. 31. This is the second time in a fortnight that I have had to discuss with earnest believers topics which used to shrivel me up: now I talk to them as if I had 'thrown under my feet all terrors and inexorable fate and the roaring of gluttonous Acheron.' But I have not quite arrived at this. I can only say that if I had been Creator I should not have let men know they were to perish: I should not have created them for my own 'glory,' but for their happiness. In truth the Calvinistic

¹ Wellington, N. Z.

Demiurgus is not so *good* as a humble-minded evangelical philanthrope.

To-day I had a fine long discussion with my host¹ on the decay of political integrity, drew him out well and gainsaid him handsomely; he admitted freely that our modern statesmen are much more virtuous in freedom from personal interest than their predecessors, and it is only in the abandonment of party principles and in weak concessions to the public that they are culpable. He admitted also that our inferior parliament men are better than good French politicians, and that no country would compare with ours in the voluntary labours of commissioners, committee-men, &c.; also that we are still governed by the *best informed*, and that the *Times* has less power than it had, and that Tories in office are virtually good Whigs, and come out improved; and much else of this kind—indeed, I got him to take a more cheerful view of things. We had before, whilst walking in the woods, had a very interesting talk about the diplomatic service, which he began. He told us that Palmerston never could bear to hear people say that Russia or any other nation had its own way in diplomacy a bit more than England; he agreed when I said that for the eighty years between Marlborough and the great French War we always cut the French out or got them to follow us. He thinks (perhaps justly) that there has been a mistake made in giving all the embassies to men bred in the diplomatic service, which has become too much of a regular profession.

Our talk was broken off by the crack of a whip: suddenly we found the woods swarming with dogs and red coats. I am no judge of these things, but to me it

¹ The late Lord Halifax.

seemed as startling as the outbreak of the tartans from the heather in the *Lady of the Lake*, and as the sun slanted in gaily and hit the stems of birch and beech we had as brilliant a show as any painter could wish for. . .

KING'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, *January 9, 1868.*—After Hall: in my home again: no one to speak to. Dinner took twenty minutes . . . dining in my great coat is not so very cheerful. Waiting in Combination Room . . . not very lively: yet more comfortable than the life of the poor husky night-superintendent at the Great Eastern Station, who is up all night attending to coal trains, who hospitably entertained me on a stool one November night last year, and confided to me that he should like some other place. How he would envy me my sofas, my two fires, my four candles, my absolute freedom, my excellent bed. As I write I hear the eerie wailing of the steam, the melancholy music reserved for the *mortalibus aegris* of this age. . .

I am now as old as a Roman consul or the victor of Waterloo. How many hundreds of men are at this time of life confessedly disappointed men, biting their fate as the snake bit the file. I am better off than two-thirds of barristers, engineers, sea captains, and parsons of my age—if only in this, that I have quenched all vain desires. No virtue, only a calculated unworldliness, a Stoic resignation, a poetical skimming of the pot, a proud crushing of vanity.

Jan. 11. Last night I read two things which made an impression. (1) An article in the *Westminster Review* on the 'Dangers of Democracy,' containing the loftiest and most heroic sentiments that I ever met with in a political treatise: the writer says no constitutional checks will avail, only personal influence, direct education,

indirect education. He urges the ministers of religion to rouse themselves—he suggests that one should lecture the working folks on the history of England, so as to teach them how political justice is put together, &c. This I think I will do at Windsor. He quotes what seems to be a fine, wise book, Wilhelm von Humboldt's *Sphere of Government*. I will get it.

(2) In the *Contemporary Review* an article by John Conington, Professor of Latin at Oxford, on our 'Essays on a Liberal Education.' James Wilson¹ had told me of it. It is a very sober, candid, honest, kindly preachment. . . Of me he says that the light is not a 'dry light,' that the essay is too much of an autobiography with 'cynical self-depreciation.' . . The word 'cynical' is much used nowadays: it ought to mean 'shameless'; perhaps it is used not incorrectly of one who makes a needless display of his own feebleness. My plea is that I have to set forth in my own case the badness of the classical training. But I think Conington right: I ought not to have taken the general reader so much into my confidence: the disposition so to act is a sort of disease. . . Apollo meets his worshipper with the greeting 'Know thyself': and Oxford meets me at the beginning of the year with a similar warning—unto which I bow. . .

ETON, *Jan.* 16. I begin my sixty-eighth Eton campaign with a pleasant day. After breakfast in came my old yoke-fellows Wolley and Joynes, kindly and cheerful, to speak of our new Head Master²: there seemed to be a tacit compact to start fair and co-operate. . . It is a little victory for virtue, that he, not a great scholar nor eloquent preacher, should come to rule over us, being

¹ Archdeacon of Manchester.

² Dr. Hornby.

the first oppidan and Oxford man chosen, because he has been blameless and rational. . .

'He to his virtues gave his heart in guard:' this fine line from Fairfax's *Godfrey of Bulloigne*, read by chance at Cambridge on my last night there, when the good Munro and the honest brilliant Hammond were talking over Fairfax and Spenser with me, seems an omen, as it haunts me. . .

Now it is long past midnight. For my brethren's sake I wish prosperity to this school: though my pupil-room fail, yet the school shall beat all schools and silence the gainsayer. . .

Jan. 19. To-day for the first time I got the difficult set of boys to attend regularly well, and take notes properly of a lecture on Church history, besides working them up and down Acts, Corinthians and St. Peter for references. Why did I get on better? Possibly because one day in the holidays the learned and good Westcott asked me with great interest about my Church history work, of which he had heard from Professor Lightfoot: he asked because he wished to do the same at Harrow. To-night I read out to the first set what Westcott recommended to me, the martyrdom of Perpetua in the first volume of Neander, besides working Archbishop Trench's dissertations on the more important words in the New Testament, Shute and Wilson taking notes, Arthur Lyttelton a good listener.

With the twelve younger ones I read the martyrdom of Polycarp and the beginning of the 'House of Holiness' in *Faerie Queene*. . . After evening church . . . I went alone with the wind to talk to me: a rare high slate-colour on the northern clouds, and treachery in the

south. I hope the wind brings the ship from Thrace, and not too rudely. . .

Jan. 29. On Sunday I wrote a sort of valedictory letter to Frederick Wood on leaving Cambridge, where he took his degree the day before. These three years and more Cambridge has been a different place to me, for his sake: he was always ready and glad to come to me, lunch, dine, breakfast, tea, sup, walk, drive with me: he was my comforter when I was ill there nearly three years ago. When he left school I gave him all the volumes then published of the Cambridge Shakespeare, in perfect binding: now the second half of the book has reached him as his second leaving book.

His face in a dozen forms is with me; his innocent, rich, infantine voice, unchanged for fourteen happy years, is with me: I miss him still, though busy and not friendless. So I wrote him one more brotherly letter and got a beloved answer. He hopes to go to the Mediterranean in his merry brother's ship.

These three days I have been hating stupidity, just as I always do for the first fortnight: the boys in school seem choked with wassail and parental insipidities. I set them for verses to describe Poynter's picture of Israel in Egypt, engraved in the *Illustrated News*, suggesting that they should take it allegorically, and describe themselves as dragging under the whip the heavy car of Paganism.

If any teacher ever reads this, let him remember not to be too busy to scheme for shy boys that they may at least have some younger boys to speak to them gently and respectfully: if nothing comes from it, the young voice may soothe a heart that cannot utter its pain, and

whose pain is so forgotten by the prosperous *man* that it is unrecorded in books. I wish King David had remembered his fifteenth year. Luckily St. Augustine did; so did Isaac Williams.

See likewise, imagined teacher, the use of punctuality: the lad who takes refuge comes just before 7 p.m., and finds me alone, just what he wants, for a minute or two before the other boys come. This has happened four days running. . . Is it not well said that age has for youth a natural priesthood? . . .

Jan. 30. Thought of rest: found Warre wanting me to walk: went with him to see his great embankment at the bathing-place, which is to shelter the bare bones from north wind. . . On to Dorney Common. Endless discussion of our topics: his waves of zeal beat upon my reefs of critical sympathy—not a bad formula for listening, critical sympathy: I am wiser than many men of my age in not being forward with difficulties against men's schemes. Do I sincerely like their scheming? Harry Dupuis was good to me when I was more crude, not more zealous, than Warre. . .

5.15. Rest at last: read a new book, full of oldness—old sacredness, old mystery, and the romance of theology—the poems of John Henry Newman. Into these I dipt, as the titles led me, finding the 'Rest' and the 'Knowledge' of *Lyra Apostolica*—poems which had for me the charm of something ante-natal—now disguised by new titles and altered a little for the worse; a poem about David and Jonathan, another about dying at home under the shadow of the Church (written at sea), another about memory and the migration to the other world; and a simple valentine to a little girl about martyrs and military saints, 'all of whom are Valentines,'

and she is to have her choice. And I remember his unearthly voice as he read Isaiah at St. Mary's in 1840. . .

Jan. 31. Every second of spare time I have been reading for my lectures :

(1) Some Adam Smith on wages.

(2) Some Wilhelm von Humboldt on Government, protesting in 1795 against standing armies, and government education.

(3) Some Niebuhr's Lectures on Rome.

(4) Lives of Roman lawyers in *Dictionary of Biography*.

(5) Lerminier on Montesquieu and Bacon, *quantum suff.*

(6) Austin on Jurisprudence.

(7) Mackenzie on Roman Law.

(8) Grote's account of the Clisthenic Revolution in Athens.

(9) Des Carrières' History of France, looking out a few things in Dictionary. . .

I told M. to-night that tragic heartrending story of the two brothers who crossed and met and touched hands in the dark, going by train across Egypt, the one to India, the other from India, after years of separation. No Greek, no Arab could imagine the heroic flush and throb of such an interchange of Christian names in the midnight. Will they in the ages to come say of us, 'Those poor Englishmen whom Newman stirred so deeply could not conceive our emotions?'

Love and part. Is it for this we are made? Strain tight then, whilst you may yet embrace, poor mortals. . .

TOURS, *April* 8, 1868.—I am now sitting in a bedroom of Hôtel de l'Univers in a town which I hastily visited

eighteen years ago with three Cambridge men, feeling myself then a helpless stick, utterly ignorant of French. . .

In the armchair by my side sits a lad aged seventeen¹, with lightish hair and a grey coat, reading *Cranford*, waiting till the shower passes. . . This is my companion: he always spends some of his Easter holidays with me, as his father and mother are abroad, too far off for the Easter holidays. . . I have been teaching him ever since September in school class as well as pupil room. . . He has been candid, spirited, John Bullish in his talk; he is attached in the wholesome university way to his schoolfellows, whether they row or read. He wishes to stay at Eton as long as possible. . .

At Amboise we made a treaty with a good man who for ten francs took us in a good carriage to Chenonceaux and back, and then to the Château d'Amboise. . . The day was as brilliant as if it were made for a prince. The people were training their creepers, weeding their vines, some ploughing on queer steep spots; the country was full of blossom, hedgeless, sheepless. We saw one pig, no other live stock. The women looked holy in their white head-dress, plain bodice, plain skirt, all drest exactly alike. . . One woman begged when she saw that I pitied her humpbacked *garçon* who was working with a billhook; every one that we met touched his hat; perhaps to the carriage. The rye stood up a foot high; chestnuts were budding freely, walnuts peeping out timidly, birches all alive; we noticed mistletoe in the avenues, but whether the trees were limes or Swiss poplars we could not tell. . .

They showed us [at Chenonceaux] only the first floor

¹ F. Elliot.

and the kitchen; and if it had not been a heavenly spring day, with a fairy light on the water, I should have thought it hardly so good as fame made it. I don't care for Henri Deux and the undecaying Diane; but it is perhaps a paregoric to see a house in which people have been happy and have not committed crimes. . .

We saw a swallow to-day. There were jackdaws holding noisy dominion with the cold wind in the terrible tall empty square tower of Loches. I saw the little prim mouth and nose and the protruding little eyes of Agnes Sorel, the eyes like Raffaella's women; at the feet of the good lady are two curly-horned young rams hugging each other: the two kneeling angels who are looking into her long cheeks have too much *morbidezza* for 1449.

In the chief prison was one amongst many inscriptions on the wall, which if genuine is most striking; the date is 1785. The prisoner says something like this: 'We shall soon break our chains, we shall soon throw down these towers, and these strongholds of a king too weak to keep them up.' The devilry of man is in Loches if anywhere, but I will not record its base contrivances. Let the jackdaws scream over them.

What I like in France is peeping in at a *porte cochère* and looking at the young leaves of the shrubs in the little front garden. I liked also a few little children toddling hand-in-hand with the little black stolid women who at 12.0 to-day were clattering down the street in sabots, two and two, bearing long wisps of candle, I suppose to church. . .

ANGERS, *April 10.*—We had a short sunny trip to Saumur; *déjeûné* on a *jeun* meal, including a dreadful fat worm-like black thing with onions, which we loathed;

it was lamprey, clearly a descendant of that lamprey for which Vedius Pollio sacrificed his delinquent slave. . .

Train to Angers—arrived at 5.30, in time for fish dinner. Then rambled at a great rate all over the town, saw swarms of working folk released from labour crossing the old free bridge, all merry, none quarrelsome. Elliot said he could not help walking fast because the evening was so fine; and it was indeed a sky to call back Wordsworth from Paradise. We saw the grand old castle with its twenty engaged round towers. We felt our way to the cathedral, which we had seen far off lording it over the town. . .

We wandered about in Angers . . . came to the grim castle again, and fixed the impression. The counter-scarp, though almost perpendicular, was starred with wallflowers; this *giroflet* has been the ministering spirit of this tour. It is in northern France the April flower seemingly. We never saw a primrose, nor a larch, nor a hurdle, nor a cow grazing—only one pig and two geese—and Elliot wondered where all the eggs and milk came from. Wallflower and mistletoe, birch and poplar, make up the general impressions. We asked our way to the Jardin Botanique . . . a delightful place, with steep dips and luxuriant wildernesses of shrubs—a small straight deep-sunk ditch with two blazes of marsh marigold (of which the working men that I questioned could not tell me the common name). . .

A gleam of sun came for a few minutes to do honour to the Botanic Garden, which was in such a sheltered dip as to save us from the extreme chilliness of the weather; but there came also a thundercloud and drove us to our handsome hotel, passing pyramids of potatoes and

scores of market carts in the great open slope below the hotel, where are the capabilities of Angers, one of the best towns I ever saw, for situation, variety, and prosperity. . .

I left off at Chartres. We went to church with the Papists. I had a British Prayer Book. Entered by the famous and well-remembered North Transept Gate, a triple cavern peopled with big Saints. We stood meekly watching the procession: there were stout choristers in red and stout ones in black, with short surplices; there were officials with embroideries stiff and flat on their backs, like the 'sandwich' men who carry placards on their fronts and backs at a Marylebone election; there was a yellow bishop whose mitre looked uncanny, yet somewhat poetical: as they swung round a corner from south aisle to main nave going eastward, they were slovenly and even rollicking: Elliot judged them severely from the drill point of view; I compared them unfortunately with the sublime purity and slow stateliness of our white-surpliced choristers singing at midnight with torches, 'I am the Resurrection and the Life,' coiling round the Lifeguardsmen with their cuirasses flashing back the tall wax candles they held, in 1837, when William the King was buried in St. George's. Even in their own line we beat the Papists.

I have seen the beloved Abbey since I was at Chartres: it is to the great French church as a peregrine falcon to a kite.

Fine as Chartres is, there is nothing to read in it: where there should be monuments there are altars, needless and tautologous. No doubt there are inexhaustible mines of iconography in the windows, but they are out of sight to any one but a student; there are

forests of sculpture, but all old worn-out subjects. Far rather would I see our frieze with the life of Edward the Confessor, our relief representing André going to his death and Washington refusing to yield to the entreaties of the English flag-bearer. In France you get your flood of hagiology in one place, where no one heeds it but the archaeologist, and your torrent of history in another place, Versailles, where the patient public is driven like a flock of sheep. At the sublime shrine of England we have Christianity in the fairest form, blended with the glowing patriotism of our heroic centuries and the mournfulness of mothers robbed long ago by some fever of their Westminster scholars, young Morgans and Mansels and Cholmondeleys: 'You might know that he was of the ancient stock of the Cholmondeleys,' says the Latin of 1680; and within sound of our intelligible psalmistry is the proud lament for the Lord Aubrey Beauclerk who commanded H. M. S. *Prince Frederick* at Carthage, and had both legs shot off, and would not give up his breath till he had told his first lieutenant how to fight it out against the Spanish forts. And after the anthem is forgotten, I listen affectionately to the country cousins and the ugly London artizans reading to one another the records of Englishmen 'who behaved themselves with honour and applause.' . . .

The yellow bishop read on for ten minutes at a time quite inaudibly, whilst people were scrambling in, children fidgeting in their seats, a virago lifting out chairs to sell them elsewhere, men making gaps in chair-lines for their wives to squeeze through, other men talking aloud; no order, no kneeling, no devout standing, no visible sympathy—in the midst of it, two roughs with hats on

hurrying up the only passage in the nave with an empty sedan chair.

If our prelates would but abolish the Venite, Magnificat, and Nunc Dimittis, or add a great variety of things like introits as substitutes for them; if they would insist on minor canons being dismissed who talk (as a man said on Tuesday in disgust) as if they had pins in their mouths; if there were more antiphonal prayers or litanies; if solo-singing of men were forbidden; our St. George's and Westminster would prevail over all the glories of Rome and Milan and Northern France.

We saw after service the famous black image, drest, however, that day in glittering garments, surrounded with kneeling worshippers and lighted tapers. . .

On the west, instead of clearing out and giving one a chance of looking freely at the splendidly beautiful north-west tower, they are re-building and choking up the space: there is no tree, no turf, near the cathedral. One remembers Canterbury, Lichfield, Ely, Exeter, Wells, and one envies not the French church.

We wandered all over the town, getting down to the little Eure, which might be called 'Sewer,' where there are the smallest possible *blanchisseries*.

'The grace of God in this is seen
That dirty water doth make clean.'

The unworthiness of the river hindereth not the washing of the linen. But I had rather not have my shirts entrusted to the laundresses of Chartres.

That was a grey austere wintry Easter day. I shall forget it: I shall remember the Tuesday, and the return to my worshipful and poetical country, the tomb of Newton ('Let mortals congratulate themselves because there has been so great an ornament of the human race');

the sun behind our palace of law-givers, and the coal-barge with one pair of black oars gliding with the tide under Westminster Bridge; and the swarms of happy children playing in St. James's Park, in the fairest of all city landscapes.

It is worth while to go to France that one may rejoice in the braver and more generous people of England. The very meanness and ugliness of so many streets in London I half like. They built well when they were at peace in Elizabeth's days and George I's days: they built shabbily when they were paying for all the armies which resisted Bonaparte and made us the leading and the knight-errant nation. Our unselfish wars have left their mark on London in miles of featureless street: but no matter; give us fifty more years of peace, and we will have a city worthy of our perfect Thames, whose breadth and curves are all the eye desires. . .

KING'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, *April 26.*—In London three days. A morning at the Portrait Exhibition, where I made friends with Charlotte Brontë, Sir William Napier, Sir Walter Scott, Castlereagh, Wellington, St. Vincent, and others. . . Walter Scott, shrewd yet wistful, boyish yet dry, looking as if he would ask and answer questions of the fairies—him I saw through a mist of weeping. He is my lost childhood, he is my first great friend. I long for him, and hate the death that parts us. . .

There is a peculiar charm about this place now. I am sitting with every window open. Eastwards lies the town, but it makes no noise, though it is half-past nine; westwards I have a broad expanse of the best turf, and a little strip of water and tall trees pointing to the country; a remarkable stillness and

brightness for a town residence. In a few minutes there will be two tall lads here with their teeth unsheathed and their tongues flashing. One of them has planetary eyes and a complete, full, eloquent utterance. I urge him to be an orator, though he is of a Tory house: his father was my schoolmate: . . . this lad has a visible soul. . .

April 28. . . . To please young men is a greater honour than what Horace piqued himself upon, 'pleasing eminent citizens.' But Horace pleased no less his free-hearted Lollius and his ingenuous Scaeva, and gave them the benefit of his twenty years start in life. . .

In the midst of our long evening I went (by request) to see F. on his sick bed; he thinks he would like to come and work at Eton in July as a lodger: quite right. May they prosper that love our Jerusalem. . .

Midnight. I found C. Everard and stopt to talk, . . . then we heard a nightingale, and we walked to the river to get nearer him—moonlight—soft breeze; . . . we had many a turn round the lawn, with no sound but our own voices and bird and wind, and we talked not gossip nor opinions, but odds and ends; he was merry and I not sad. I like him better than the sages.

Plato thought the earth revolved on its axis. Aristotle says, 'those who give, love more than those who receive kindnesses.' The wise men of Trinity College do not know how to praise, so they lack the *finding* of live minds, and it is a poor substitute for this to go on picking dead men's bones.

ETON, *May 2.* I am not well; in bed yesterday. . . But I take up the Journal, with hardly a pen to use, just to record that the human race has been kind to me: and these are my thanks.

I had no voice to greet the boys, but the little ones were unusually considerate, and spoke and moved softly. Thackeray came and talked very friendly; Wayte took some trouble for me, and was very agreeable; Warre came and cheered me when at a bad pinch; Marindin wrote to offer help; Luxmoore sent a verbal offer; S. sent flowers; B. played *Cujus animam*. . .

May 3, 1 p.m. I am reading the most sublime thing in literature, Edward Irving's Journal, window open, sun burning, a cock crowing on the other side of the street; and to my surprise and delight Jeff, my Virginian nightingale, began to sing. He has been here a fortnight, mute all but a little chirp like a feeble cricket: now he has got over his fears: he has seen me sitting still for hours: he was provoked to a noble rivalry by that vulgar rooster. Perhaps it was the first time he heard cockcrow since he left Virginia. I took him from a small dark street between Covent Garden and Regent Street: perhaps he is enlivened by the sun, perhaps by the sugar that I gave him. It was a pretty, cheerful incident: the more valuable, I dare say, because I am not well. He is hushed again, but he is sure not to relapse altogether. . .

I can trust my own judgement better to-day than I could yesterday: so I have been casting horoscopes with the usual audacity, that is to say, writing about boys and interfering with a family. Wholly its own fault.

What a puddle my life is, what an ocean was Irving's life.

May 10. I have this last week in spite of illness begun, and begun forcibly, teaching my youngest boys the elements of science. I began thus: 'What do you

mean by distilled water?' This took perhaps three minutes. 'What is a cube? a cubic foot?' 'Dimensions.' 'Why not four dimensions? Height and depth make one dimension.' 'Specific gravity.' 'Standard of specific gravity.' 'Measure, weight, talent, *τάλαντον*, arm, ell,' Henry I's arm. (Here we got upon Henry I, whom we had done two days before in talking *Annals of England*, when I began with Edgar Atheling and got down to Henry Fitzempres with an account of my visit to Fontevrault.) 'Troy weight—why so called.' 'Weighing money. Stamping. Coining.' I finally ascertained that all five boys could read decimals. This lesson took less than half an hour; yet I was as hoarse as a raven.

Friday evening I had all the older ones, not less than ten of them. We read in Cazin's *Chaleur* a short chapter giving the history of the thermometer. . .

The objection to this teaching is that I can say what I like, the lads are so much at my mercy; I did it pretty well, and their pens scratched. . .

After lecture themes—hard jobs—till 10.40. Virgil construing with Fifth Form. 11. Virgil in school—a beautiful passage, refreshing. They take away Virgil next week—it is taking the priest out of the temple. . .

8. Lecture on Roman Law to a listless set of elder pupils; they hate it: I can't help it; I made some of them learn something. . .

May 14, 8-9.15 p.m. In pupil-room was spread the feast of reason. I had to lay things, blotting-paper, &c.

Came the gentle cleverish A., the gentle stupid B., the great deaf sound-minded C., the intelligent D., my friend E., and F. . . whom I used to like and encourage, . .

and with these were sundry tame scamps not worth naming.

I had chosen a page of Émil Souvestre's *Souvenirs d'un Bas-Breton*, a book long ago recommended by Captain Wilson¹. I read a few words, they wrote; thus we got through twenty bits of conversation, including every participle and pronoun that needs special attention. When they had finished writing I called up one to read what he had written and spell it to me; thus we spelt every word, noted every accent and apostrophe. By this time the hour was nearly gone; Frank Tarver came in by appointment, and read the page out to them, whilst I stopt him several times to make them attend to the pronunciation where I had missed the *finesse* of it; he went in three or four minutes, then I translated it to them. This was a solid, minute lesson, not babyish. As soon as they were gone I met in the inner room six of my little pupils, and we talked leisurely, without any excitement or emulation, of English kings, of emperors, and Templars. . .

Friday, May 15, 7 p.m.—Dictation—seven good lines of Aeschylus, twenty or thirty of Cicero, a good legal and ethical bit from *De Finibus*—three-quarters of an hour doing it and explaining; very solid work, half an hour talking to the boys about their mistakes in this and in theme—my old ones did theme much better than the new ones. . .

3 p.m. Confusion about lessons—great heat. . . I silenced all discussions as to what the lesson was, by announcing a lecture on the bit of Livy which they had to translate last week; and for thirty-five minutes I gave them as

¹ Admiral Wilson, father of Sir Roland Wilson, Bart.

much Latin syntax as any man can give in the time, and in spite of the heat they listened. But I was half ill.

Monday, May 17. It will be a dull world where there is no weeping.

How am I to get through this week? If anything would help me it would be the tunes, such as *Cujus animam*. . .

Friday, May 22. One of my worst days this week I was strolling in the playing-fields, and a child ran up to give me a hand; a surprise. It was my true friend Dora, wholesome, cool, white, and courageous.

My photographs of statesmen, soldiers, and poets have come. Wordsworth is gone back in disgrace, so is Faraday; Walter Scott, twice over, is small and muggy. Pitt, John Moore, Dalhousie, Havelock, Outram, Colborne, and many more are bad, but Castlereagh will do. Wm. Napier is magnificent, Durham, Melbourne, Macaulay, Fowell Buxton are good and welcome. . .

I get on well in German. I have had some tunes beating on the mind as the waves beat. Life in a haze, but luminous still. . .

May 23.—3 p.m. Expounding Tacitus and Roman history to three dozen beery, sleepy, ignorant lads . . . forty minutes of Pharaoh in the sands, drag, drag. . .

5.10 p.m. Desks cleared for action—8 students. They found their MSS. ready for them, with marks and corrections, and a fresh discourse, delivered without a hitch and completed exactly at the right time. I was in my big chair for rest, but to my delight I found new matters rising to the mind and tongue, and enriching what I had prepared; and I daresay I liked my innings as well as Gladstone liked his coincident and equally timed speech on the Irish Church. . .

Sunday, May 24, 12.45 p.m.—I read a dull Martyrdom to eight small boys. 2. I talked about butterfly life, i.e. frivolity, to nine boys; then we read Ecclesiastes for some time, to their great relief, I think. Then I took up Christina Rossetti and read, with my recovered voice, and with my best skill, the *Royal Princess, Lady Maggie*, and the *Milkmaid*—excellent true poetry. . .

May 25. To-day I had three stout, loud, emphatic, fierce lectures, using my voice as a horse-drench or syringe. In the intervals my little pupils have been good, lively, and willing; they are certainly a needful accompaniment. . .

May 26. I did Stephen's reign with Fourth Form, showing them architectural scraps and explaining Norman and Gothic, &c.; they were tranquil and moderately intelligent. . . I shall have to take them all out for an expedition soon, they are so good. . .

June 3. Since I was at this book I have read a book through—George Eliot's poem, *Spanish Gypsy*. High mental treat—yet no strong feeling stirred. She spoils the effect by a compromise between narrative and drama, sometimes giving mere stage directions spun out, at other times writing long bits of narrative. It is on the whole a failure as a drama. I have no sympathy with the hero when he goes over to the gypsies for the sake of his sweetheart . . . yet the rhythm is delightful, the sentiments marvellously elevated; there is that psycholatriy in it which is characteristic of the writer.

'To the sentinel

The hour is regal when he takes his post.'

'To die *in vain*—the noblest thing.'

'The saints should have thrown themselves on the Roman swords when their Lord was led to the cross.'

These things will stick to me. Would it make a good Opera? . . .

June 4. What a pity to miss my recollections of *June 2*, which, however, I so fully wrote out in two letters that they are not likely to be lost utterly. Seldom have I had such high pleasure in watching the happy friendship of others and in sharing it after my fashion. Nature did her best to set the little human hearts in her jewellery. . .

SANDROCK HOTEL, NITON, ISLE OF WIGHT, *July 19*, 1868.—Eight hours' journey had not made me feel that I was only just rallying from illness. I walked in the old way, prying and feebly wondering at things that other people would take in at a glance—such as a perfectly dark little path quite overhung with leaves, and holding a little gurgling rivulet that disappeared under the road. . . My road ended at a gate, and seemed likely to be farmish and doggish, so I talked to a big man, perhaps the farmer, about crops and stock, ascertaining that I might go through his farm to the sea, then close by. Here I rejoiced in the yellowness of the corn, for near Eton it is perfectly white like the blasted firs of Rothie Murchus. In a minute I was on a little bit of clean down with a puckered furze brake on the north-west, on my right and behind me, tumbling up to the hill edge which was set with half a dozen fantastic rocks: and in that evening light, near eight, I could see the starved cattle skirmishing up the heights almost up to the protruding rocklets; and in front was the smallest of beaches, just red shingle in patches no bigger than chairs and tables, with white pebbles and lumps big enough to sit upon, and in the waves, which were coming to me softly, were bigger

square lumps, big enough each for a pair of tide-bound lovers. And above the sea a strip of yellow light, and above that a bar of blue cloud quickly disappearing from the headland, to which when I came it hung on, and the glow stronger near the land, the sun himself out of sight. The old smell of sea-weed, one female figure within range of my glasses stooping often to gather something. What were my thoughts?

Little more at first than this. 'They nearly did me out of this by telling me I should find this south side of the island unbearably hot; and I am rewarded for obeying my doctor.' Then a simple line of Horace's occurred to me, 'But that thou art not here all else is joy.' Whom did I wish to be there? Was it the little girl in the train, bony and aged thirteen or so, who was so spirited and so fond of the tall serene Arthur, and so different from the languishing lady who threatened to faint at Basingstoke, and to whose threats Arthur was so politely indifferent? Or did I regret being a lone man? If I had married, as other people do, by this time my wife would be pursy, short of breath, addicted to sal volatile, unable to sing, begrimed with frugality, bent on making me write letters to people whose sons have been my pupils, to make interest for her nephews, cousins, or pet clergy; fretting at my want of progress and my patient submission to all the defeats inflicted on me by younger men, feeling with cruel pain all that I feel with a mild sentimental twinge, and worse than all, drenching me with aphorisms about the Will of God, of which she would be sure to think she knew as much as if she had been admitted to His counsels. . .

The Will of God—how can I tell what it is? I only *take* it. I take it in bed with fever on me. . . I take

it with an even mind when breeze and caressing wave welcome me, and the sky cuts itself into my beloved bars without a skit of feathery white or a petal of pink, when it seems easy to own myself part of the blind, heedless creation, when my will is not in abeyance, but just active enough to give me the pleasure of consent. . . It is very hard to know one's own mind. I am not at all sure that I wished for a companion at all. Do I now? Yes, but not at the price of an indissoluble bond, nor at the price of another innocent person's happiness or freedom.

It was the blueness of the sea, as seen when one got over the edge of the high land and came to this southern slope, that surprised me. Somehow the sea I have seen lately has not been blue enough, and I feared it never would be again. When the pleasing of the eye was a very rare thing with me, in my vile boyhood, there was one annual apotheosis of nature when we went to Clovelly, and the first combe opened V-shape, letting the blue sea into the retreating angle; but when the foreground is yellow corn, sloping from under me, then I am on a level with Ruskin and Tennyson. . .

'The happiest of summer halves.' Never mind health. I have been more active in mind, wasted less time over stupid useless vexing lessons, struggling more effectually with stupid idle unpunctual boys; more successful in regaining my pupils from barbarism, particularly B., F., G.; more happy in making up on Sundays the little quarrels of the week with children such as P., V., L.; more fluent in discourse, more able to hold listeners; more at ease with my friends, and masters, who have been more friendly than ever, more entertained and less bored by visitors; keeping almost all tiresome parents

at arm's length, and receiving as guests some of the most admirable of old Etonians. I wish to remember my day on the river, St. Barnabas, with Montagu Butler, . . . my wonderful poetical evening at Marlow and Harleyford, moonlight and reflected Venus, . . . my fourteen mile walk with F. Wood across the Park on a Sunday evening, my moonlight strolls with him in the playing-fields, my day at Harrow, my two days at Frogmore, my singing-party under the Ankerwyke chestnut; my little tea-party at the Mousetrap¹, and the final musical entertainment of July 17, just before I came away. . .

I have not been to play, concert, or dinner-party, nor to any exhibition, but I have sent other people to operas. I have seen more of the green woods, partly thanks to Ainger and Luxmoore, less of the river banks. I have picked one loosestrife. I have spent a great deal of money in eating and drinking: innumerable little suppers and breakfasts, not one of which has not been really enjoyed by young people with good appetites. I have seen romantic, chivalrous friendships forming under my eye, to which I am almost admitted as a partner. . . I have learnt a little German and a little Political Economy, and read two books which gave me a lift—Kinglake's *Crimea* and *The Spanish Gypsy*. But reading gets less and less satisfactory as I get older. As my Mother used to say, 'It is idle work.'

I have read this week, July 18-24, Pearson's *History of England*, which is instructive and wholesome, though Saturday Reviewish. I fancy it must have been very pleasant to be a baron in Henry III's reign. There was plenty of room in England to move about, and no

¹ His lodging at No. 2, High Street, Eton.

overwhelming insecurity; and to see the pointed arches rising in their virgin boldness must have been the quintessence of poetry.

‘HAND AND SCEPTRE,’ SOUTHBOROUGH, TONBRIDGE. Be forgotten, Niton, Bonchurch, Shanklin, with all your choky walls and stagnant seas, but I will remember Ryde, for there the wind did his duty, almost tempting me to stay, and Solent had a joy tempered and not in-solent¹. Hundreds of little boats, nodded to me to ask me to go out for a sail. I sat in the bows and went proudly to the big Spithead ships, bursting with the news that I had got of our double victory at Wimbledon². . .

July 23. Dreams are, it is true, incommunicable, because when you try to communicate them they become too rational to be like themselves; but are not theopathic impressions, and all that the believers call ‘real,’ no less incommunicable? I wish I could dream of the picture I saw years ago of Kynance Cove; of the sight I had in 1853 of the snowy Alps from the ferry on the Ticino at Sesto Calende; of the Exeter lady with fair hair sitting in a darkened room, whom I saw in 1842—dead long since; of Milan Cathedral; of the Hamoaze at sunrise, as I saw it in August, 1850; of Killarney as it looked to me coming back from Kenmare; of the dolphins under the bows of my ship in the Aegean, racing each other and making intersecting curves of diamond light in the shadow of the prow before the moon set; of the Westminster boat-race at Staines in 1836; of the Fusilier Guards going to the Russian war;

¹ Horace, *Odes* II. 3. 3.

² The Public Schools Challenge Shield and the Spencer Cup.

of my first sight of the Venice Piazza in 1853 ; of W. J.'s soft laughter, and M. G.'s dresses. . .

MOUSE TRAP, *July 24, 10 p.m.*—A cool night, window open though ; my pink has blown since I went away. I have just been out, after writing my letters, to ask news of Stone and Ainger. Found them out. No news then to sleep upon. No certainty of seeing any one in the morning. Rather like Christina's poem, 'When I am dead.' *Loyal je serai*, says somebody. . .

What a comfort to find no quarrel or scolding on the table after a week's absence. . .

Election Saturday, July 25. I went at 8.15 in the glow of sunset up the river to meet the boats coming down. I met swarms and lines of boys coming down. For the most part I escaped them by keeping to the right, favoured by the twilight, but some of them saw me : however I went on like a ghost, silent, looking at no one, bent only on keeping my freedom, my right to go against the stream, my right to see the pretty sight of the long boats and their curtseying flags come out of locks in the light that suits my eyes ; all the vulgarity of their singing did not kill the beauty of their movements. The band—a vile band—played the old 4th of June tune which Scott Holland used to like. There was a half moon on the right, queening it in spite of rowdies ; and I saw a dear form in a light blue coat standing up to take the Henley crew through the crowd of inferior boats. I stood alone, watching, listening, rehearsing the part of a discharged usher. They got clear of each other, and with my glasses I followed their curves of movement far down the dear river. I thought of young men quartered in India hill-forts, droning in

twos or singly through a steaming night, miserably remembering their last row at Eton, pining and craving for lost youthfulness. I, all the while, know that I am as youthful in feeling and in enjoying as the noisy lads in these boats. Presently I was in absolute solitude, sitting on a well-known stile, watching the rockets cross the breadth of South Meadow and Brocas. Now and then a fixed firework blazed up so as to show what I knew to be a mass of people looking on from the bank, and their cheers were transfigured into pure joy at that distance. Clewer Tower in the background; behind a spiritual after-glow; on my right lady moon; wind up stream, letting the little meteors fall slowly, well above the crowd.

I was home in time for my first guest, Alfred Lyttelton. Then they came, one by one, all sober, friendly, quietly cheerful. In good time I got them seated, three in the cabin, twelve in the pupil room, with Elliot in his Victorious¹ dress, helping them to raised pie. Davis my Gyp, and I, did the waiting. Then I got them off to bed in ones and twos. I think, indeed I know, that all were well feasted and gratified. . . . Wolley Dod, my old colleague's son, was near me, sociable and able to talk. Indeed, very few were so absorbed in victuals as not to talk fluently. And the best of having the feast on Election Saturday is that there is sure to be something to talk of. No dissipation, nothing spilt, nothing broken. The whole thing took place in an hour. . . .

Sunday, July 26. In desk at 3 p.m. Hateful service. A steaming crowd, a most lugubrious, wearisome anthem. When will this absurd sort of worship come

¹ The Eton Eight won the Ladies' Plate at Henley this year, F. (Elliot) steering. He was steering the *Victory* on Election Saturday.

to an end; this holocaust, this human incense, this Moloch-squeezing of innocents? . . .

Wednesday I wrote reports of my division whilst they were doing their papers, and I had much talk, not very cheerful, with my poor mournful guest, who was to go for good next day. It was for him a day of burning sympathy. He had been exploring, and with his divining-rod drawing out the griefs of a timid, disappointed, heart-bruised lad, who told him how he liked boys who did not like him—no one liked him. M. did all he could for him, and not altogether without success. He tried, however, in vain to get him the messmate that he longed for. . . .

I have given a pretty copy of *Thomas à Kempis* to my beloved Arthur Lyttelton, cured in a great measure of unpunctuality. . . .

CONISTON, *Saturday morning, Aug. 1.*—After breakfast we trotted on by Carnforth and Ulverston to Furness, and there basked on the turf. Our run at six to Coniston was delightful, improving every mile, with more rock, more broom, more grass, here and there a good bit of sea. . . . I suppose our Sunday there [Coniston] was a day of as much rest as one could get. I was reading *Earthly Paradise*, a singularly primitive, unaffected story, which gave me no head-work and very little heart-ache. We wandered round the lake, till we found a path through a field leading to a convenient slope, and lay there long enough to watch the changes in the hills made by the light killing the haze. We sat and lay in the garden to escape the heat. We took the boat and went softly down the lake, one pair of sculls at work, reached the nice little Lake-bank Inn at sunset, and had a good cheap meat-tea. Then back slowly by moonlight, the

sweetest of voyages, getting in before midnight, welcomed by a kind waitress, who said they had been more than once down the bank to look for us.

To Rev. C. W. Furse.

GRASMERE, August 4, 1868.

If the journals interest you, there is a drawer full at Eton, and some more volumes scattered about England.

I often write at considerable length, leaving out all sordid and vexatious things. I wish I had written more at school; as it is there are records of a whole fortnight and of a month (last May) which may some day be valued as data for an account of Eton life. In another way I sometimes think my journals will be valuable, they will contain some careful studies of people whose biographies will be written, if not published.

To write rapidly is a great pleasure, like skating; it is a pity I don't do it more. . . . But this is not the way in which our philosophers made things that last; and I had rather write at the level *official* style, say like Northcote or Cardwell, on topics of real pressing importance, than skim like a De Quincey.

The other day I had to write a circular about getting our side lanes at Eton visited by the water-cart; and I liked doing this better than anything. On Election Saturday I sat in and wrote an answer to an appeal against our College votes touching Eton Scholarships: this again was enjoyable, because it was of the nature of business.

Then again I put my whole strength into some reports of boys, as last week, when writing about Arthur

Lyttelton. These things are actions, not mere words, as Thucydides says.

When I was ill I was corresponding with a lad who was away from school for bad eyes: this again was work of some sort, and pleasure too. Writing *books* is generally a bit of vanity.

Journal. GRASMERE, Aug. 5.—Proposed to call it Gasmere. Gas is king even here. They put him close to this hostelry, and he poisons my bedroom. I have just done breakfast: I sit in a recess of the good public room. . . The garden is edged with boats, available late and early, and the lake is under a spell of weather such as Wordsworth can seldom have known: the calm of Peel Castle, of the Venus Sonnet, of the Abraham's Bosom Sonnet. Last night we went about in a heavy boat, cushioned and high-backed like a family pew. The moon rose over a low hill fringed with firs, but hardly came out in full force, as she had on Sunday. We wandered round the island, poring over every shoal, peering into every little dimple, listening for strange sounds, hearing only a scream, perhaps an owl's, and a whirry fluffy squattering of wild duck; talking of the reasons for living at Eton, of the incomparable breeding of our boys, of the true studies of their characters which we can make; of sundry little bits of grace and virtue actually noticed. . .

We drink gallons of tea to keep up against the heat: never were there three such tea-drinkers. We do not smoke; we talk plainly about theories of Providence and the like, without wrangling or mutual torture; we talk poetry, and quote the ancients in a spirit of travesty like

Trevelyan. We say things that raise laughter not worth recording. . .

Here are three ages of man counter-changed and rainbowed. . .

In this peaceful, half-mourning poisoning of the mind, I can hover over the remembrance of ten days. . .

BORROWDALE, *Wednesday, Aug. 6.*—The first evening we walked up the valley a good way and looking leftwards up the narrow glen that seems to point to Langdale, we saw broad ‘nappes’ of light, two of them, thrown bounteously on steep green grey slopes, with a grace far beyond the reach of art, but not quite beyond the grasp of loyal memory. We halted at a bridge, and I, by long importunities and display of a coin, beguiled first a little girl leading a little brother in a check gabardine, which made him like Holman Hunt’s Holy Child, and then a second group of one biggish girl and two little things. Conversation was languid, but I saw their good figures and complexion. The sixpence was thrown, and the spirited girl got it. . .

Saturday. It was a long pleasant descent to the outskirts of Keswick, and we were home before eight. A splendid day’s—not work, but—breathing and gazing; let us say living. The goodness of the horses, their easy trotting with a light carriage, helped greatly to the enjoyment of things. Plenty of walking, for the hills turned us out frequently; no heat or dust; the easiest talk and the simplest listening; a myriad tunes whistled, little observations of girl and dog, of a caterpillar high up on an oak, which our entomologist could reach only by climbing up my back; of ragged Robin in the hedge, just one scrap of it; little recollections of Wordsworth, perhaps prompted by the guide-book. For his sake

I was inclined to call the ragged Robin champion. Perhaps this perfect country might have engendered a better poet; but we owe him much. . .

Sunday, Aug. 9. At night I read Stapylton's annotated Eton lists, 1856. The first sixty boys included the remnant of my famous division which I had in 1851, and in these sixty there were eighteen who took first-class degrees at Oxford and Cambridge; but there were other pages that gave me an ache—names that presented no associations, poor obscure things, whom one might have helped a little; and it is piteous to see the humble records that correspond so poorly with young aspirations, 'settled in a town,' 'Lieutenant of Warwickshire Militia,' 'in business in London,' 'barrister:' this is a very common entry: yet I could see only two names of men who are doing well in law, both pupils of mine, both graceful versifiers.

Monday, Aug. 10. On our way home we had an edge of fiery sunset glow over the heights on our left, and on the right just over the other hill was a fragment of rainbow. We found it a long walk, and though we wasted no time we were not back till past nine, five hours' steady foot-work—not bad for me. And at tea we were all alive. . .

PATTERDALE, *Wednesday, Aug. 12.*—What a series of jokes and laughs we had yesterday! This morning we have been planning, studying *Bradshaw*, suffering pangs of irresolution—two of us, not I. . . Last night, when I came in, I read Huxley's *Physiology*. . . To-day I have been reading a well-written dissertation on Plato's dialectic. He knew nothing of verification; his conception of 'nature' is totally different from the modern one. I was amused with Plato's 'dichotomy,' giving by many stages a limiting definition of weaving.

I have been reading again that singular life of Sir William Napier. He says the Duke of Wellington had a great mind, not a great heart. . . He is noble when he speaks up for the common people for the sake of the big Irishman Eccles, who showed his gratitude for being let off flogging by sheltering Napier from fire as they raced up to the rocks on the Nivelles. Let me remember too how Napier grieved for young O'Connell, whom he persuaded to volunteer with himself for St. Sebastian, and so sent to death. The lad was to be promoted if he came back. His mother was maintained by him out of his pay. And the lad, Edward Freer, coming just before the fight to take shelter under Napier's cloak and tell him with sobs that he knew he was to be killed and bring sorrow to mother and sister.

Wednesday, Aug. 19. After leaving Sweetheart Abbey we walked, past a little mill stream, up a lane, across a cornfield, up a queer little sunken brook-side path, tangled with old dead roots, rich in broom and hazel, gemmed with rare ferns; across the brook, till then half hidden, on to a gentle brae, where the lighter heath (not ling, I think) grew in big masses like low furze, and smelt of honey under that strong sun almost too much; over a wall, on to the real hill side. My companions saw clearly, I dimly, from the top of Criffell the northern side of Skiddaw. . . They lamented, and I did not, that Solway was not at high tide: I liked the streaks. I wished we could have remained up there in the cool air till sunset, when I should have seen more of the Redgauntlet waters, and there would have been a better colouring. As it was, our descent was pleasant, as the flanking out-works looked singularly well, and there were little lacings of distant water, lochs of Dum-

fries that I had never heard of. The ground threw up rabbits and grouse, the heath was worthy of Hymettus. Let me in charity forget the flies, our only enemies.

Driving home, through the sunset, we said nothing, but tunes came to the surface, with images of Lanercost and Sweetheart and gentle womanhood, and a little compassion for the harvesting people who were passed on the road, bent some of them, and going to no supper. . .

STRANRAER, *Tuesday*.—A wet and disappointing journey of eighty miles by rail brought us hither. This is a new-looking place, but it has some old thatched hovels. In the little harbour were only five or six little colliers, of about forty tons burden: rusty grass-grown rails on the pier, scores of people catching sand-eels with their hands. Loch Ryan, which I choose to think is Loch Royan from which sailed forth Fair Annie¹ the forsaken lady, looked dull and grey, with a brisk gale blowing down the throat. But by good luck first one boat and then another set sail and put out of harbour, tacking boldly in beating up, seeming to us wondrously courageous, popping up and down, and amusing us for half an hour, whilst we took in sea fragrance and appetite. . .

After luncheon we were reduced from three to two. Once more I had a mutely pathetic parting with a companion who suits me singularly well.

LAWERS, CRIEFF, *Aug. 28*.—Eighteen hours' journey, of which three were spent at Stirling. The moon failed me where I wished for her, at the back of Hawes Water, and in darkness we swept by the scenes of toil and of gay Cambridge chattering; and when the sun was up, all was prose. I took one more taste of poetry in Westminster Abbey, where the vulgar Britons go in and out softly;

¹ *Ionica*, 'A poor French sailor's Scottish sweetheart.'

reverencing the beautiful dark roof; and St. Jude's pious railing sounded like parlour thunder, and Farrant's well-worn anthem, doing duty in the absence of the organ, was our scanty reward for listening to a long feeble discourse on St. Paul's death-rapture, that theme which bears no modulations.

I took my usual walk in St. James's Park, but with the grand addition of the Thames Embankment, where the little gamins were clambering on the granite wall and teasing the policemen, and there was a new and striking view of St. Paul's with so much glittering foreground of new masonry, and the river broke against the embankment stairs like the sea: again was I proud of London. . .

Fenton's Hotel is as good as my College in the way of a substitute for a home; the waiter almost feeds one like a spoon-child. The shops I haunt, Pickering's for books, Parker's near Leicester Square for old prints, are quite as familiar and comfortable as at Eton or Cambridge. Indeed, altogether I find London as homely as anything in the provinces, and if the people in the streets talked English like the Welsh or the Cumbrians I should be very happy there. The great delight in London, which I took fully this last Monday, is listening to the Guards' band at St. James's, and walking with them towards their barracks. No girl has a steadier 'scarlet fever' than I.

Dover by moonlight at 11 p.m. was so brilliant as to be almost uncanny. The sea was quite at rest, the ship, on deck, almost empty. I lay on the bench with my bag for the pillow, with summer trousers leaving me as cold in the shins as Socrates in *Phaedo*, but otherwise snug enough. Got to Ostend at three. . . At two or so I was

at Aix la Chapelle, and soon found my Brother on his bed, cheerful and reading. . . I read Heine's *Frenchmen and Germans*, in French. It is hard to believe that his wicked cruel wit can be brighter in German. He is a mocking fiend as far as I can see. . .

Thursday, Sept. 3. We three, two women and I, dared face the sun before dinner and see the cathedral with great pertinacity, working the verger and listening to the silken and banded sacristan or treasurer, who in slovenly French enumerated all the relics as he showed them, with a reiterated list of precious stones, as he fingered the reliquaries. I took more interest in the odd architecture of the nave than in the splendid treasures of the sacristy; and it seemed to me that Charlemagne had been rivalling on a small scale the St. Sophia of Constantinople—at least the circular broad gallery reminded me thereof. I was also much struck with his possessing and displaying a good deal of classic art objects; the relief with the Rape of Proserpine, and some engraved gems and cameos. And then the mere plain rubies and emeralds are the most changeless things that have reached us from the Pagans. We actually see certain things of exactly the same colour and form that they had in Cicero's time, gems. . .

To-day I read a little of Shairp's printed Lectures on Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Keble. . . He was a friend of my Brother's at Oxford. . . It was to us two to-day like the opening of old drawers to compare notes about Shairp's remarks on Wordsworth. All three of us tasted at the same time of that spring, then hallowed by the best of young Englishmen. We agreed to-day in thinking the Immortality Ode overrated. We agreed in saying that Wordsworth, though

running down 'poetic diction,' does nevertheless himself produce his fine effects by ingenious and Virgilian harmonies of words, such as 'the light that never was,' 'the consecration and the poet's dream,' and that his Borrodaile yews owe their success to the same skill as Tennyson displays, e. g. 'murmuring in Glaramara's inmost caves.' I said, and I repeat it here, that Wordsworth's best contribution to human happiness is the sonnet about the 'dear child' walking with him by the seaside on a summer evening 'untouched by solemn thought' seemingly, of whom he says at the end of the sonnet —

'Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year, . . .
God being with thee when we know it not¹.'

And we came together upon the planet Venus—

'In her humility
Touching the borders of this seat of care,
Bright not less with love than light².'

It is wonderful that we should, without forcing ourselves or learning or imitating, take from Wordsworth by inheritance, as we take tastes from our parents, that crenopathy and uranopathy, that yielding of ourselves to running water and to still clouds, which seems to predispose us for the recognition of delicate simplicities in child or peasant, and tunes us for the street or the schoolroom.

¹ Sonnet 'On the beach at Calais' (1802).

² Quoted from memory: the lines are—

'Who that looks on thee
Touching, as now, in thy humility
The mountain borders of this seat of care,
Can question that thy countenance is bright,
Celestial Power, as much with love as light?'

Yarrow Revisited, &c. (1831), Sonnet xvi, 'To the Planet Venus, an Evening Star.'

We are the sons of Wordsworth, and after a quarter of a century which has fed us with highly-spiced dainties, here we are back again with the unlearned prophet of Nature, back to our moonlight and mountain shadows, and the healing touch of Nature.

Friday, Sept. 4. I wrote my best this morning for an hour or more about the encouragement of poor students at Universities, putting into form for the press things that I have said these last two days to brother and nephew. But the pen, like Dousterswivel's divining rod, brings out notions that do not come out in talk. . .

Saturday, Sept. 5. I have been haunted to-day by these lines:—

‘Will no one tell me what she sings?—
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago¹.’

What a charm there is in the unexpected word ‘unhappy!’ Wordsworth heard that reaping girl in some such valley as the Braes of Balquhiddy where I walked twelve days ago. . .

Sunday, Sept. 6. Shairp says philanthropy began with the Christians; that is not quite true. The Spartan reformers, the Gracchi, Lucretius, and Cicero were more or less philanthropists. The Jews had taught humanity already.

Liddon scouts the notion of obscure fishermen moving Roman society by any natural influence apart from inspiration. He might know, if he liked, that the Jews had great influence with the Romans, an influence closely resembling that of Jesuits or spiritual directors. He says

¹ ‘The Solitary Reaper’ (1803).

there is no example of a man being mythicized in historical times. Nanek, the founder of the Sikhs, was.

I relish, however, Shairp's account of J. H. Newman, and of his own undergraduate days in his essay on Keble; and it moved me to read of Keble bringing Newman and Pusey to his own house, a few months before his death. I remember Keble preaching at Hursley in 1849, and it just agrees with Shairp's account of him. So we agree in the impression of Newman's reading the Lessons, and the hushed awe which one felt at meeting him in the street.

My Eton song is finished and copied out. It is written with assonances and alliterations like very old English poems, but it has not enough fusion. It is a failure. I must be content with prose. Too old for verse; the little slender vein is worked out. But I have my readers, like better men. . .

I read once more to-day Shakespeare's singular sonnet¹ in which he begs to be forgotten by him or her whom he so loves that he cannot bear to give pain to him or her by being remembered after death. It is the kind of self-sacrifice which might be called morbid; and, judging from my own quasi-sensations, I am inclined to think that it is factitious or forced; but it has a charm in its bitterness. It reminds me of Jean Valjean, retiring to die alone that he may not mar the wedded life of the girl, whose name I forget. How bitter is the phrase in the last two lines, 'The wise world.'

I think we have overvalued our seventeenth-century poets, as compared with the Gray, Collins, Thomson set.

¹ Sonnet lxxi. The lines are—

'Lest the wise world should look into your moan,
And mock you with me after I am gone.'

I once wrote some rhymes entitled *Amaturus*¹; they were very like a variation on Crashaw's lines about the possible She, which I hit upon to-day and read for the first time. I am quite certain that I had never read the Crashaw when I made my thing. . .

Monday, Sept. 7. Now, what shall I do with all my purchases? It amuses me to go on thinking of the people to whom they are to be given. I am however teased a little by misgivings—will it be good enough for his (or her) acceptance? Silly, slight, trivial thoughts. Meanwhile the married man thinks of his little girl, left to-day with her aunt, and of his wife packing for an early start. How is it that married people don't openly despise bachelors for using saucers and spoons instead of tureens and mops? Perhaps it is as well for the shops that there are a few bachelors.

I get on a hair's breadth in talking German. Barring the presents, it is a very frugal life here, cheaper than at Cambridge. . . This frugal life agrees with my body; as for the mind, poor thing, it brings out its rummage like a pawnbroker, all sorts of likes and dislikes and half-thoughts. It is an onion—many skins, all skin. . .

Studying my coins to-day I saw a florin, with a whiskered head tied up with a feeble pigtail: poor Francis Joseph, calling himself King of Hungary, Bohemia, Lombardy and Venice. His kingdoms break off like bits of a starfish. He was in my pocket with a coarse overbearing thaler, so I took him out and hid him away to keep. I should like to do some service to the poor, well-meaning, bruised reed. And I am sorry for Leopold II², whose boy is dying. These crowned heads are everybody's cousins, and I am thinking in

¹ *Ionica*, I. p. 31.

² King of the Belgians.

unison with many a good Fleming and Styrian when I pity them.

A., the heavy rheumatist, tells Nephew that the negroes in Jamaica are harmless people very harshly treated by planters, and getting no justice from the magistrates, who are planters. It was no wonder they broke out. It is easy for this plain, quiet, homely man to see such a thing as this. It was not easy for Luther to see that the peasants had grievances. Heine sneers viciously at Luther as if he were a toady of princes, and had betrayed his followers in condemning John of Leyden and those poor preachers of equality, and it does seem odd that A. should be capable of a more generous thought than Luther. But A. would not have gone to Worms with his chin stuck out, snorting at the Pope.

Wednesday, Sept. 9. There is a want of physical beauty in Albert Dürer, and he does not give his figures space enough, and his landscapes are huddled; but 'the painful riddle of life,' the grave compassion, the sadness of him who must condemn and cannot heal, are in his designs more than in any other art; and it strikes me that his good sad mind was pained with the foreboding of the religious wars that were to follow the great German struggle which he witnessed. He could not be serene and ambrosial like the Italians reposing in their infallible Church, who had both worlds smoothed for them by the Pope. . .

Thursday, Sept. 10. A pretty day. It brought me one letter from Edinburgh, full of youthfulness and worthy of a Phaedrus, and one from an old Cambridge ally¹ living in Argyleshire asking me to cross over from Perthshire and explaining the route. I should have

¹ Hugh Blackburn of Roshven, Argyleshire.

learned something in that house, where the lady draws the birds before they stiffen: but what I like is being invited by a man who knew me as an undergraduate; for of those honest well-spent years I have hardly a trace or relic. Some are dead—some are gone to the Pope—many serve the world—no one cares much for me. I did not make strong friendship then, as other young men do, partly because of poverty, chiefly because of mental perplexity and the fear of men's opinions. Yes, opinions were the thorns in my path. I remember my resolve to sweep away all opinions and look for facts; such a plague it is to be half-educated: but the thistle-down of sentiment hung about me all the time, luckily, and at the worst I never smoothed myself for Belial or for Mammon. Men would have liked me then, in the undergraduate days, if I had let them, and it was humility, not pride, that kept me back from intimacies. . .

I do well to go back to-morrow. I have my lessons to learn. I am to go to-morrow through a land where many kind mothers are thinking of one mother—their Queen, who is in agony for her boy. No wonder they worship Mary.

KING'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, *Sept.* 15.—Of my journey nothing shall be said, but that I for two hours delighted in the lively sea, in all the Galateas and Cymodoces that gambolled behind the paddles. Then, finding the head ache a little, took the heavy hat off, hoisted umbrella, and again enjoyed the air: then got into *Kef*, and almost sleep: then, after five hours of *euploia*, landed very hungry and enjoyed food unusually. I was here before eleven, and had a faithful, gentle friend to receive me, who has been with me three days since, with croquet, *flâne*, and *δαριστός*.

STRATTON, HAMPSHIRE, *Sept.* 17.—Yesterday I left my ever-memorable rooms and respected servants, and scarred lawn with a single harebell ladying it over the grass. . . . By night I was in this excellent house, the guest of a truly good man¹. . . . His guests were Lord Eversley and his daughter, Lord and Lady E., Mr. and Mrs. R. I have seldom relished anything much more than sitting next to the old Speaker and listening as he talked to others. . . . I keep on catching the majestic lower notes of his voice, which in his prime in Peel's days I have heard singing 'Order at the *Bar.*' And to-day I was all alive when he talked of Graham and Palmerston (not to me, but to Lord E.). 'Graham was the ablest man I ever knew at analysing a bill.' 'Better than Henley?' 'Yes, much better than Henley—of a higher stamp. Yet he never got through a speech without saying something to get himself into a scrape. For instance, when praising a new ship he said it was like the *Royal George.*' In the Pacifico debate he began by saying, 'Well, Mr. Speaker, I think we've had enough of *Nisi Prius.*' . . . I wish there had been more of this critical record. Anyhow, I delight in seeing this wholesome, dignified man, so cheerful and liberal still—all alive about geraniums, which he grows, and South-downs which he wants to buy, and County business; not less brisk about Commissions on which he has served, and schemes for the British army and the Irish Church. He told me with some joy about the great improvements in his school, Winchester. He is a good listener—not a man of marked shrewdness, but just what the First English Commoner should be in bearing. . . .

¹ Lord Northbrook.

He says that Mr. Pitt's real last words were about the veal pies at Bellamy's. . .

It is possible that it may be worth while to record the time table of a country house in 1868. This is our day:—We are called at eight, shutters unbarred (this is a detestable practice, shuttering, I rebel against it). Gong at nine. We meet in the library. My Lord reads Job, chapter vii, without a word of comment. Job tells us we are not to rise from the grave, which is a doctrine decidedly out of harmony with the prayer which follows. We talk a few minutes; then to breakfast, where the girl, aged fifteen, makes coffee, and the servants hand round delicate morsels of hot meat; not at all a coarse meal. Then we all rise together. I find myself soon in the Library. I rummage. Two ladies come in and *cause* over photographs, leaving me alone. When I calculate the housemaid has done her worst in my room, I go to it. Then, with an open lattice, letting in the bird voices and tempting me to look at a beloved cedar, I sit and scribble. Meanwhile all the males are shooting—females writing letters, I hope. I stroll. I find the shrubbery and glades empty. I can look at every tree at leisure, squeeze the fragrant juniper berries, and count the acorns on a spray. Then I go with F. to see the shooting-people, and share their very solid luncheon under a rick of sainfoin. The luncheon is plain but excellent. I eat more than I should eat indoors with the ladies, and our talk is more lively. I come back sooner than they, and read again: but at six I go to the schoolroom and join the ladies at tea. My host comes too, and calls me off for a grave private talk in the adjoining small morning room, which is the meeting-place before dinner. Then I go back and get a feast

of music. At eight, very punctually, gong and dinner: this punctuality is delightful, and has a moral effect. . . . When we returned to the library we had too many things offered to us: after coffee, liqueur, then tea, then seltzer water, finally tobacco. Two ladies and two males played whist, the rest talked. No music, no general conversation. This is liberty, but not mutual improvement. All my host says about politics is genuine partisanship, but sound Liberalism, considerate patriotism, public spirit, prudence, generosity.

SOUTHBOROUGH, *Monday, Sept. 21.*—I have been here two days with a man who hates Liberals, hates the enemies of the clergy, hates the restorers of churches, hates the nineteenth century, yet bridles his tongue, refrains from sarcasm, cherishes his friendships, struggles against the vices of boys, returns them good for evil, loves art austere, feasts upon the sight of his blue paper seen through his geranium leaves, leaps with delight to a quince tree on catching the smell in the lane, forgets his fatigue in joy at pointing out a grey owl slowly and lowly flying across the dusky field, broods with ardency (as Keats would say) over the soul-like pink waves of the sunset, and stands with me delighting in the gay graceful picture¹ of the boy in fancy dress—Henry Sidney, afterwards Lord Romney; and listens to me respectfully when I tell him of the greater Henry Sidney, conqueror of Ireland, the happy father of Philip, for the vindication of whose honour Philip forsook the Court and quarrelled with his terrible Queen. . . .

ETON, *Friday, Sept. 25.*—7.30 a.m. I began work

¹ At Penshurst.

again, entering on my seventieth term. I find several old friends are volunteering for my Political Economy Lectures. . . All Friday I worked hard. At seven began extra work with Fifth Form pupils—French, Greek, &c. . . I am in my twenty-fourth year of professional life, unwearied, ready for fresh burdens.

Tuesday, Oct. 21. I am too busy for this book to grow. Yesterday I made, for the first time, an election speech. It was in the Windsor Theatre. I had to follow men who had been tickling the electors with fun. I gave them plain, instructive stuff, and did not try or wish to make them laugh. On reflection I think it was a spirited but prudent speech. . . . This bit of work gave me no more trouble than a school lecture—not so much, nor did it make my pulse higher; only my lips got dry by opening my mouth over the gas foot-lights. I had two little walks to-day, half an hour each. After a turn round Upper Club I strolled into the Chapel churchyard, not the new cemetery. There was a great charm in the sun traps between the buttresses, and I wish to see the place given up to very young children as a playground. . . All my spare time goes to music and conversation with three or four boys, but I have plenty of solitude, bestowed on the preparation of lessons and lectures. Blanche Cornish came and looked at prints and china. I made her happy by giving her a cup and saucer. . . I have had a heap of work with school books. I have been to the Head Master about our telescope¹, and things are well in train. He is co-operative; Dalton and Mozley do well about it. If I get it done it will be a victory. Last night I saw the Pleiads for the first time through a glass. The big

¹ The telescope in the New Schools at Eton was a gift from W. J.

stars were fiery red to me, and like the big pendants of a chandelier compared with the little ones. I saw also β Cygni—a double star—the two close together. This beats me, this Universe: how odd it is that there should be a possible conception or belief of *one* Universe. . . . This evening I lectured Arthur Lyttelton and his class on the history of music, from Hullah and Moscheles. Two things have occurred to me. Dante and his fellows shaped a language available more than any other for music, three hundred years before there was any music ready for it. Searching for a symbol of infinity, the fourteenth and fifteenth century people threw up high cathedrals. These were not suited for musical sounds, yet in music men were to find what architecture could not give, 'faithful comforting.' Real happy music began when Jesuits began to build low-vaulted churches; 'a shut-in place gives back a sweet sound¹.' . . .

To-day Joynes preached to the Fourth Form most religiously, tenderly, patriarchally; genuine deep Protestant religion: we had many masters there. A varied, active, peaceful day: not without mirth, for we had a very pleasant party at Ainger's, with floods of laughter.

Oct. 28. There was no time for singing before Chapel. I was with the Fourth Form an hour. Athanasius was more horrible than usual, and Church Militant and Commandments more odious. At 11.20 we were off to the Beeches in a break; Ainger and Marindin were the ushers in charge, I a rover only. We sang a little on the way, first driving, then walking through the woodland. We raced about the dells, and had to shout shrilly to get together. They cut sticks, climbed trees, picked ferns, combined in groups and broke up, freely.

¹ Horace, *Sat.* I. 4, 76.

We went through Dropmore with unusual vagabondry, with a dull gardener. . . We dined at 2.30 and enjoyed the fire, then walked up the bank to the locks, explored a brewery, looked in at a flour mill, ran races. We drove back in the dusk. At 5.30 we all came to the Mouse Trap and hanelled my German tea-things, finishing the Greek honey which Elliot gave me. We had songs too. This perfect party broke up at 8.30.

DUKE OF CORNWALL HOTEL, PLYMOUTH, *March* 31, 1869.—At 11.15 Elliot and I went across the Park to Farnborough: found a regiment there just starting for Aldershot. Walked with them—a jolly beginning of a tour, and a good way of spending an hour. Dined at Winchester. Good old Gib¹ came to dine, and talked on fluently and freshly about his scores of acquaintances, and discussed his little military topics. . .

We strolled down the pretty little river and had a scramble; we trespassed in Wolvesey Hall grounds to see the handsome mediaeval house; we explored the school buildings, only the outside. Elliot and I had seen St. Cross the day before. I left the two to talk after dinner and wrote reports. . .

Saturday. Gib came after breakfast to see us off. He is just what he was; a genuine boy, and a good soldier withal.

An hour at Exeter: Cathedral looked jewellish and brilliant after Salisbury. I am glad to say the monuments interested me exactly as they did the last time I saw them, particularly the tablets in memory of Scotch and Northern people who came to prolong their lives

¹ Francis Gilbert Dyke Acland, of the Rifle Brigade: died, Aug. 24, 1874, aet. 31.

in the mild climate of Devonshire. Exeter looked so bright and prosperous that I was proud of it: there was blossom in the fruit gardens, and for a minute I hoped I was running away from the winter.

Torbay did not look bright. At sunset we came to the Dart with joy increased by hunger—and we liked the view out of window because of a full moon. We drank cyder and were hopeful. But next morning early the wicked wind rattled horribly in the windows of our new over-summerish hotel, and there was no ferry to take us over to Dartmouth, and I had to throw away all my plans of going to see coast-scenery. We went to church on our own side: people were very attentive in lending books there; the singing dragged like a plough.

We went off for a walk—got on to the steepest of plough lands sloping to the sea. Sea calm in spite of the wind; ugly clouds making pretty reflections. A long scramble round a conspicuous lime-kiln, picked a few pretty flowers—but there was no great amount of West England or Gulf Stream attainable. . .

Whilst Elliot was packing I was sitting in the public room, listening to a good conversation about the prospects of Dartmouth, by which I learnt something; also reading; but I learn less from books than from men: this stage I have reached, at which I used to wonder: the odd thing is that one should as a matter of course, so to speak naturally, go first into the other way of thinking, so as to imagine that one does learn more from books. However, a mixture of the two is best. . .

PLYMOUTH, *Thursday*.—We saw docks and ships under the wing of Captain Napier of the *Lion*, a very kind, even-mannered man. He showed us first *Achilles*, then *Lord Clyde* and *Prince Albert* turret-ship: here

he made us laugh at his expense by suddenly appearing with his honest face inside one of the helmets or cowls which protect the turret marksman from everything but direct 'facers.'

He and I stood together in the absurd little box which is to be held in action by the captain and the master, or, as it will be hereafter, the 'navigating lieutenant'—and I thought humorously of Nelson's being in such a cupboard, and sadly of 'the gallant, good Riou,' who had no such protection when he made *Amazon*, weak frigate, stand still before a Danish battery to do the work of a *Russell* gone aground, and when a round shot plumped into a squad of marines hauling at a brace, said, 'Never mind, boys; let us die together'—and died straightway, fighting against an enemy whom he could never have hated. Napier of the *Lion* would do no less—all for dear honour; not for our trickling tears and echoing ballads. I said to Napier, 'Will you be so good as to show us *Canopus*?' and some time after I anxiously reminded him—and indeed I feared he would forget the old ship in the crowd of scientific novelties. But when we sat at luncheon (Her Majesty's beef was hot and her pork was cold. I ate the pork to be like a seaman, and I munched biscuit patriotically, thinking it was ship biscuit—but it wasn't) there was *Canopus* lifting a fair bosom over a lap of shadow, for the sun was out just then for a cheerful hour.

That day we rowed past this beautiful model ship, Nelson's trophy; next day we sailed by her twice, and I made my companions, who had never heard of her under [that] name or the old name *Franklin*, care for her more than for unbattered *Renowns* and *Revenues*. . .

At 11.15 we walked back in charge of our host,

who said 'Friend' to challenging sentries, and cleared the Fort; and then in the street appeared his funny little dog Vesper, with ears like a bat, skirmishing behind every dirt heap. . .

Marindin¹, a handsome, spirited engineer, treated us to the stout rowing and skilful sailing of four little blue-coated sappers, who wriggled admirably through a Stansfield sea, took us to Drake's Island, where we saw yet one more fort and felt like Guy Fawkes when threading the tunnels of the magazine, and in open air discussed the proper form of an embrasure as if we were sappers at least. . .

I proposed that . . . we should go up Hamoaze and renew our acquaintance with *Canopus*. So we had a merry sail and went far enough to see *London* (who fought at Sebastopol), *Howe* (who never went to sea), *St. Jean d'Acre*, *Orlando*, and many more; and Saltash Bridge at the end of all—an admirable cruise, and not late for the train.

Thanks to Marindin; item to Cox and Napier—and to the anonymous worthy sailors and sappers who boated us. Now we are real Englishmen; we have been in the heart of the fighting nation.

Suppose there is a war—how we shall throb for every engineer! how we shall send our hearts with every iron-clad! Yet we must tarry by the stuff. . .

KING'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, *Sunday, April 11.*—Coming here to be alone I feel rather sad, and the Journal serves to remind me of hours spent cheerfully.

Bindon², where I was nine days ago, is a truly cheerful home. Elliot was very silent there, but his face often lit up when Warre made fun, quoted, or sang; and the

¹ Major Marindin, R. E.

² Near Wellington, Somerset.

ladies got him to play b zique, and to talk so far as to say he should like to spend his whole life at Eton. . .

Monday. A long drive by Bishop's Lydeard, where we saw the church, to Crowcombe, at the foot of Quantock, to which, in honour of S. T. Coleridge and his Sara, we clomb by a good beechy, ferny dell and got a good view of the Severn sea. . .

Tuesday. I sat five or seven hours to Miss Margaret Warre, sculptress, for a medallion profile portrait in clay. They said it was a good likeness, and I got great credit for being a singularly good sitter. My captivity was beguiled with some music of Miss Florence's. . .

April 22. This has been a remarkable day—the wedding of Charles Wood and Lady Agnes Courtenay. It was in St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, which was full, galleries and all; the central passage left empty and carpeted with red. I could not see to the end, except just the outlines of the bride; but I heard and imagined. It was a solemn, rapt congregation: there was a flood of music and solemn, tender voices. The married man and woman took the Lord's Supper with hundreds of witnesses who did not communicate—doubtful religion. Perhaps a good many were Church Union folk, honouring their chairman.

After a long pause and some preliminary ushering, the married ones came out. Charles Wood was the wrong side for me, but he reached across with his left hand, silently. . .

I missed their mother; but I saw their tall, bony, grey father. It is seventeen years since I first spoke to him; he was then in his hard, ambitious, combative stage: I have watched him since gathering youth—yes, a new kind of youth, from sons and daughters. To-day his and

his wife's joys are the ineffable mysteries that Izaak Walton speaks of. I trust the moon shines in Belgrave Square as it does here. I saw and was greeted by Augustus Legge¹, who got a little sunstroke at Marlow with Charles Wood in my boating party, in 1856: now a clergyman 'proper.' . .

Then I walked off with Henry and Frederick Wood to their house, and thence across Hyde Park, which was in beauty new to me, to Grosvenor Square; but they could not persuade me to go in. I put my invitation in here, being proud of it. Had I taken advantage of it I should have been out of place. The wedding joy gives me a little agony of weeping which is inconvenient with people sitting opposite, and with social necessities of talk and simper; and my solemn pathetic enthusiasm would have clashed with the platitudes of speech-making.

I ran off through carriages, and escaped to Bond Street, and whilst thinking of the wedding I was nearly run down by an omnibus. But in a short time I was copying things out of a book, on the precious metals, for business purposes. . .

F. tells me I am expected to be Professor of History; Munro says the same. This gave me something to think of. Could I venture to take such a place with so little knowledge and power? They must be badly off for people with talking power. Every other man I meet knows more than I do: but it does not follow that those who know wish to teach, or can teach, or will condescend to teach 'poll men.'

I doubt whether I am fit for anything but what I do here. But this cannot last long. . .

¹ Bishop of Lichfield.

I have hardly read anything these holidays, and feel fearfully bare and unprovided for the campaign. But I have had real rest, variety, human interest. I have transacted some College business, made out fourteen Latin exercises, written a creamy Latin letter to our Visitor Bishop¹—full of elegant, old-fashioned compliments—corrected proofs of a Greek lesson-book, read a little Latin.

May 24. I am thinking of a bay, with a quiet sea, embracing the sunlight, basking, resting, reflecting: one of those coves or fiords that one sees in summer, that look as if they had hoarded their ancient calmness for us for ever so long—a refuge, where the ocean sighs and sobs with immortality, where mortals feel their hunger for life, but feel it peacefully and submissively.

And I am thinking also that this bit of the earth's expression, this soul-full bit of the earth, was as fair and calm before our sensibility was engendered; and, thirdly, I am thinking that it—the quiet bay—is going at a wild pace through God's playground, and it seems a wonder that there can be such stillness in such ceaseless, swift movement. Did I not once—surely I did—enjoy like a lover the first sight of a sunny bay? and now I cannot think of it without heartache.

But I trust the young still leap seawards and forget, when they reach the coast, all the difference between life and not-life, between the earth as a home and the earth as a restless sepulchre. . .

CAPENOCH, *Aug. 7.*—One day we saw a late nest of greenfinches with the young fledgelings under a bower of honeysuckle; I had never before seen birds in a nest. Another day we caught a young heron walking through

¹ The Bishop of Lincoln, Visitor of Eton and King's.

the underwood. When we went in the boat we came to a swallow's nest in a hole of the stone lock, and handled a young swallow almost able to fly; and we got under a wooden bridge and handled the egg of a sand-martin taken from its nest, but put it back piously. We piled the boat with water-lilies, loosestrife, mallow, and forget-me-not. My time was chiefly taken up with letters. . .

Where should I like to live? Anywhere, provided I were secure against sponging, intrusive people, and shut up with gay, tender, graceful, youthful-hearted people. A modest request. But I almost give myself this at Eton. I get two ends of the day free for the company of the gentle and kindly who have no cards to play.

A letter came to-day which gave me a little sting of joy: L. liked me last week—dear child. Odd that I should begin to like and be liked by mere *girls* at the end of my time. Too late. But I can give them locketts and clasps.

Aug. 11. Came a wise letter from S., giving sound reasons against my romantic scheme of going to Halsdon. Wherefore I wrote to Eton to hatch a plot for improvement of my berth there, but I lean to the hope of getting rooms in the quadrangle looking into the Provost's or the Fellows' garden. Meanwhile, am I altering? It seems to me as if I were coming of age, dropping the literary sentiment, and entering upon the real living poetry of humanity. . .

I have been to-day to see cows. They have their kind heads imprisoned by the horns between movable posts. I wish I owned twelve cows. Why should I not have a cow of my own in Needham's garden¹? Pull down his

¹ Near the High Street, Eton.

house, plant poplars to grow quick, have byres, and roses, and strawberries, and a place of refuge. Barne's Pool will soon be sweet, and I could keep out the floods. . .

An old lady at D. is disgusted with a still older lady of D. who goes on with her visiting; and she says to my host, 'After coming to a certain age one has no right to go visiting and being a trouble to others. I know I shall feel slighted when not asked out, but I know I ought not to go when too old. So I have instructed my niece to stop my visiting when the time comes.' This is just what Admiral Barrington did in the last century. . . The falling off of pupils ought to be to me a timely warning to resign. Can I lay down a rule? If I get no application from parents for a whole year, shall I take that for a warning to leave school, or shall I bind some wise man by a promise to tell me when to go? . .

Aug. 14. I waited two hours for the train. The fresh air is a sovereign remedy for fidget. This is the one great set-off against age: fresh air, the cheap luxury, is consciously enjoyed. I used to wonder at and mock my mother's thankful murmurings and sighings about it; now I am perhaps less thankful, but not less sentient, than she was. . .

Aug. 18. Everything Crimean is so fresh to me that life seems to have stood still these fifteen years.

My vile eyes that made me a muff—it is right they should weep. . .

I had also a lively talk with the farmer's wife, Mrs. Darmid, about collies and Gaelic words. The good dame has a clever son at Edinburgh as a student, just now making hay. Oh, happy student, that makes

hay and metaphysics alternately, happier by far than he who chops logic and plays cricket by turns. If I had but made hay at twenty! . . .

As soon as we were off—glad to escape the standing about which suits military men, and smokers, and people with good figures—C. began to be happy, and the girls got happier. We explored the humble ruins of the Kirk, a mere trace of ground plan, and the walled kirkyard . . . a little crowded kirkyard no bigger than a peasant's garden, raised by strata of Highland folk, the bones of the men and women who bred whole companies to serve in Highland regiments under Howe and Crichton; and there was I, with those young things who treat death as a rather eccentric instrument in the orchestra of the world. . . . We left the road, crossed the Almond, close to a sheepfold, whose voices we woke, picking as we went staghead moss and flowers, up a voiceless, melancholy rocky, heathery glen—looking for the robber's cave. We came in an hour or less to a natural box of rock that would shelter one on three sides. . . . I clambered up the rock, finding it unexpectedly split and harbouring little ferns in the crevices; putting a white handkerchief on my hat, I turned myself into half-sentry, half-beacon between the exploring party and the carriage grown-up party. I had to wait an hour, listening to the fitful sighs of the burns and the bleating of two sheep; it was a power of silence and a spell of Scottish colouring. At last . . . the others came, then we heard the horn summoning us to the patient carriage; and I walked, but stopped to look at 'mica' or gold glittering in bits of quartz. . . . After thirty-six miles and seven hours we were back in

time for cricket, and at night we had duetts once more. So ended a poetical day, for which my feeble heart says grace.

Sunday, 2 p.m. My last day. . . I worked hard at lighting a fire, nettling my hands in gathering fuel. We boiled our kettle—the Colonel was adroit at it; the children laid things and made tea; we enjoyed it. The sun was sinking down to the strong mountains beyond Loch Eam; there was a breeze gay as V., a sky pure as B.

I am slowly exploring the headlands and bays of that *terra incognita*, girlhood. . .

To-day I walked to church. In one sentence of a prayer came four metaphors. . . The minister had a good voice and perfect self-possession, but he prayed in the imperative mood—giving a rapid series of orders to the Giver of Grace. . .

Aug. 23. We went to see his farm-palace—solid stone sculptured devices, such as a gigantic wheat-ear to mark the thrashing-place, where the oats leapt out so fiercely as to be like hail on my face; a cow or bull's head to denote the byres, where we saw a sort of Apis that had been priced at £1,200, and a mild Jupiter that had slain in his megrims two men—no, their real names were Butterfly I and II. We duly worshipped their bullships, and saw reverential herdsmen pulling them by their rings and gently whipping them. We stood gazing at half sociable peacocks, we sat unconsciously on happily shy wasps' nests, we explored tunnels like Posilippo, we fretted under stone ramparts worthy of Malta, which concealed luxurious gardens; no functionaries came to our rescue, patient wives waited and kept us waiting for their over-

weeningly agricultural husbands, and the hour that should have been given to the arts was fretted away. Even when the bucolic gentlemen deigned to rejoin us, we fell under the stupid sway of a gardener who did not know one tree from another: being asked whether they could grow cedars, replied that they had all kinds of creepers. We wandered as in the Maze at Hampton Court, every minute getting near the house, and then drawn back to see some monster of an Araucaria, or some Cockney arrangement of bedded plants, that you will see in any modern garden—not but what the turf was exceedingly good, and the vistas of pines and ribbons of flowers led the eye now to a grand point of the Ochills, then to the heroic Stirling Castle rock. . . .

[BIRMINGHAM.] We explored Baught's Enamelled Iron Works. A grey-haired man there had been at it fifty years alone with his monotone; he was rather deaf. He said with some passion, 'I can't sleep for the pains in my arms.' He had a sort of monopoly. I suppose he can save, perhaps. I imagine him energetic, Calvinistic, rich. Will he wish to do it again in the kingdom of heaven? I should like to go again and talk to him. How one would pity him if he were a prisoner! But as he does it freely, and is proud of his skill, ought I not to envy him rather? At seventy I could not do anything useful; even now, am I more useful than the 'setter'?

It is 7 p.m. now. I hope he is enjoying his pipe, and looking at something fairer than that leprous sheet of iron out of which fly no sparks, whose sound is a rebellious discord, whose very shape and look changes not for all the blows: only he held up a

square of it to show how stiff he had made it. When he has made it, and the others have powdered it and baked it, after all it serves the most vulgar of purposes—advertizing. . .

[HOMBURG.] *Aug. 28.* I have had the reward for travelling, that sky which accounts for man's hope of immortality, first in the mystic hour before sunrise, when the low coast of Flanders was transfigured, and the sail-clad ships towed out by rowing-boats silently passed us like the angels of dawn; again on the Rhine at Cologne, where the moon queened it over the gas nymphs of the banks, and the sorry green of the river was turned to a poetical hue; again last night at Giessen, where we had a ripple of very distant mountains breaking the horizon below the pearly gauze clouds, all the sky being clear except where the sunset was reflected; again three hours later, when, steering by compass after studying the map, I boldly took my companion down the narrow streets of the old Frankfort to the bridge over the Main, where the moon lay upstream.

I remember also two pious women praying aloud, one of them singing also, with the choir at vespers in Cologne Cathedral, and a church boy going up a little ladder to light gas. . .

Aug. 29. The Opera House was a vapour bath—I recoiled from it; was indemnified for the sacrifice of my ticket by a pleasant twilight walk through and out of the town, listening to children, and to the kindly laughter of girls at a pump, and to the merry singing of seven rudely-dressed working women who came out from the fields four in a row and three in a row behind, swinging round a corner and hidden for a time by a tall pleached alley of vines: just a bit of Mirella scenery and

song. I heard a little dog bark in a German manner, quite different from the cosmopolitan bark. I saw two little black goats going gravely along the road, as if they were following a friend to some stable. . .

This is not what people go to Homburg for; they are the little random bounties that Mercury flings in the way of one who sees but little. . .

CASSEL, *Tuesday, Aug. 31.*—A big open market-place under our windows; wholesome, *fromm*, peasant women trafficking all manner of vegetables, pots and pans, with no clatter of tongues: Luther's folk, with peaked caps jutting out above smooth brows and fair, thin hair. . . . We wound along the bank of River Fulda, crossed into the Werra, exchanged a lovely pink sandstone for grey eruptive rock: on to Erfurt, Weimar, and the classic country; remembered Gustavus, noticed the vineyards, had a fine sunset in Leipzig gardens, good-natured people all the day, and a *kellner* at Leipzig who devoted himself to us. Got to Dresden at eleven: a long, slow journey. . . To-day the weather is still tonic and brilliant. I avenge myself on the sickness that plagued me here ten years ago, by freely enjoying the Elbe banks. . .

No. 6, HOTEL BELLE VUE, DRESDEN, *Sept. 10,* 2.30 p.m.—Just finished *Nuces*, having done one to-day, three yesterday. Hot day, fresh breeze; pretty room, which costs me (with the berths adjoining) ten shillings a day, besides candles and service; its amenity has reconciled me to life. We go to-morrow.

I was ill last week. I have read a pretty, virtuous, thoughtful book, *Histoire de Sibylle, par Octave Feuillet*. It makes one think gravely and religiously of marriage. It rid my mind of the taste of Balzac's

bitter book¹. I cannot get through About's *L'Homme à l'Oreille Cassée*. . .

I have been interested in some old copperplates and etchings, and have bought some autotypes of them. There is a subtle charm in Albert Dürer and Lucas van Leyden. Music has disappointed me, but it has served as an accompaniment to the immortal sky, which I look at humbly from the Brühl Terrace.

One day we spent on the Elbe one hour and a half going to Meissen, three coming back; good weather, much that was almost beautiful, good inn zum Hirsch. One very handsome man working at a china plate, boys painting plates, speaking, if they must speak, in a whisper. The potter's wheel more wonderful and charming than ever—inexhaustibly amusing. Odd that the mind of man should contain the circle, that it is nowhere visible in not-man, not even in man's own body (how about the pupil of the eye? Is it not to be found in the bull's-eye, and in an infusorial shield?). Of the pictures, I still like those that I liked nine years ago, and some more besides. Correggio's 'Doctor' not photographed—why? Correggio's 'Cupid' also not photographed—why? Rembrandt's 'Manoah's wife,' profile, light on forehead. . . Rubens' 'Two Sons.'

No answer from my Brother, but my mind runs daily back to Halsdon; I figure to myself many a little bit of garden and woodland. It half makes me young again to hope for the growth of trees. . .

ETON, *Sept.* 16.—Beginning my twenty-fifth year of professional life, not without a timely warning of decay. For two days ago, after three hours' real enjoyment

¹ *La Peau de Chagrin*.

of sea and storm, I gave in, on having to change my place to avoid ducking, and two pangs made me, for an hour after landing, tingle from top to toe with an uncanny fluttering of the heart, and there seemed a naughty paw of a monster akin to that brute Death clutching at me. If he would but spare the Faradays, . . . he might do his worst with such stuff as I am; but I can't bear to think of the pure, the wise, the tenderly pious, being cut off.

Since I did Journal we have had a fierce storm; it is raging still. . . The storm did not hinder my solemn delight in the sky and the crescent moon on Saturday last between Ghent and Ostend; and here yesterday we had a tragic sunset behind the poor old elms, bared and prepared for their fall. . .

Seeley is Professor of Modern History. This is a great relief—not to have been teased about it. I had half dreaded its being offered to me. Had it been offered I should have refused it, partly because I am not learned, partly because I don't care about history in the common meaning of the word, partly because I should get a very poor permanent working class at Cambridge compared with what I get here, partly because the salary is not half what I get here, and I want all my money now for Halsdon.

I am glad it is settled. There was a time when it troubled me a little—Munro's saying that I was to be the man. I had rather, if a Professor at all, profess Political Economy. But I am really a triple Professor here, and get good classes and good pay; why go to Cambridge for a little?

I have to give a lecture here about ten weeks' hence on the seventeenth century, and the topics swarm in

my head. Wayte says my lectures are worth having because they come out of themselves, as it were, through the pores from the fulness of the heart. . .

To A. D. Coleridge.

Nov. 27, 1869.

You cannot at all understand me if you imagine that I would deign to stand for a Professorship. Eighteen years ago I allowed a friend to make a feeble effort to get me employment away from school. But I never stirred a finger for the Professorship. I was told years after Kingsley's appointment that Spencer Walpole, M.P., tried to get me the place, applying to Palmerston; but he never said a word to me of it. . .

Had I been asked to take Kingsley's place, which I did think just possible (because I had heard Cambridge men, such as Munro, say something of it), I should have refused it.

I am about three times a Professor here as I could be at Cambridge, and get three times the income. If there is any Professorship I can imagine myself taking it is Fawcett's¹. But I want all my Eton income to keep up my brother's house² which I am going to rent next year, and in which I shall write school books.

To Lord Rosebery.

2 HIGH STREET, ETON, June 20, 1870.

Your suggestion does you credit, and I have forwarded your note to the hero of the day. . .

The day must be, I think, John Bap., next Friday;

¹ The Chair of Political Economy at Cambridge.

² Halsdon, near Torrington.

and I will leave Wise's Yard in the good old style at 12.0 for a *Parslovienné*¹ of the most orthodox character. I burn my Rubicon, cross my scabbard, and throw away my bridge at once by writing to order ducks and pie, &c.

If you don't come I shall expect a telegram, and I shall fill up with boyflesh lacking your soul of wit and mirth probably; but there are some festive lads still here, and some that like ducks, and one or two that like me; so that I can fill up gaps, but I must have a few hours to do it. . .

Make an effort. You can go to a ball after it, but don't ask me to let you 'catch a train' in time for dinner—that is pure slavery, having to run to catch a train; and it is that which sets one against asking Londoners to come. Those who come should be altogether *boys* in their ways that day; tractable as well as merry, strictly obedient to discipline, tender of the Parslovian roses, &c., &c. I expect you. . .

To A. H. Drummond.

ETON, July 24, 1871.

I do not at all pity you for moving to camp. Work is much better than moping or pleasure. I hope you will do digging, skirmishing, marching, roughing, going without shirts, and hating all Fenians, conspirators, rowdies, and enemies of Great Britain. . .

I hope to see the Army become intellectually equal to the Navy.

¹ W. J.'s name (a variation on *Varsovienné*) for a water-party to Marlow and dinner at the Angler's Rest, then kept by the hospitable Mrs. Parslow.

To Mrs. Warre Cornish.

HALSDON, August 25, 1871.

The clock does not go; it has a small breakage of the glass; it is now in the billiard-room. Will you have some honey with it, just taken by St. Philip¹, with a veil over his venerable Dolton face, and vinegar, pungent and repulsive, on his skilful hands. Or will you come and fetch it? Torrington is actually vacant; Stourton² will be vacant on Monday, Way² on Wednesday. . .

There is another horse, a cob called Graveller: he is bought partly to draw, or, as the Rev. Dod says, to 'lead' gravel from the river to the paths; also to bring Bridgewater bricks from Eggesford to make a wall for Perdita³, and iron hurdles from Bideford to fence the lower lea-path where the hedge containing the wild boar is to be refreshed with sods ('clats,' says St. James¹), and a bench (St. Phil. calls it) for wallflowers all the way along; also to bring heath from Hollowcombe Moor to fill up gaps in rhododendron beds. This cob will go without wheels with a man on his back, having just dropt the local architect when going too fast round a corner.

There is a pony called Robin: the way to ride him is to have very long legs, and get your feet on the ground, like Paddy in the sedan chair—otherwise he throws you off; he has dropt two boys.

We arch—we don't often hit the target, even at forty yards, but we know how to bend a bow. Do you know which side goes outside?

¹ Gardeners at Halsdon.

² Names of rooms at Halsdon.

³ A bed in the Halsdon garden, for wild flowers named in *Winter's Tale*, Act iv. Sc. 3.

I have done forty-five stanzas of Sapphics since Monday morning. I have done 800 strokes at the force-pump this morning, after doing ten stanzas. There are four cows and floods of milk. There is a foal, engaging but not unblemished. Margaret's hoop has gone loose; but the swing is still up, like Jack the painter, at the mercy of the wind.

Will you come?

To Lord Rosebery.

HALSDON, Sept. 2, 1871.

I suppose none of your people know Scott's last lines written at Abbotsford the night before he went away, for Dora Wordsworth's album¹. The Wordsworth family kept them, and I have a copy; very sad and paralytical, but interesting. . .

These lines were sent me by one who got them from the Wordsworths of Riseholme (episcopal). I suppose Lockhart might have printed them, but he was right not to do so.

Lord Dufferin, whose eloquence I am proud of, since my Tutor² used to call him 'Orator,' made a very elaborate speech at Belfast, too smart to be in the outside sheet of the *Times*; but it was buncombe to say that Ireland only wanted a Scott—for Ireland has not enough in it to breed a Scott. The Lowland and Midland Scots must always have been superior to most nations in feeling, fancy and memory; or else their land would not have been stocked with names of places suggesting notions to a child's mind, and with legends and ballads.

¹ See Introductory Note to *Yarrow Revisited*.

² Rev. W. G. Cookesley.

To Hon. Charles Wood.

Dec. 20, 1871.

Don't you believe that I am settled at Halsdon, not to go visiting any more? One can't afford to burn the candle at three ends—one end is Eton, one Halsdon, travelling would be the third—and going to grand houses is a sort of travelling.

When I became a householder I knew I was giving up a great deal. . .

Would you have me waste this expensive establishment, and disappoint the ancient cripple (recently married) who, with much labour, has reared one pheasant in a coop and kept about twoscore in the woods for Elliot to shoot and for me to eat.

Think of the seventeen rabbits who are waiting to be ferreted on some day of parochial festivity, when the *posse comitatus* will turn out with explosive pieces of old iron and miscellaneous dogs, to cry 'Hey cock!'—ask Freddy about it.

I have just been surveying my new brick wall, the handsomest in this district, my goat (who cuts me dead: she is called *Dulce Domum*), my two ducks, my transplanted birks and geens, my newly-imported polygonum, Caucasian laurel, and quince trees.

To Mrs. Warre Cornish.

HALSDON, Dec. 26, 1871.

I don't know whether I ought to be pleased at finding some stocks in bloom. With them, violets, and some sort of daisies I make a show of florality, not to speak of pots of chrysanthemum stuck on a tile to grace the writing-table.

We all three rode Grizzle on Sunday, and she is sure to behave well when she carries Margaret and Dorothy.

Fantails of the Sturgis breed greet me from the dovecote when I go to see my little yellow pond; and the new weathercock, which my naval Lieutenant made and fixed when astride of a perilous bit of thatch and watched by curious hornets, is visible to my guests, but not strictly veracious, they say. The bit of brick wall with its toothed coping is quite the architectural gem of the parish, and it gives me a very 'lew' corner facing the east, which I want a plan for making comfortable, formal and odorous. . .

I have just finished for the first time *Eugénie Grandet*, and made a note that the end of it reminds me of the end of *Romola*, enabling one to see the nobleness of *Romola* by contrast with the small-townish, old-maidish goodness of *Eugénie Grandet*.

To Rev. C. W. Furse.

HALSDON, DOLTON,

Jan. 11, 1872.

Anno Domini is a *bêtise*. Those that have reached the 'Varsity latitudes are not the best judges of what they are fit for: if a man is in a profession and is called by competent judges to a particular post, he may be sure that he is fit for the post; it is not as if he pushed for it. Lawyers never think themselves too old for promotion: other lawyers know whether they are substantially strong enough. . .

I would rather, if I had the chance, rule or guide a mixed body of neighbours . . . than be preacher and director for the invisible or esoteric Church of 'nice

people': but I imagine this second is what you are best fitted for; and where can you have a better supply of saints in silk than in Brompton?

I hope you won't take, like Gregory and Liddon, to lecturing on history—stick to the pure John Wesley stuff. Hagiology has nothing to do with history, no more than dog or horse has to do with the laws of time. When the holy preachers take to theories about economics they fail. . .

William Karslake defies me (politely) to write a Church Catechism which, substituted for the scholastic document now in use, would satisfy the Wesleyans and Independents, whom, I say, the Established Church ought to reclaim: but I am sure I can do it.

You should read the *Penny Pulpit*, the back numbers for the years—i. e. Spurgeon. . .

Did you read the will of Augustus de Morgan, his expression of faith in the Saviour reserved till death, because he saw that its utterance was a way of getting favour with the world and promotion, &c.?

Never was there such a warning given to professors of piety as that.

To A. D. Coleridge.

ETON, Jan. 29, 1872.

Generally if I spoke of music I should dwell on its being the *Ephphatha* for all. The violin in particular is to me a symbol of infinity not bounded like a keyboard, not divisible into the octaves—one can imagine it, in another world, keeping its identity but endlessly extending its range, and taking our ears along with it.

I should speak of a melody as a Phoenix, dead every time you shut the instrument, born again whenever you will. I should grieve and rebel against the intrusive tyranny of death in taking away the melodist and not letting him share this often repeated birth; more particularly if a composer passes away before some great improvement in the orchestra which would multiply him in his consciousness.

S. T. C. has a fine mystic (unconnoisseur) bit about music in the *Remains*.

P. S. Worsley has a most interesting little Wordsworthian bit of verse on music in his very interesting volume of poems. Lady Eastlake's *Essay on Music* struck me very forcibly at the time—ages ago. My Journals have many a bit of romance about tunes.

To W. O. Burrows.

HALSDON, April 4, 1872.

Do you remember my talking to you about going to Mr. Stone?—you did not think much of it. Now the time is come for thinking where you will go, for I am gone—I have just resigned—'turned out to grass'—writing formal letters till I tire, and now getting a change by writing more at my ease to you, whom I love and trust and long to see again. I could not be of much use to you, not so much now as at first—and any other man will be good to you; but I think Mr. Stone would be specially interested in you. My retirement will perhaps keep you in his Division for another schooltime.

My successor will be Charles Everard, Esq., son of the

Rector of Burnham Thorpe, near Lynn in Norfolk, whom I got appointed, knowing him well and liking him very much, as everyone does. He has been taking the second highest class at Dulwich for two years. I hope he will take my lodgings—poor old trap¹. . .

The excellent pony is dead, we are going to bury her in the lower lea, near the wood anemones, which are now breaking out freely. Perhaps I shall be able to get another—perhaps I may live to see Maggie ridden. But I may, very likely, sicken for want of work: no more scolding, no more punctual early rising. . .

I could hardly have lived through the summer half, knowing all the while it was the last, and grudging the days and wandering like a ghost in the playgrounds. . .

As it is I am bearing two or three days of sorrow, after a cheerful, prosperous schooltime. I am so glad you were sent up once more. Don't give up trying to write verses, even though it be rather against the grain. Having got so far you will soon turn the corner, and begin to enjoy the ease of composing and the glory of handling complicated subjects.

You will soon have a room of your own and get away from the more childish boys.

I am too sad and ill to write any more. Please to ask your father to excuse my writing to him formally.

To H. W. Paul.

HALSDON, DOLTON,
April 8, 1872.

I am not well; and half my time I meditate the ceremony of dying, but the other half I bud with schemes for the enjoyment of my liberty.

¹ The 'Mousetrap,' No. 2 High Street, Eton.

I am as young as Columbus was when he began real life. One of my notions is to take a lodging in Oxford, or even, like W. W. Harvey, though with no Ewelme in view, to enter Oriel or Corpus and learn lessons of your great Professorate—a thing I have long wished to do. There never was an old man so teachable, or so full of forgetfulness.

Another scheme is to go to India and worship the Union Jack in those famous but fetid towns of the gorgeous East.

Another is to write a little book of Greek Iambics and call it *Iophon*. Nothing but the name would carry me through.

Another is to teach Plutonomy to the Devonshire folk. Anyhow, I am free.

To C. H. Everard.

April 10, 1872.

In any case it must be right to make yourself known to the boys, to all of them, to the shy and uncouth as well as to the engaging and forward. Make yourself known by telling them outright what you like, what you hate, what you think about things; e. g. on Sunday don't hide yourself behind a respectable demure book, a school edition of Zephaniah, or a family martyrology, but take the plain Gospel, or a strong chapter of St. Paul, and get the sweet voices to utter it to you till you are by them moved to talk. Don't be always telling them of the amusing mistakes that boys make . . . don't scold one boy before all the others, except now and then in self-defence. Say to a boy, 'Stop afterwards' . . . there is hardly a rebel that will not yield so. . .

Do not let *idle* masters run away with you. . . Don't

be too prudent: act on impulse for good or for kindness, never for spite. If aggrieved by any one, write a good long argumentative letter overnight—next morning read it, and then burn it: it will be a great relief to you. Never grumble. . .

To C. H. Everard.

April 11, 1872.

. . . — has great trouble with his verses, and often has to come for help like a lower boy. Don't be dry with him. He takes a special interest in mechanics and machinery. His greatest friend at school, I think, is his old boys'-maid, who no longer waits on him: she is a very wise, brave woman, and watches over him better than any dame or tutor. I shall bore you often by asking after him, since he is almost an adopted child. He stays with me here and is perfect company, and I have broken some heartstrings in parting with him as a pupil. . .

I don't mind flooding you with this transcendental stuff about boys: you know it has been for a quarter of a century characteristic of me, and it is no use to *vieillize* just because I am grey and rheumatic. If I were paralyzed I would still do homage to the simple sweetness of good boyhood. . .

Ephphatha—utter thyself. Cast thy bread upon the waters.

To C. H. Everard.

May 7, 1872.

You cannot be too careful in writing to parents. Never use a vituperative word like 'idle,' if you can say 'not industrious.' This is a rule worthy of Polonius.

*To F. Warre Cornish.*HALSDON, *April 20, 1872.*

It is very creditable to human nature that you should take leave of me so generously, and I shall keep your letter to sweeten the mind of any one that ransacks my father's bureau when I am not there to guard its secrets. I am sure that I have tried to avoid compliments, being deeply sensible of my remarkable unworthiness.

I have at times tried also to avoid anything like public action, being haunted by some words of a French statesman which I copied out twenty-five years ago, which say that before one undertakes to act on others one should look to see what claim one really has, what right to lead or to suggest. You have as much as any one urged me to come out of my shop, and perhaps you were right: at all events, I complied to some extent.

I am well enough to do humble work in the field, and to begin a little Greek Iambic book which may be useful to some of you when you want to start boys in that line. But my head is of little service in the evenings. Last half and the half before it failed a good deal at night, though I was more efficient in the forenoon than I had ever been. Sometimes I could hardly keep off 'coma' when teaching the nine ladies; but I finished their course. . .

I go under a tunnel: who knows but what I may put my head out the other side, like the family ferret when he has been after a rabbit?

I meditate living with Elliot in lodgings in Oxford next October Term, and listening to Chandler, Stubbs, Maine, &c.

I have many little schemes: but the most clear prospect is the luxurious hope of seeing, for the first time since I was eight, these oak copses in their first greenness; for the first time in my life the real country in early summer—that is, seeing it leisurely. The barren hillside here moves me to pity more than admiration: nature seems unable to make a bountiful tangle except of brambles.

I have a most interesting kid, nine weeks old, called Tetty, after Dr. Johnson's wife. Yesterday she was with me some hours when I was rescuing my poor young hollies from briars, and she had a surfeit of sundry leaves, and a great struggle to 'chew it up,' kicking out her hind leg as in a fit, and letting her head loll when I carried her home to be doctored by the universal genius Griffiths, who brought her round soon: she makes love prettily to the ears of a terrier, and is infinitely inquisitive and therefore sociable. . .

I break my heart every day in the partings; and I could not have gone through the summer with so much sorrow—the lonely half-holidays would have been insupportably pathetic.

To Hon. F. L. Wood.

HALSDON, April 9, 1872.

I dare say you have heard that I have resigned my first and last appointment, and go back no more to school—free after forty years.

I thought it due to your inestimable affection that I should tell you of it. Do you remember May 1865, when you came to share my invalid meals and made me whistle old tunes to you in the twilight? Then I was

rehearsing for the second time—the third was at Scarborough—the sorrowful task now fulfilled of taking leave of Eton boys and men.

. . . I am rich enough to live here, quietly, but so as to receive guests staying here. I wish you would come. It is the prettiest place in the world, pretty because half barren and humble, and utterly unlike a smart place. In short, it is poetical.

To Capt. A. H. Drummond.

HALSDON, May 17, 1872.

It is new to me to be in the country when oaks and ashes are coming into leaf: it will be new to see the wild flowers of the Jura in June, and to see the Alp snow before the whole flood of British tourists comes. . .

I am really enjoying my liberty. I was tired of that inevitable and manurious street, tired of being a 'myope,' exposed to the fire of 900 young scoffers, but not tired of teaching, and still, more than ever, devoted to the few boys that seek me or like me.

To F. Warre Cornish.

HALSDON, Aug. 11, 1872.

. . . I have undergone a very strange wounding . . . : I feel a wish to hear children laughing, and if I dared I would try to get some one to bring children here once more. *Vis medicatrix naturae* goes a little way—not far enough.

I shall probably live here all the autumn; but I don't expect to live long. Meanwhile I wish to be a tolerably good parishioner, which, perhaps, is easy.

Ainger gives me fairly cheerful and very benevolent

reports of the school and of the masters severally. . . With so many good, high-minded young men, it would be strange if the school did not improve.

To Hon. R. B. Brett.

Aug. 22, 1872.

I am now bearing solitude bravely enough. I get up at seven, ride to post or pump till breakfast at nine, read *Times*, answer letters, work at *Nuces* fourth edition, or in the fields talking to the old men and boys sometimes, bailing out punt, watching the extravagant outlay on Lalage's¹ raft, rescuing plants from jungle weeds, using both arms alternately in hacking at brambles. Indoors I read French in a sickly, hopeless way, and go to bed at ten, tired, headachy, unfit for sleep, haunted. Yet on the roads the farming-folk speak up to me cheerily, and I answer them blithely. . .

To Hon. Alfred Lyttelton.

HALSDON, Sept. 7, 1872.

The vignette is very pretty, childlike, innocent, delicate. Where is Edward's—where is Bob's?

Mrs. L., staying here, says the eight ought to have been taken together. Ainger gave me a little account of the eight being together, singing, on Sixth Form Bench.

Four hang in my bedroom—Charles between the windows by himself; the other three are in a row, and there is room for the remaining four.

Six pensive ewes of South Devon breed are penned in outer hurdles, which I have been driving in before

¹ The boat.

breakfast with the help of De Salis. They are supposed to be improving the wicket, and every day I shall move the southern line of hurdles till they have got to the end of the little lawn where it is level; we have 120 paces of length from the house—enough for archery, and kept clear for it; an iron fence parts it from a clover field, called by the natives 'park,' of which a considerable bit is level. Coverpoint would be, as at Harrow, on a commanding slope. Bowling for single wicket towards the house will be safe; forward off hits will cross the iron fence, and drives 'on' will cut over some rather ineffectual conifers, hardy and scraggy rhododendra, straggling acacias and oaklets, and old roots festooned with flowers—roots called here 'motes,' but not related so much to the Scriptural mote as to the beam. By perseverance I shall get a tolerable ground for single wicket.

If you were here now you would get birds: my guest yesterday, in two hours, going over about thirty acres close to the house, killed nine birds, though a very bad shot.

Sturgis is on my Exmoor pony . . . wearing my gaiters. De Salis guides him, mounted on a cob whom we have underfed lately, as he was hard-mouthed and enthusiastic on the roads: they are gone across our wild moor to order baskets for a few water-plants which are to grow in my small pond. De Salis and I have worked hard to help to make a bigger pond, which is to be fifty feet long, on a cold hillside, intended partly for ice.

This country is scourged with floods, but has no ponds: a very bad one for skating. On fifty feet one can learn at least.

When you come in December the work in hand will probably be a path through the coppice below this pond, with a bridge over the torrent that will be flowing from it: for which bridge we shall use the oak which we unearthed two days ago. This path crosses a ravine with excellent cover for woodcocks, and here and in other similar jungles, close to the house, we have a few pheasants, of which there will perhaps be a few survivors, after Elliot takes his little share (he comes this day week).

You will be able to amuse yourself, as he does, by stalking a wild duck along the river: we have thought of a little decoy. . .

Lalage is lying under trees, waiting for her raft, which is a grand work, constructed on plans and specifications furnished in a very businesslike way by G.; the whole thing is unique in our country, and is the wonder of the loafers—vigilantly guarded by the millers hard by. . .

I think I have asked about every master and boy that I knew—and it is a very happy account of all or nearly all that people give me. Sometimes I might as well be holding forth in school: but the summer half was a vexatious time for me, and full of ennui, in the afternoons when I had no work to do and could not join in the fun. Whereas here I always have something to do out of doors—and when I come in I write letters, read a little, and do Iambics for a little school book called *Iophon*, which Ainger says he wants. . . I am getting to know my neighbours, and have some faint hope of being elected Guardian for Dolton, so as to go to my native town and sit in council on poor folk and (by the new Health Act) on stinks. . .

To Henry Bradshaw.

HALSDON, DOLTON, Oct. 7, 1872.

I have ceased to be a Fellow of King's, as you may have heard, having enough to live on here, with a prospect of a little increase.

I write to you chiefly to trouble you for the last time about my Palaeontological Society books, of which there is a volume now due. I propose to give them all to the College Library—only, however, if you sincerely think they will not be an encumbrance there. Should they be useful, I should wish to substitute the College for myself as a subscriber. I should also be glad to pay a sum not exceeding £20 towards the binding of the volumes as far as they are completed; but I remember you regretting hastiness in binding, and I dare say there are but few subjects completed without fear of supplements. At your leisure, any time before Christmas, be so good as to let me know about this.

I was very sorrowful when I gave up my books, but I do not feel quite so much now in parting with the College. I am healthier and happier, and more needed by others, in this quiet parish near my ancestral town of Torrington, than I used to be in King's.

Perhaps it might have been better for me had I been appointed Tutor at the time that I was willing to serve; but for the College it is better by far as it is.

It is very comforting to find that disputes are settled . . . the open scholarships secured, the little addition to the fabric nearly finished and sure to be useful.

The College is not quite what one used to dream of; but it seems to hold a fair place, and I may, perhaps, live to see it grow into something considerable.

I remember with pure pleasure the many hours spent in your hospitable rooms, which are, I trust, still open to the young people.

I remember also our walks and talks, and your constant friendship, which often cheered me.

I wish I could hope for your coming here when you needed rest and fresh air. It is a place that charms every one.

I have just sent to Rivingtons a little fifty-page book for schools, called *Iophon*, which has been revised and approved by a clever Oxford man now in the house; but as he is an old pupil of mine, perhaps his opinion is biassed. There are touches of poetry in it, not quite so much as I wished. I was very careful in the use of the lexicon, not having used one so much for twenty years.

To Rev. C. W. Furse.

HALSDON, DOLTON, Oct. 13, 1872.

I cannot expect to get letters every day, nor do I wish for them, though the last week has never failed in a daily supply of really friendly letters, which have been a great set-off.

I am overwhelmed with letters from Kingsmen. I tell them I had no intention of ever holding any office in the College since I agreed, . . . about six or seven years ago, to go up to be Tutor, and the College meeting voted against it, under the advice of men who, meaning kindly, wished to keep me at Eton. I should have liked perhaps, I tell them, to go up for a term and give extra lectures or take some teacher's place, but I explain to them that I have too much income to justify the retention of the Fellowship.

To A. D. Coleridge.

HALSDON, DOLTON, N. DEVON,

Oct. 27, 1872.

My butcher lives the other side of the flooded Torridge, and if any one came suddenly he would find nothing to eat but salt pig and poultry unprepared for death ; but the same notice that I always require for the mare and trap would do for the mutton, as I can send a boy on a pony five miles for it in an hour.

To Hon. Alfred Lyttelton.

HALSDON, Nov. 3, 1872.

I get to be afraid, living alone, of intruding upon people. But when of their own accord they offer to come here, as F. Wood did, they make me less sad ; and when they come they make me talk and laugh as I did aforesometimes. . . You shall have the room called Stourton, which has the things from my old spare bedroom, but has no fireplace. There is a muzzler here with which you can shoot the half-dozen pheasants that will be alive then. There are said to be many rabbits ; we have woodcocks sometimes—I have eaten one lately. I am opening a new quarry above the places where I want to use the stones, so as to save horse-labour. In January I hope the buildings will be finished, and road-making in full progress.

It becomes almost a passion with me to improve the little place, to carve the hillsides, and make them enjoyable for people who puff up a slope.

It is not very hard to get guests in summer, as people think Devonshire must be pretty ; but in winter I find it

less easy. This week I shall be planting a little. For me there is always employment here, and I like sawing wood and carrying clay on a wheelbarrow better than sitting in pupil-room. Health is a great set-off against dulness. I begin to see that neither Eton nor Cambridge was good for my poor body, which has greatly improved these six months. And I find I like talking to my old gardener, who can't read, better than to seven tenths of the academical people and teachers. It is a great blessing never to have to scold nor to set punishments nor to whip the dead horse of inattentiveness. . .

I have Oswald's [photograph] up here: he goes into a frame for a week, then into a drawer, to be replaced by some one else: it always makes me a little less sorrowful to think of his happiness and activity. Certainly photos are rare comforts; yours in cricket dress is very delightful. The four framed photos that came lately from Hagley are, arranged by Sturgis, close to my bed—Edward's nearest. I look at them piously. I shall send *him* a copy of *Iophon*, which is advertised. . . If I do another book of Latin verses, which I might if it were not for heartache, I shall call it *Cörýletã*, i. e. hazel groves, something like *Nuces*, you see, but containing my new name. . .

If you do come here, I will give you a present for your sixteenth birthday. I doubt whether you will be allowed; there will be some wedding or christening to hinder.

I have laughed four times, alone, in these three weeks, a good sign of *mens sana*. The piano is all right in a little downstairs room. Sometimes I hear the domestics sing, in harmony—good: the milkmaid sings at her milking sweetly.

To Rev. E. D. Stone.

HALSDON, Nov. 19, 1872.

I read Dante o' nights with a real girl-student who takes in everything. It is dry stuff—but it is a sort of reliquary for the most (perhaps the only) interesting fruitful age of the 'Middle Ages,' Francis, Giotto, Manfred, Rudolph; and yet Dante seems to know nothing of the two blessed inventions of that age, the pointed arch and the *writing* of music.

Somebody gave me a poetry book called *Epic of Hades*. Somebody said it was very good; it seems to me below the standard of Eton boys' compositions in Latin and English, and I begin to think that the young men in England do not know what a good book is; they praise such stuff. . .

Maxim I. Every boy fit for a liberal education can be taught equations. If he can't do them, send him to the counter.

Maxim II. Mechanical arithmetic has nothing to do with any reasoning faculty except attention; but arithmetic can be and ought to be taught as a kind of reasoning, and those who fail therein must be made to feel they are weak, and not allowed to console themselves with success in languages.

Maxim III. A little chronology is necessary, but an acquaintance with the kings of England and their battles is not history of any real value.

English History is very important from Henry VIII downwards; before that it is much less worth study than French, Florentine, German, Roman, Jewish, and Ecclesiastical History.

Maxim IV. It is better to learn geography from the blackboard (rivers and towns drawn before the learner thereon), and by subsequent filling in of a skeleton outline map from memory, than in the Eton way of copying a map as a picture.

Whatever you do, do not let this or that man introduce new manuals every month. It is a foible of schoolmasters to buy new manuals, and to assume that they act like alteratives.

To A. D. Coleridge.

HALSDON, DOLTON, Dec. 6, 1872.

I know hardly anything of Handel, but I always feel that his music is *borné*, like the talk of parliamentary men and port wine men, like the heroic couplets of Dryden and Dr. Johnson. Whereas Mozart gives me the sense of perfect angelic freedom, like the best parts of our 1790-1860 poetry; like the pretty movement in 'Christabel,' in Tennyson's 'Maud,' in Keats's 'Hyperion.'

What I should like to be told is that Gluck lived to hear Mozart's best things well performed, and rejoiced in being surpassed and *fulfilled*, and to wish Virgil could hear them.

To Rev. C. W. Furse.

HALSDON, Dec. 18, 1872.

'Everything is what it is and not another thing,' says Bishop Butler in a note on one of those sermons on Human Nature, which every Oxford man used to get up, and hardly any one seems to remember. I wonder whether Bishop Butler ever observed the bearing of his

axiom on the Doctrine of the Real Presence? The whole business of preachers is spoilt by not being allowed to say that a thing is some other thing.

To Rev. E. D. Stone.

HALSDON, DOLTON, N. DEVON,

Dec. 25, 1872.

I had also just been reading about Fourier and his *phalanges*, or Socialist convents. Now if Fourier and his rivals had succeeded like the bees we could not be twitted for the tentative struggles of statesmen; we should be boxed off in swarms . . . still you and I could not admire and love mankind so much as we do now. Its very failures endear it to a literary man. Is not this feeling (Lucretius' pity for poor mortals) one of the characteristics of literary men?

If I had to preach I would take this topic, and argue that our very failures in Church and State are a proof of there being another world, or perhaps only a proof of man being (as Pascal says, *vide* Hallam's *Hist. of Literature*) a *ruin*.

The Duke of Somerset has by his rude and silly speech disgraced the Whigs; but a failure of Whigs attaches me to the *manes* of Mackintosh and Macaulay.

So if I were a Frenchman I should the more tenderly love France because of these many broken hopes and schemes. . .

To H. O. Sturgis.

HALSDON, Jan. 10, 1873.

I wish you to interest your mother and sister in an old scheme now taken up, I hear, by Cremer of the

toyshop, for using the sealed graveyards of cities as playgrounds for very young children. You see the crowding of people makes it almost impossible to get playgrounds for those who cannot get so far as a park; and if we could have the yard, say, of St. Andrew's, Holborn, we might keep out all roughs, appointing a few very old men, like Chelsea pensioners or commissionaires, to take charge of the infants brought to them and left by elder sisters. We should have to protect the innocent and fearless little heads from the headstones, and the sacred names from their inoffensive but roughshod feet.

There was a good old saint called Nilus ages ago in Italy: he would not give his name, when he died in a strange monastery, for fear he should be worshipped after death; he said: 'Bury me by the roadside, and put a flat stone on me, that some weary wayfarer may sit and rest; for I too was a pilgrim on earth and weary.'

What could one wish better for one's bones than to be played over by a child of three that fears not, knows not, death.

(W. J. travelled in Egypt this year with the Countess of Winchelsea and her sons.)

To Mrs. Vidal.

100 miles from Gibraltar,
Thursday, Jan. 23, 1873, 2 p.m.

I dare say some of you may have noticed our ship's name, *Ceylon*: date of departure, Jan. 16 (anniversary of John Moore's death); storms on Saturday and Sunday,

&c. The good ship, which is now in Trafalgar waters, and is of the same tonnage as the *Victory*, was in extreme danger for four hours—the first four of Monday. For on Sunday midday we snapped our tiller in a gale, then twenty hours old. A young man here, who is used to yachting, saw the event. I knew enough to see that it was as bad a thing as could happen; yet he slept well that night, having observed that she rose well in the waves, never letting a sea break over the bows. But at midnight it was, as the captain says, ‘a first-class hurricane.’ He says five—others say four hours. A calm man, who has been round the Horn and the Hope, tells me he never was in such weather or such danger.

On Monday, when the hurricane was gone—but the gale was reigning still, we got round again to our right course, against the wind, still in the Bay. I got quite well—better than I was at home. That night I tried to go on deck, and got a crashing fall; but the brutal thickness of my skull helped me. I hated not being of any use—not even to the mother of a child that wailed just outside my cabin. Finding our floor well a-wash, I got up—I can’t say I dressed; I had never altogether undressed since leaving the hotel on Thursday—but I tied my air-cushion round my neck, put on my boots, and sallied forth alone in some apprehension of a bad fall in the dark. The first thing I found was a stooping man. I asked him whether there was any pumping to be done, for that is my forte (ask John, R. N., if it is not). He mildly observed that the ship was not making water. Then I stumbled over a great coil of rope, but got on deck, expecting to find the crew at work, but all sign of life was absent. Yet I was so dull

as not to see at once that I was the victim of a false alarm. I was dull, as one is at that hopeless time of day, just before dawn. I could see no sign of foundering, only a sail huddled on deck: no boat carried away; stern seemed rather low in the water; forecastle high enough; one sailor in sou'-wester creeping along the side, going aft. I asked him, with my usual deference and composure, what he was going to do. He said 'All right, sir.' I went to the little shelter over the companion, found a little ship boy as dull as myself, asked him what they were doing. 'Shifting the helm,' which in fact was all that could be said for forty-eight hours. Then I sat down and looked at the twilight sea. The only thing at all beyond picture was the little streakings of surface in the long easy curves. It was rather absurd to be so near Lethe . . . and yet feel just as leaden and mindless and utterly useless as I ever felt at Barnstaple when starting for Eton, at that same utterly hateful hour (in winter). . . I was as well and ready for action as ever I was in my life, though of course not strong, having had hardly any food, chiefly because the steward could not get it for me. Anyhow I could see that no water was coming in to put out the fires. The engines were at work very tenderly; the ship's head was the right way. We had plenty of offing. The gale was our good old gale, now seven weeks old, and I had no means of finding out how soon the jury-tiller was to give way; so I went down to cabin and waited for breakfast, very hungry. . . On that day there was a six hours' struggle to get the ship round to her true course; for they had been obliged to let go the rudder again, and point for Vigo bay. So that I thought for some time we were going to demean ourselves to go

and ask the Spaniards at Ferrol to refit us. Captain Evans, who says the voyage is—always is—a battle, and enjoys it, stuck to his plan of mending; and we have now had forty-eight hours of goodish pace. As long as the gale went on, he had a gang of sixteen or so men, made up partly of stewards, holding on to the rude structure of planks which, worked by ropes in blocks from side to side of the counter, and squeaking dismally on a wooden bed, serves as tiller. For a long time he would let none of us go abaft the mizen mast to see what was going on. When the stewards grumbled at their hard work, and we offered to go for them, the chief engineer, who sits next me at dinner, and is a grave, grey, tender North country man, said mildly it was an overthrow of discipline. . . People call the jury-tiller 'the captain's baby'; and one man ventured to 'congratulate the captain on his ingenuity,' whereunto he said, with a grin that made three or four lines in his face, roundish like a sea-shell, 'Aint she going nice!'. . . Before the gale died they unlashed and refitted with the 'gear' the only lifeboat that had been at all hurt. This was to me the first sign that the captain thought we were out of it. To-day we have the Trafalgar sun, merry porpoises, an ayah worshipping a canary which sings at this moment, and sang also on Sunday. Fair weather etiquette, Mr. B. pulled up for smoking on quarter-deck. My disgusting dulness cleared off on Tuesday, when I saw gulls; and also imagined going up to the captain at parting to say a word of thanks or civility. I have never spoken to him, but I have sat where I was sure to see and hear him. . .

I was up first of the passengers. It was the thing I had looked for. There was a calm, and waters all alive

with our victories. The good quartermaster told me I was half an hour too late: we had been close under St. Vincent. I went to the bows, and by lending my telescope I got a lad to listen to me—an Aberdeenshire lad, going to grow coffee in Ceylon—and told him about the battles, and how I had been in San Josef, which Nelson took here. Now we are above Trafalgar, and it is about the hour of Nelson's death. I kept my companion awake last night with a dozen stories about these battles. There is not a bit of folly or failure all along this coast: nothing but Rule Britannia. Last night I stood silent, listening to six of our middle-class passengers talking about Gibraltar. One of them served as devil's advocate, enough to rouse the others; but eventually they all, from different points of view, perhaps, came together emphatically, but with no sort of brag, to hold it for ever. . . I think the Royal Navy ought to know how excellent these seamen are. They get a good deal of grog when at this hard work of steering; there is no sign of their being conscious of having had any unusual pressure; only a steward or two grumbles. It is quite absurd to imagine any nation cutting us out. We have Cornish miners and a chemist going to Japan; a Lennox of a ducal house going with warders to govern convicts at Gib; an officer going to Gib, with only one day's telegraph notice from War Office; not grumbling a bit. . . No passenger grumbles. Men put their heads out of their berths after four or five days' misery and say things wildly ungeographical, but stoical as Chingachgook. Kempe, a banker of Calcutta, sits next to me and breakfasts on cold water and cold mutton, after a five days' fast, and talks of India with calm contentment and discernment, and the good English mixture of sensibility

with reserve. Another Calcutta merchant tells me economical details, half a book full, about Bengalese peasants and Scotsmen at home. The Scotsmen find me as Scottish as themselves, and the Hindoostan people nearly as Hindoo as themselves. Then comes a man and tells me about New Zealand—two men, in fact. It is a little live dictionary for me. Horribly stale things I hear from afar when I am reading Balzac; but I don't allow any one to tell *me* stale things or talk rot about modern novelists if they come and sit by me. I pick their brains. During my imprisonment I could not read much, but I got slowly through a pretty but feeble book (English), *Hôtel du Petit St. Jean*: you would like it a little, but it is barley-water: Balzac's *Cousine Bette* is strong wine. When the boy was on the flutter I made him some nonsense rhymes; probably the oddest employment ever resorted to by a sentimentalist preparing for death. Here they are; they will do for Leonard:—

'If you ever feel specially frisky,
And wish to do something that's risky,
I advise you to go
In a crank P. and O.
To face a sou'-wester in Biscay.'

To Hon. Alfred Lyttelton.

CEYLON (within twelve hours of Malta),

Jan. 27, 1873.

To-day I read our log. It relates events of which I was not at the time fully cognizant; but I knew the main truth, as it was formulated by a good young man, a ship-builder of Dundee, now recovering from fever: 'If we'd been heavily laden we'd been all drowned.' It was about four or five hours before you got out of bed

for your first Greek Testament lesson that the hail came, and the pale blue lightning of the real hurricane, not altogether free from a 'stagy' effect, to give us warning that we were near Lethe, not far from the innocent Arthur Baring and the tough Reginald Herbert who went down inside H. M. S. *Captain*. . .

We were 'lying to,'—the log says 'hove to,' and no one can tell me the difference, and I have forgotten the distinction once explained to me by the wise Admiral Wilson when I was studying Smith on St. Paul's voyage:—we were under steam, trying to keep our place, but drifting, I believe, homewards. I had a compass which told us at the time that we were going the wrong way. The cyclone or hurricane, born of the gale, which was born of Captain Rice's 'noser,' came on us fourteen hours after we had lost the power of steering. Had we been a sailing-ship we should have been 'pooped,' that is, swamped by water coming over the stern in pursuit of us. Had we been full of iron, say rails for railways, we should have had water coming in and putting out the fires, so as to leave us a mere prey to mermaids. We were forty-eight hours without any trustworthy rudder—eighty hours instead of thirty in the Bay.

I had champagne and a sandwich at noon, after the cyclone, and that night, or early Tuesday morning, when there was an alarm because our fore staysail had been carried away, I was so much restored as to go forth and try to get hold of a pump, the Childe having assured me that we were sinking; but a ship in modern times disdains the aid of passengers till the 'stoke-hole' fills; when it comes to that I believe it is time for buckets (*κρωσσων ἀκμη*. Ask Mr. Stone the accents). Till then the egotistical engine does all the pumping—but it is

not quite such a Briareus (look him out) as to be able on a calm morning like this to wash decks and wash passengers at once. I waited a long time to-day for my bath. On the Tuesday morning of last week, when the gale was still as loud as Mr. Hale, I had my first breakfast, which was the second meal since I lost you. After breakfast the Attorney General of South Australia, an utter stranger, observed with admiration and envy that I had shaved, and ever since then I have been treated by the passengers with nearly as much respect as St. Paul was. Julius, that is Captain Methuen, has conceived a high opinion of me . . . because I have a caoutchouc sheet, which supersedes all grumbling about cabin turned into a 'morass.' This hyperbole was employed by an old Etonian, who says he will never go to sea again. . .

I have glorified the skipper more than St. Paul did his: I have written a letter of thanks, got it signed by an archdeacon, a live lord, a man from the Antipodes, a Littleton, twelve officers, &c., and a Gourlay. This last is my special friend . . . he is introducing me to a cotton ginner who lives in Lydia, and has beaten off brigands from his house as we did when young in *Guy Mannering*. I am to go, like Caleb the spy, and look out for the upper and nether springs (see the Book of Judges) in Ionia, and prepare the way for a settlement of 'ἰάουες ἐλκεχίτωνες, i. e. graduates in Ulster coats, people like Bob and the Shrew. Columbus and Lesseps, ἐνοσίχθων, began their enterprises at my age. I shall be the Godley or Lyttelton of the valley of Hermus—look it out in the map. There will be little Halsdons and Narracotts with little partnerships. Some will grow cotton, others vines, others sesame, others fig-trees and drug-plants:

every month we will meet for Divine Service and the comparison of scalps taken from those Carians on whom we are required by the Greek proverb (apply to Mr. Stone) to run the risk. We shall every now and then become, in the words of Demosthenes, 'a prey to Mysians;' but in the long run we shall win, and I shall be worshipped in a ἡρώων, like the founder of Amphipolis. When tired of the Rifle Brigade you will join us. I wonder whether I shall get John, R.N., my nephew, to come. I shall grow liquorice, γλυκέϊαν ῥίζαν, which in England finds nowhere but in Pontefract Castle depth of soil enough. This will be our only luxury. People like Spencer L. will patronize us in hasty visits, landing from sumptuous yachts. We shall take it by turns to go home and shop for the community. It will not be a company—only a neighbourhood made up of small partnerships, bound together by generous academical sentiments.

I am writing a journal in which you will find no mention of the storm. . .

Journal. P. and O. steamer 'CEYLON,' Jan. 24, 1873.—To-day I saw Gibraltar after a week's voyage, fatigue, danger. . . Journal does not receive tragical, dismal notions, and I doubt whether, if recorded, they are trustworthy records; for one dwells on them, shapes them, considers their ethics, till one is not sure what was really the impression at the time, if indeed there was a simple impression at all. I wrote yesterday that in a time of danger I was very dull, and that the dulness broke up only when I imagined the parting with the captain, and the utterance of two or three words of thanks for his bringing us through the storm. To-day I acted on

impulse. S. came to say good-bye, and I said to him I had hoped the passengers would draw up a paper, just to say something to the captain, whereupon I was asked to write it, and did so at the hotel, and have to get it signed. . . Nobody else would do it. I guess the captain will laugh at our unprofessional compliment.

Jan. 25. To-day, just now, I have had my first talk with him. . . He told me of Lesseps, the only Frenchman who to his knowledge was out of the French groove. Lesseps has no sort of resentment against England for opposition to the Canal, delights in us as the supporters, customers of the Canal. . . He delights in our showing respect and tenderness for old races and laws, as in Bengal. We ought to do the same in Egypt, where the natives are capable of great things under our guidance. So we are to keep up some leisurely dignified life in the East, not of the common democratic type. The world is not to be swamped by Germans and Yankees; not that he thought the two similar. This was his peroration. I enjoyed it, my own notions coming to me from a true man of action. I like to be taught what I teach. . . How absurd it is to think one knows one's own country if one lives merely with Londoners, South of Trent people, and those whose dinner at 7.0 prevents them ever seeing the sunset, and those who habitually adjust the folds of their hearts to the lines of their family connexions. These five days I am a true Briton, cognizant of its far-reaching, elastic, productive, fearless, rational activity. . . Gib looked quite ugly at first sight about dawn. . .

The sergeant-major, sent by the town Mayor, came with a pass for the Galleries. . . The sergeant was of the 71st, a Highland regiment; called Blacklock,

married for a year to an Englishwoman, glad to live at Gib, would like to settle there as a veteran. Spoke eloquently in favour of attaching a regiment to a county. . . We talked regimental history, siege, archaeology, town improvements. . . It was pleasant to find myself able to keep pace in walk, with talk, up the steepish climb to the Galleries. They were just what I expected, the more interesting because not yet enriched with modern appliances, such as iron mantlets, trams, recoil apparatus, hydraulic jacks. . . To the Alameda, which was lovely with white sand, and white-jacketed 71st on it, doing the new drill. Edged it is with aloes, red flowers and trees, with stems gleaming like birches. Lord Heathfield, bless him, stands—only his bust, though—on a pillar, quite absurd, but venerable. Then past the Trafalgar cemetery, a beautiful, wooded, flowery hollow; then to the keen, bright, flowery *patio* of the Convent, now inhabited by the Governor. There was the superhumanly big, ugly, vulgar, delightful statue of Heathfield, in his pantaloons and bulbous cravat, bottle-nose, gilt key pressed to his manly stomach. Behind him in a little recess, one of his howitzers, one of his box grates for heating shot, and some Spanish shells hurled at him. . . Driven back in good time to the Water Port. I got through a dense crowd and boarded our P. and O. agent's steam launch, which ought to be always used for the passengers. We wisely used it uninvited. The crowd was inhiating and gabbling over the water, in which were its naked representatives, diving for a purse dropped by a very woebegone and embarrassed but just-minded Australian. I could not see half their faces; but I saw it was a first-rate subject for a painter—such a variety of attitudes and expressions.

The divers failed; but the agent sent for his professional diver, and he did it for £2—an absurd over-payment, as the water was but eight feet and quite still, and the spot clearly defined. . . As we left the roadstead the sharp dorsal Rock looked much better. Perhaps I ought to have known it would. It is the absence of table-land and of deep complex fissures that makes it so unlike other great headlands.

Jan. 26. Tangiers is as barbarous as ever, says Maudsley, a pleasant, prosperous, young engine-maker, who came on board at Gib. . . He says that the Alcalde at Tangiers has lately cut off the hands and feet of a man caught with a bag of money. The surgeon of H.M.S. *Lively*, to which he was brought by pitying sailors, made good amputations, and they got him alive into good quarters. . .

Jan. 27. The pretty song sung by green and white boys from the Oratory of Brompton at Covent Garden, about Spring, has come to my sibilant lips to-day; rising one will never know how, from a palimpsest memory. Is it because the weather is good enough for Godfrey and Tancred? I am on the seas of St. Louis, and Charles V, and Dragut, and Collingwood. The Australian betting-man came up to me and the parson, when standing to contemplate our Arab fellow-passengers, and asked us to join in a 'sweep.' Were there men of such leathery foreheads and minds with the Sieur de Joinville, or with the good Julius who was so courteous to St. Paul? The Arabs are cackling, feasting, even singing, seemingly bargaining with one another about a handsome pair of stirrups. They have one hag seated on a sheep-pen, immovable, hideous, meagre, a puzzle to sailors. Two men of her race cram her with cake. . .

I sit perched up on those wooden pillars which, I suppose, are meant to fasten hawsers to. There I muse, or whistle, or read Balzac. No lady speaks to me except one—to turn me out of her deck-chair. I hear the captain as he walks with his crack passengers talking *banalités*, from which I should like to rescue him. To-day I studied the log; the word hurricane is not used, but the record gives a clear sense of our danger. I don't know how they ascertained in the dark what our latitude and longitude were, but if they are right we drifted only a very few miles when lying to on Sunday and Monday. It is clear that had we been heavily laden we should have been pooped, quenched, drowned. . .

[MALTA.] *Jan. 31.* I delighted in the view of Valetta from the sea, a fine morning, grey and silver and delicate green. On the rocks enough positive verdure to account for the little flocks of goats driven by tall, silent herdsmen through idle streets. No one else seemed busy or in earnest, for the carts were empty. There was no building, no scavenging, hardly two street cries, no fish market, plenty of carrots, broccoli, open red melons. Jolly boys playing a sort of cricket with their hands—no bat or stumps, but graceful catching and melodious applause—close to grim piles of cannon balls and stolid British sentries, behind the Parisian-looking new opera-house, in which they were rehearsing *Don Giovanni*. . .

In the courtyard of the armoury there was an incredibly magnificent display of colour from huge creepers all round, and reaching high up. I could get no one to name the glorious plant¹. There was some of it in the sixpenny bouquet of jonquils, geraniums,

¹ Bougainvillia.

heliotrope, and one white rose, which I bought in the street, and having duly enjoyed gave to the steward for the second-class passengers. Next day he ran after me to say, 'I was to thank you for the flowers; *they were delighted*;' huge emphasis. It rebukes man's calculated virtue to find that after cobwebs of benevolence swept off, a single thread thrown at random fastens one on to a good unexplored distant soul. . .

In the armoury there was good taste and the glory of England, who faithfully treasures *in situ* relics which France would have taken to Versailles. The one poetical thing was a trumpet blown to call the knights aboard ship when they left Rhodes; but besides this there was armour worn in real fight with the Turks, and there was the original charter of the Order. . .

ALEXANDRIA.—Ibrahim, our dragoman, turned us almost into live goods for the landing. We were late for the train, and had to sleep at Abat's good hotel, where gnats drove me out of bed and the floor seemed to oscillate; a hateful, squalid town; but the white bells of the datura and the red bunches on the pepper trees were agreeable in the public gardens. . .

[CAIRO.] *Sunday, Feb. 2.* We started at 7.30 from the inn, and got to Cairo by 1 p.m. . .

Church at 4.0 in a room of the new hotel; then a walk with my Lady¹, not long enough to get out of the half-Frank streets; yet there was a good deal of real life to be jostled and stared at. . Then there was the feast of English newspapers till late at night. . .

The new magnificent mosque² called after the destroyer of the Mamelukes, a delightful paradise of cleanness,

¹ Lady Winchelsea.

² Ibrahim Pasha's Mosque on the Citadel.

acceptable to those who in twenty-four hours are sick of the foul streets. The great place under the dome is all carpet, a world of chandeliers, bad coloured glass, inferior decorations, but a grand architectural effect. We stood some time watching the worshippers. The muezzin knelt some way in front and sang the prayers, dismally, deathfully, lunatically; they prostrated themselves, and as we saw them in profile there was a little want of unity in their movements, so that it was like the breaking of a wave. When the singing was over, one of the worshippers came close to us and prayed alone. Sometimes he muttered like a man asleep, then he talked as to a dog or a child, then he worked a rosary with low reiteration of the same word. Very undignified, eccentric, but unaffected. These men must be descended from the horrible fanatics that Juvenal describes. After all, it is a wonderful and great thing, Mahomet's alteration of a national character, the complete obliteration of therolatry; here we have the children of the dog- and stork-worshippers capable of mental worship of the Unseen. . .

One of our drivers behaved roughly and foolishly to his horses; but many people in the streets hugged their goats and sheep and donkeys to keep them safe from our wheels. I could not make out that they scolded our driver, but I hated him for driving so fast through the crowded streets, swaggering along in the service of Franks, perhaps proud of serving a dominant race, and perhaps glad to bring resentment on their employers. Truly a moral wilderness, where Justice, if she comes at all, is in a fancy dress. Can nothing be done but to burn up decaying irrationalities with a blast of new enthusiasm? Why not educate this race, once reclaimed

from a grotesque idolatry, by the patient work of magistrates? Why not do for these Cairenes what has been done for the Maltese? The city is everywhere jagged and pitted with demolition. . . It is a thing in which we differ from the old races, that when a city was soaked with filth, as this is, they took a fresh site pretty near, and used the old town as a quarry: we go on building over ruins and setting palaces in a hovel bed. . .

To-day I walked through Hassan's mosque, not in slouching slippers, but in socks that once were white. It was something not unlike a pilgrimage, as the mosaics were shattered. Thus trod I on the blood of the Mamelukes, shed when I was a child. Not many Franks have been in that mosque with a less Pharisaical mind. . . This land has been visited by Herodotus, Theocritus, Germanicus, St. Louis. Great is the charm of Christianity, since it makes me think of this last man, more than those three whose thoughts are my thoughts. The saint would loathe me, Theocritus would be kind to me; yet I would rather have Louis here now to bind up the wounds of these wickedly oppressed, meagre, brown men.

Feb. 5. Yesterday we wasted the forenoon and drove too late to the Bridge. It was closed, that is to say opened. . . The dragoman talked of Heliopolis and the Virgin's tree. . . The sorry horses were whipped the other way, and luncheon was put off till we were in wildernesses, free from mortals. The cloud passed from the brow when we came to a water-wheel. Every one got down. We invaded not as snobs, but as poets, a bit of garden, unfenced, not unguarded. There was a boy paddling quietly in a shallow opalescent stream, one of

the ὄχετοί of Homer. It flowed from a cistern. The cistern, flush with the ground, was filled with jugis aqua, which fell glittering from little twin pots, each the size of an Englishman's hat, but shaped like a carrot *tranché*, fastened to a wheel of wood, which was not strictly circular and had promiscuous wooden bars and outriggers, and was cogged with a horizontal creaking wheel, which was turned slowly by an ungoaded, tall, lean, spotless, unlovely ox, aged ten, which was watched, not worried, by a turbaned blue man, who being asked how long the ox worked, said three hours, then three hours of rest. Being asked how long the ox would live, said 'the Creator knew.' The dragoman said the water was cool in summer, tepid in winter. No other facts were forced upon us, our presence disturbed no one, they did not ask for anything: this was good Eastern life, the life of men who in their little time are as the stars, unconscious, hasteless, steadfast. All around this little spot of industry, groaning, creaking, painless industry, there was true spring, marred by dust, but very bright and bountiful. It was a delightful set-off to the bustling idleness of Cairo. In due time we lunched under good avenue shade, then we looked out for the holy tree.

At last, after passing a stupid inevitable obelisk, we came to a second garden, where peach trees, meagre and almost leafless, were timidly blossoming; and the gardeners brought the ladies red and fragrant flowers, not excluding some sorry roses, and shook a lemon tree that we might pick clean little lemons. It was Pharaoh's fig, under which the meek Magnificat woman is said to have rested. . . It seemed rather a comfort, considering all things, that the Moslem should do honour, actually

put up painted wooden rails to the meek, meditative Jewess whom half the fair souls of Christendom love reverently. I will call my next donkey foal Ayesha, and if a male, Hussein, to return the compliment. How vexed the good Mary would be to know that she was the stock to bear a Napoleon branch on August 15: that she was made Queen of Heaven by Manchester curates. What idea of heaven have they? Her tree at On had a trunk shapeless as a Devonshire ash root, and coloured like an elephant's foot. Out of this hideous lump come four or five eccentric limbs fit for Salvator Rosa or a nightmare.

To-day at 11 we were well on the way to the Pyramids, caught the bridge in a moment of brilliant inactivity, got under a hospitable acacia avenue. At 12.30 lunched under the hospitable shade of Cheops. The sale of idols and the exchange of coins reminded me of the futile creatures which moved indignation and caught the physical as well as the rhetorical lash in Jerusalem. They seemed spoilt by tourists; one fixed idea was to get from us by barter English sovereigns to pay their taxes with. I gave them no help, and got no information about these taxes. When the sketches and bargains were completed, I was at last able to stretch my legs and go by the east side of the big pile to the Sphinx; then sketching began again. Then did our leader exalt the British name, by quietly insisting against the vehement expostulations of the verger, and climbing the Sphinx. He had bare toes wherewith to scratch and squeeze her absurd ringlets. Fussy Arabs offered ropes and shrieked evil omens. He placidly persevered, giving them little volleys of their own language. He got to the top,

then ducked into what he said was a hole in her head, about seven feet deep, then reappeared and was saluted loudly by the functionary, who had meanwhile learnt his name; a man who said that he had tried to climb up but had broken a rib, and that no one had ever been up. . .

During the sketching of the Sphinx we had a quiet seated group round us, and I got some rational answers about land, inheritance, taxes, emigration, punishment, &c. The men with whom I talked seemed to like being questioned carefully, respectfully, perseveringly, and we thought they appeared to advantage during the process. Then our encampment broke up. . . We got the after-glow, and thought the landscape delightful as we went home: the half-moon right over our heads. Once more we stopped to sketch when a mile from the Pyramids. They are not bad things; they tempt one to a slope from which one gets a new and striking landscape. The plain with its streaks is far beyond pictures. This then was a day to say grace for. *Memini mortuorum quia gaudeo.* . .

MAGDALA Nile boat, off ABOUTEEG, Upper Egypt, twelve miles above Assyût (or Sioot, or Ossioot), lat. 27. *Thursday, Feb. 13, 6 p.m.*—We began our long water-party a week ago come to-morrow morning. . . It took us twelve hours to go the 120 miles to Menieh—a single line, hardly any sidings, sugar-trains frequent and obstructive, no order, no care of passengers. . . On the road we saw a noisy, cheerful train of fellahs going with their month's stock of bread to do their *corvée* on the new Canal; no pay. . .

The poor people in the train bought whole sugar-canes, fresh cut and brought with strident green leaves

to the doors. I did not see any sale or supply of water. We bought oranges and hard-boiled eggs. . .

I get up about 7.30, go on deck. Before the awning is up I read under an umbrella with a white and gilt muslin scarf (4s.) wrapped round my green Southampton bonnet. 9.30, eat omelette, every day. Then I read Plato's *Republic* aloud to M. Finch Hatton for his degree, stopping now and then as in lecture; after two hours of it we go to Herodotus, whose account of Egypt is naturally more interesting here and now to my listener than Socrates' very elementary notions of justice. . . After a solid luncheon, at which we drink Nile, tepid and filtered and debateable, and make oranges serve as wine, I read, perhaps with intervals of sleep, in my cabin, till the sun burns me out of it; then on deck to get what I came all this way to get, the bars and bends of plain sky, bank and stream, and the Arabian mountains reflecting, and the Libyan mountains honouring with distant shadow the sun that lets me with five eyes see, perhaps, a minaret rising in a hedge of acacias and palm some three miles off; perhaps a camel on a causeway, led by a child; perhaps a troop of goats, very ugly lean things when near, driven home; perhaps the sloping yard of a boat, mistaken by me for the lever-spar of a water-lift. Hitherto we have come to steam engines for lifting water, not in use, and to broken sakyehs, but not to the old familiar shadoof. . .

I have been reading Victor Hugo's *Lucrèce Borgia* and *Marie Tudor*, Balzac's *Pierrette*, *Curé de Tours*, *Ménage de Garçon*, having finished *Cousine Bette* on board ship. These three last are not so harrowing and debasing as *Bette*, but they give one a horror of France, as it was, at least. I believe it must have been better

since 1848, partly from the increase of prosperity, partly from the superiority, as a gentleman, of Louis Napoleon to Louis Philippe, partly the dying out of the generation twisted earthwards by crimes of Jacobins and Bonapartists, partly the improvement of the preachers, partly the influence of literature. This last, I believe, is in great measure due to Balzac, whom I now recognize as the coryphaeus of Feuillet, Droz, Gaboriau, Malot, Belot, Sardou, de Musset, and Flaubert.

They have for the most part a lighter touch than he has, and they surpass him in the construction of a story. Like him they dissect their country, they are professors of morbid psychotomy. I wonder whether the intellectual priests, directors, read these books; they should do so. . . May some one arise to sweeten the poor heart of France with happy books, forgetting the guillotine and the Bourbons, and pointing to the cheerful generous virtues of men, such as one may hope Lesseps and Chanzy are. . .

Friday, St. Valentine. We see and hear of no bees, but we see the Turkish sweetmeat sold everywhere, which is said to be made with honey. Wild flowers must be scarce: hitherto we have picked one big common red poppy, one little bell of white convolvulus, a few dog-daisies, and a nameless white thing. Besides these there is the yellow columbine in abundance. . .

I have seen what I thought was a butterfly; they tell me it was a yellow-headed wagtail. The birds brought in are almost all beautiful, and to me new. The one most remarkable is the plover, which has a thorn or spur on the angle of each wing. Sand-grouse is pretty, but not eatable; lanner hawk, booted eagle, sand-piper,

wild goose, kite, vulture, heron, are among the many names I hear of things slain or threatened. If the slain are pitied, still more is the captive. He is an eagle; he has outgrown one cage. When I speak to him he opens his beak, and yacks like the young jackdaw that I tried to rear in 1843 at K. C. C. Romeo, the red retriever, is pensive, *géné*; when he goes for a walk with us he shrinks at the visitors, who curiously approach him, taking him for an English variety of sheep. The crew like him; it seems quite untrue of these modern Egyptians, that they loathe dogs. Near Damietta every man has his house-dog. The donkeys are pretty, nimble, well groomed; one at Assiout had pretty housings and silver *phalerae*. The only one I have ridden was perfect.

Feb. 15. To-day I had my third country walk; it took us to Abouteeg, in which we were surrounded and stared at by hundreds of stolid, silly, ugly children, partly kept back by a cavass armed with sugar-cane swish. There were many pretty little bits of lattice-work, architectural doors and windows, brickwork cornices, a very good minaret, with a very good gateway and mosque, apparently on both sides of it. Certainly more architecture to be seen than in a small European town, but also more ruin, squalor, and grime. . . I don't see any way of explaining the extravagant slovenliness of the towns, except a survival of Bedouin habits, e.g. the dirty practice of littering the grain on a cloth spread in a thoroughfare close to all feet. The delight in language lives evidently; the delight in fanciful elegant building lived many centuries; is it dead now? The delight in cool, fair water, in shrubs and flowers, in orderly children's hair,

can it be begotten? They take pleasure in English kindness; shall they not soon learn our justice too? . . .

While waiting yesterday for the sail-menders, went for a walk, the skipper and I, away from Souhag down stream, to a very enjoyable moss-grown grove of acacia and mimosa—real shade, coolness, greenness, retirement. Saw shadoofs at work; not even picturesque, the lever too short. They should substitute wind for men's muscles to lift the buckets. I like the wheel with buckets of the sakyeh, and if turned by wind it would be a very sensible thing, much better than steam pumps for this country. In working the shadoof there is a waste of good strong arms, which push the rod down to plunge the bucket in. I don't so much object to the employment of women in carrying jars of water, for they are probably happier thus employed than doing nothing, and the climate perhaps supersedes the need of many things that they would have to do indoors elsewhere.

Feb. 24. The people eat enormous amounts of bread and sugar-cane. I can't make out how they have any money to spare for their coffee and tobacco: they seem great feeders, and very well clothed, tall, healthy, sociable—on the whole far above Kerry and Naples. In Upper Egypt we have all liked the mountains and the numerous shadoofs which creak soothingly all along the banks. The steam pump here (this is a great place for Frank fixings) works only in summer. We saw a sakyeh at the 'Fisherman's palace,' and a pleasant little girl called Rabba with shell strings to adorn her hair, the first feminine ornament that has been visible to me. . . I trudged after the family donkeys, to Karnak, where we had a satisfactory hour in and on

the big stones, getting a good sunset view, down upon the river and across it to the great Memnon. . . Our party was highly gratified with the architecture. I prefer the mosques: all the old things are too familiar before we see them, and too far removed from the humanity mirrored in literature. . .

March 4. That night was my sleep murdered. When I woke from my last attempt at sleep, it was still quite dark, but the sakyeh was making distant melancholy, bagpipe, humming-top, grasshopper music. Donkeys were ready for three; the purser and I set off in haste to be at Philae by sunrise, breaking fast on a bit of bad bread and half a teacupful of Marsala drawn fresh from the cask. The donkey-drivers sucked air loudly to encourage the quadrupeds, which were feebler by far than their predecessors at Siout and Keneh.

We left the hideous human warren, following a fair, broad, clean sandy trough with teeth of granite on either ridge, reminding me of the hilltops in the Vivarais, only much nearer to us. After half an hour's chilly riding, the increasing glow showed us a little village, and then the smooth river; the rapids, falsely called cataract, were heard, but not after the Ciceronian Catadupa style--no fear of being deafened. The sun slanted well upon the innumerable rock edges of creeks and reaches, and told me at least that the island mass over against us had no trees nor mud huts on it, only the stately peristyles growing out of the live rock as at the Acropolis—a solemn, clean, calm mass, but in the dawn not highly coloured, not mysterious. I must try to see it again at sunset. . .

To-day Hadji-bidge-bidge, the Berberee sailor, has come to ask for oil to put on his sick wife's head.

He squatted down in his white drapery while examined by the Sitt through her son as to the malady. As Arabic is not his language, it was not very easy talk. Two interviews: trust on one side, patience and friendliness on the other: no snivelling. The Reis came to listen to it, so did Mohammed, and a tall blue sailor who said thanks for Hadji, leading off for him. This they often do, and we like it. After the aconite and the quinine had been given, with clear orders, accepted with nods of assent, the man was called back to receive a coin. He kissed it, but gravely; no Irish effusion.

Friday, March 14. One night I questioned our servants about the names for stars; they knew not Alioth or Alcor. They call the Great Bear the Seven Stars, also the 'three dead daughters,' in which calculation four of the stars go for the bier. They could not say who the father was that buried the girls. . . They liked being told about the moon. I have seen two good slow meteors lately. . .

I gather from Ibrahim at least this, that the peasants of Egypt are as likely to follow a Theudas or a Canterbury Tom as any Jews or Kentishmen, and that a myth or supernatural story can be as easily started here now as in the age and land chosen by Strauss: for he says that Achmet, the leader of the insurgents, had a great character for goodness and cleverness, and is believed to have taken his followers into the desert, and there fed them with water from the rock and bread from (?), and that though believed by the Pasha to have been slain, he is thought by his admirers to be still alive: and that his brother, now imprisoned in Esneh, is believed (on his own authority) to have the power of passing from prison to mosque at will. He seems

to have been arrested because some one lost money, and the lock of the box and the lock of the room were undisturbed, and this brother of the prophet was the only man thought capable of working the mercurial miracle.

Our parson does not try to convert our amiable sailors, but he bends his black-clothed back in the sun for an hour, working a piston in a freezing-powder (saltpetre and soda), and he turns out lemon ice. Now if Iris the daughter of Thaumias were to glance on their souls, they would marvel at this *prima facie* marvel of the ice in sunshine, and in due time they or their descendants might wish to learn the explanation: but as they take no notice of the ice, being, I am told, quite used to the fact that English folk eat ice on the Nile, there is a want of 'opening' for the game. It is of no use seemingly to show them the compass or telescope, or air-cushion; yet they believe in our doctoring. . .

When the fisherman brought us the turtle, he held out his dirty hand to our Reis Achmet, who grasped it, and then kissed his own: this is a real bit of politeness. The greetings up and down this long street called the Nile are as frequent and much more cordial than the greetings in Trinity Street, Cambridge. It is, as far as I can see, the *bon enfant* life here as there—*camaraderie*—none of our social formalities, inquiries after wives, &c. Perhaps it was thus that the young men of the Piræus met up and down the Aegean. I doubt whether the distinction which haunts people in England, between young men and old men, is much felt here. Manhood is the normal state. Once grown up you are chronologically equal to any man, and

superior to the infirm. I don't see nor hear of any notice taken of old age, apart from authority on the one hand, or mendicancy on the other. P.S. My lady observes constant kindness shown to the blind and also to beggars: she says they are never rudely pushed aside, but pointed out to us kindly. . .

Sunday, March 16, not far from GIRGEH.—The Purser has explained to me how it is so easy to get at eagles on the Nile (other than fish-eaters). It is because they must come once a day to drink, and there is no other water. Worm-eating birds, such as thrushes, are very rare here, because the ground is too dry for worms. The Nile valley is the route for both migrations, northern and southern. There are not so many fish-eating birds on the Nile as in the Fayoum, where the fish are incredibly numerous. It is inferred that there are not many fish in the river. . .

Thursday, March 21—10 a.m. (within two hours of ASSIOUT). Egyptian summer is said to begin to-day. We think it very hot, but have no thermometer. Yesterday we had an illustrious sunrise, which glorified the 400 feet scarp level strata, and one deep shadow cradle of Gebel el Aridi. For an hour there was the pink and glaucous hue on the hills, which melting into the water reflections is, for me, a feast of beauty such as I do not get when I look through other men's eyes by looking on a picture. We rowed straight at the cliff, and as we came nearer, of course we exchanged the glamour of distance for the clean, bare quarry, and the regular embrasures which stand for tombs, or hermitages, or workmen's lairs. They were busy hewing stone for building, but we heard no 'shots' nor any sound of tools. Sunset was nearly as good in the

sky, and I feasted on it undisturbed in a little walk, undisturbed by men, though the gilt green plain was all alive with troops of cattle and sheep-drivers going from pasture, and the bank with lively singing troops of nimble people, towing big boats which were crammed with cheerful creatures going home from their month's *corvée*. . .

Sunday, March 23—9 a.m. (under the cliffs of ABUFEDA). As we sit here, looking at cranes which come within shot, taking a mean advantage of the human Sunday, at a splendid osprey sitting on the bank in perfect composure, kestrels and merlins popping in and out of their nests, while 'Clebottle' (Ibrahim's Cleopatra) the lioness is playing with a soda-water bottle—they bring us a dead snake, about eleven inches long, found in the eagle's nest. We quote 'reluctantes dracones,' and now we wake the echoes of the rocks so well stocked with raptors. . .

CAIRO, *Lady Day*.—I call the Nile valley silent. It is perhaps not what others would say, for the crews chatter, and laugh, and sing. The Reis is sure to repeat every order polemically and with vain scoldings; at the landings there are often hours of gabble and rowdy importunity; add the dogs howling at night. But if you think of other lands, you own it is a silent valley: no fish leaps, of the hundred species of birds the only speaking kinds are the plovers and the crested larks, and in the spring and early summer it is remarkable to hear no song of thrush or the like: singers and perchers are scarce where the land is too dry for worms. There are no wheels; no tramp of iron-shod hoof; no rustle of wind, for lack of trees. The two characteristic sounds are the sakÿeh creak, which is

missing for many scores of miles in the lower parts of Upper Egypt, and the chattering of villagers at sunset as they drove home their herds. By the way, the sheep, the goats, the cows are all without bells—no fear of their being lost, as there are no thickets to hide them. Another thing that I do not feel so sure of is this: except the pyramids, there is in Egypt no sign of emulation. . .

I was very happy in the train all day: felt the heat much less than in the boat, . . there were no flies and little dust; and I had brought water enough to wash several times, using soap, having a towel. Eggs, bought of an honest child, who would not let me overpay him, made, with oranges and *Magdala* rolls, a good many little meals, moistened with brandy and water; the guard to whom Ibrahim had consigned me took due, not too much, care of me, and we were not very late. . . The little boys screaming 'moya' (water) and holding up their light vases, out of which sometimes a dusty traveller in dark blue surplice drank temperately, and seemed to drink gratis—the disinterested brats that ran in upon us from the cornlands, with no fence to leap, with no fear of by-laws or engines, coming just to fall into the grandeur of a train, as the ship's nails fell into the loadstone mountain; the eager, hearty greetings when people got out; the absence of all slang and swagger among the people waiting for us; the non-existence of snobs and gents and betting-men, and men with waxed lip-hair; the zeal of a lame man who went to and fro crying 'hinna' (here) to collect his party; the politeness of a man pushing back the wildly fluttering white drapery of a 'hareem' dropt on to the mere desert in the midst of the breeze—these are the

images that I recall with complacency. They give me the notion of a good-natured and well-bred people, and they make solitude and inactivity and helplessness far more endurable than I found them a year ago. All day, when the train did not rattle too much, I read the delicate sweet story *La Mare au Diable*, remembering how my sister Fanny used to tell me of George Sand, when I was a barbarous undergraduate. A great deal of what I read now should have been read twenty or thirty years ago. We are the playthings of 'Circumstance.'

Cairo, which bored me in February, looked last night clean and almost brilliant, and the hotel received me with serene, almost religious, openness—not the well-acted empressement of an European hotel. I got a northern room and revelled in space, bed, air, real restful night and dawn. . .

My donkey was the most faithfully adroit of donkeys, steering with the neatness of a skater, so that if I had been blind and reinless I should have gone almost without a bump: not but what the boy very quietly interfered now and then with his rod, just touching the moke on the neck to give him a hint, or speaking to me—'right hand,' 'left hand'—and the touter also pulled me up or urged me on in the worst throngs. The ugliest thing we met were camels loaded with rough building-stones, an absurd substitute for roulage, the more absurd because we met a long procession of carts laden with stones. The sweetest thing was the guiding of blind men by boys, on whose heads their hands rested as if they were patriarchs, and their voices fell gravely—the boys so upright and unobtrusively useful.

We passed more than one school, but not at the jolly

hour of 3 p.m., when they break off. The Wallace Bethnal Green picture of it is better than any bit of life I have seen in Cairo. . .

We overtook, twice, a hadji riding in triumph, preceded by musicians who were more dissonant than the worst bagpipes; but in one case I welcomed the drums heartily, beaten on the backs of supercilious old-maidish camels. The pilgrims were stopt by eager friends grasping them and clinging to them, and making them stoop for the hangings. They were easily known by their strong, rich, yellow scarves. I regret to say that this handsome bit of raiment was used by a pilgrim's little son to hide his right cheek from my glaring evil—shall we say eye, or spectacles? It is an amusing proof of the interpenetration of East and West, that a hadji actually sends word by telegraph that he is to be met at the station. . .

Thursday, noon. While reading about earthquakes and thinking that Egypt has none, while Syria has many, I received four letters which had come back from Thebes. There was enough good news and sympathy to add to the satisfaction of walking, alone, in the Ezbekieh Gardens, which we explored last night. News not all good. The road¹ goes on slowly, another horse and man wanted in spite of all our calculations. I suppose the snow is given as the cause. I must give up Turkey, buy no more things here—give up the little plan of fetching my old companion to meet me in Germany. . .

It is the plague of mosque-seeing that you go with a guide who does not care for the thing except as a thing for him to show, and that the holy places are

¹ At Halsdon.

entered only by help of officials paid to guard you from the spite of the worshippers, that is, of the very people for whose sake you respect the buildings, and to whom you would wish to be as a turtle-dove. Moreover, I wish there were not so many blinking, dull eyes. I don't mind a sprinkling of real blind folk, whose presence in the crowded lanes is a precious sign of the people's gentleness, but the amaurosis is mean and dismal.

ABAT'S HOTEL, ALEXANDRIA, *Saturday, March 29, Sunset.*—Hard packing, good exercise, hard reading of papers. Relieved by finding that the Tories disdain floating into office on the swoln carcase of an Irish grievance. My guide dashed at me when I had paid my bill and boarded my carriage, and was very useful. He was amused at my preaching silence to the vociferous officials of the luggage-office. . .

March 29. Booked by my old enemies, Austrian Lloyds (whoever they are in the flesh), once more. They are to take me to Smyrna. . .

I went to a café kept apparently by a solemn pelican, who moved his absurd bill like a prosy pedant: some poor girls fiddled, and inside I was their only listener, for the two Arabs talked all the time. There was one waiter outside, one *narghilly* in action, one set of dominoes. The sea breeze was marred with the dust of fiddle-faddle stoneworks, just as the music was broken by the few and futile hammers, and the wind lifted the inconvenient draperies of the workmen on the roof. Then and there did I reach the climax of contempt for Frankified, Turk-ruled Egyptians. No esplanade. The ground that might be healthful is taken up with barracks and batteries, so that the man of peace must trudge at the back ditch out of sight of the sea. At three breaches

I took up my much-enduring glass, and did justice to Pharos and Lazaretto and the curve of land which seems to shelter the roadstead from the NW. ; but I could see no ships, and for all I know there are ships on the other side, sheltered from the SE. ; so in doubt I mused on the sagacity of Alexander, and pitied Theocritus and St. Mark.

The inn is full of Britons from India, Australia, and China : they have been detained in the Canal by wind which blessed me on Monday, so they are waiting for the next P. and O., and the *patio* is alive with pale children. I have opened the first parallel for storming their hard little hearts by bringing them some very expensive and presumably stale macaroons and chocolate lumps, and I expect by Monday to be allowed a ride on the stone lion, which reminds me, in point of size, of the lost Clebottle. There is an American here who shouts with a long-range voice, and breaks in upon our superior conversation : whereupon I turn two points, and listen to ladies talking about the small feet of their Chinese maids and of the rudeness of the Alexandrians, who make the faces that grow out of these small feet *blush*—a good illustration of Darwin's essay. . .

To-morrow back into the anchoret life, which is my portion. I have at least taken in a little store of English sweetness, and my last night in Egypt has been a feast time.

. . . Took a walk and intruded into a fort and saw Mizraim's troops learning their lessons ; rather politely turned out after a pleasant walk through clean barrack-grounds, with more verdure than I found elsewhere. Thus, as long ago at Salzburg, I rubbed out a general disgust by blundering at the last moment on

a nice place. My last impression of Egypt but one, is respect for docile soldiers and patient officers: the last of all is contempt and abhorrence for the fools who scrambled for my luggage at the waterside, and for my snivelling dragoman, who tried to get me to pay him for my walk with C. when he was in C.'s service—*putrescat in senectute turpi*. My ship *Apollo* was swarming with fez-wearing Franks and Turks, taking affectionate leave of young *commis-voyeurs*, who were quite inoffensive. . . . There was a great display of good feeling with no snivelling. When we started, Boreas fell on us, and gave us hardly any rest till we anchored in the little harbour of Chios on the third night. Our fool of a captain would not, by giving timely and true information, enable us to go on shore to see the island. We might have had four good hours of morning in Homer's own valleys, while five thousand boxes of fruit were coming on board. Rhodes we passed at night. Patmos we saw well, and a bold, bleak, rugged thing it was. Our officers were never to be got at; we were in a poop island over our saloon, locked off from the officers' bridge. The government of the ship was felt and heard only through the dismally clanking chains of the rudder, which passed on each side of our marine parade. No man at the wheel: the wheel was in a bag. Twice only did I see sailors at work. . . . I suppose the Austrian Lloyds have found by wearisome experience what bores passengers are with their questions, so I who bore no one with questions, suffered for the glossalgia of others, and missed the little pleasure of seeing blue and brass doing its duty. . . .

The wind, unruly as it was, did not quite spoil the glitter of Alexandria, the cyanean lustre of the sea that

once bore the good ship *Dioscuri* on her way to Myra. Perhaps it blew as hard when the Venetians tried to bring away St. Mark's bones from Alexandria. . . The glory of our company was a comely German in the prime of life, red-blond and genial, Dr. Häckel of Bonn. Hearing from Leitner that I read Darwin, he came to me, knowing hardly any English, to show me his Darwinian picture of four embryos—turtle, (?), dog, man—and his 'hypothetical sketch' of the radiation of human breeds from the one centre, 'Lemurien,' which is placed in the sea between India and Africa, somewhere about the Seychelles, he puts Paradise with a " ? " . This was a man truly in the prime of life, bright and happy, enjoying his mind, feasting on perceptions. I liked to see him talk when out of range. That is the one impression of the three days' voyage to be hoarded. . .

Haughton the Yank said that Agassiz, whom he claims as a citizen, being asked whether he was saving any money, answered that he was too busy with his researches to spend a day on making money. Inexorable death urges these thinking men to be quick, and some of them are but too quick, and do their tyrant's work, shortening their wofully short lives by their impatient straining.

And all the while the prudent good men, who ensure by piety against risks beyond the grave, are sighing the sigh of the Pharisee over these uncalculating, disinterested lovers of truth. Surely the philosophers are less worldly than the religionists. . .

SMYRNA, HÔTEL DE LA VILLE, *Saturday, April 5,* 7 p.m.—There is no public library. I have asked T. to get leave for me, as a Greek scholar, to be present at a Greek lecture in their college. He promised it. This perhaps can be accomplished. I want to hear a Greek

recite Demosthenes. I think that the Greeks have not our knowledge of authors: they may know Homer, Pindar, Xenophon, Thucydides, Demosthenes; no more. The best professors of classical Greek here and in Greece have been trained by Germans.

EPHESUS, *Sunday, April 6.*—Worship in the Consulate, close to cheerful sea and vernal shrubbery, swarms of young women, plenty of singing—the first since January. I sat alone on a free bench near the font, but was invited by the Consul to the first row, and the parson left his desk during the *Venite* to get me a big prayer-book, which he sent me by a beckoned boy—overwhelming attentions. I had my American prayer-book all the while, and showed it. People always oppress me with books in church, and give me no credit for knowing the liturgy. I only wish they were equally pressing with newspapers and maps. . .

I wandered two or three hours at random by the sea-side, along the railway which seems the only promenade for the common people, and is fringed with humble drink-gardens, in one of which there was a boy playing a harp as tall as himself, and singing to it, simply, not badly. Everywhere there were merry children flying kites. . . Here and there I saw a child or a woman in a strong, over-deep blue dress—not relieved—otherwise all was in quiet, good taste. It seemed all over the town a sober, sociable, humdrum set of people; nothing noisy but our few sailors.

On coming back to enjoy the sunset and sea-breeze in my great chair, I liked looking at my neighbours on the flat roof of the Portuguese Consulate. Two girls of seven or six flying kites, quite within pea-shooting and talking distance, and on my level, and taking no notice of my

mysterious dressing-gown : wherefore I write down my doggrel and read *L'Enfant Maudit*, and feel contented. . .

Tuesday, April 8.—I have just given up the twilight, and lost the delightful chattering of the Portuguese children. They have been skipping over a long rope, and masts and sierras were in the background, and their pleasant faces were visible across the little lane because of the sunset. Three children, and at noon I had watched three *birds* sitting on the telegraph-wire—two good sights in one day. Why grumble? . .

I went off with my Geneva leather cup in the hope that the old guide—the only one there was—who was described by Mrs. Wood as fit only to prevent my tumbling into pits, would find some water in the swamps, where Wood says he has seen the 'Caystrian swans.' I took a few cigarettes with me to propitiate barbarians ; I was heavily laden with my whole stock of gold, not knowing where to leave it ; had no umbrella, no knowledge of the guide's lingo, modern Greek ; in short, things looked unpromising for the six hours to be slain before I got to the Woods' dinner. . . I dare say I missed a good deal, but I saw more than I expected. The perfect cleanness and crystal sparkle of the marble, and the undefaced cross and bull on the doorpost of what is called St. Luke's tomb ; the splendours of the syenite pillars elsewhere ; the supposed 'Baptistery'—a big, shallow basin more or less blackened, highest in the middle, and with smooth rims . . . the perfect sharpness and cleanness of the inscriptions ; the singular boldness and nobleness of the rock-ridge on the south-west of the theatre, with its spirited outwork capped by a fort ; the old man's cry of *θάλασσα* (not *θάλαττα*), when we had

climbed to the right place above the theatre; the children and sheep shyly grazing in the little plain, where silt and swamp cover the homes of those noisy silversmiths, and hide the houses which Paul visited as a parish priest; the owl (*coucoubain*) which flew out of the 'Baptistry'; the silent shepherd with noisy *σκυλάκια* who dwelt in the supposed palace of the governor: such are my crumbs of remembrance. Once I left the tired old man, who had slipped and laughed at his falls more than once, to smoke and sleep in a hole that may have been once a place of rest for a tired actor, while I sat looking seaward, wondering at the strangeness of the site for the capital of the great Roman province, and running over the little string of reminiscences from Horace to the sentinel and the widow of whom Jeremy Taylor writes in his *Holy Dying*¹.

Malaria, due they say to Cayster, due no doubt to Turkish laziness also, perhaps also to the earthquake which I suppose overthrew the temple, has given up to perfect, holy solitude that southern or south-western side of the city which, on account of the port, and the road to Miletus, and because the theatre faces south, one associates with St. Paul; although the Christians seem to have buried more away to the east and more within sight of the village and mosques. However, even their cemetery is secluded enough, and the pious visitor cannot be disturbed at Ephesus by the intrusion of alien things, as I imagine he is in Jerusalem and Rome.

I remembered how poor W. H. Scott said to me, 'From what place shall I write to you on my tour?' and laughed with surprise when I said 'Ephesus.' At that time it was but little thought of. I did not know

¹ Chap. v. Sect. viii. (p. 447, Edition of 1850).

any one then who seemed to see that it was a very good place for the Romans, and the most purely glorious, happy place for Christians—those few chapters of Acts are of quite primary importance in the history of the Empire and of the Church—and I can't think of any ancient city so little mixed up with crime, horror, failure, mythology. Why is Timothy forgotten there when Polycarp is grafted on it, and St. John's house is shown in the village? I wish also there were some traces of Cicero. They are taking away, and I saw at the station just where at home you might see portmanteaus, a well-cut monument of the Calpurnian Gens, which reminds one of Caesar's wife and of Piso the enemy of Germanicus. I had just got as far as *τῆνον παρ ποταμόν* in the elegiacs of the stone when the train claimed me, and I must look in Wood's book to see whether the verses written for those Romans are as good as I am said to have written. It is egotistical, but innocent, to mention here that I have with scholars a special reputation for Greek elegiacs, the very form of verse which belongs to this pretty Ionia: and in a lukewarm way I communed to-day with Mimnermus and Callinus, just as I did yesterday with St. Luke: but of all who ever wrote at Ephesus, Cicero and Horace probably would be most civil to me and at home with me—yet I like that 'town-clerk' too.

On the way home Nicholay tried to please me by showing me plants, such as *maguta* (angelica plant, yellow flowers used to make absinthe in France)—its fennelesque stems made a painful squeak, like a hurt animal, when stepped on; *origano* (pure Greek), which I find is marjoram; *apéria*, which is apricot; *sicolea*, which I think is something like mastic; but he could not show the *valonia*, nor give me the Greek names of

the conspicuous squills, *Agnus castus*, and hawthorn. In birds he was stronger; he said the cuckoo would come soon. About once in three times my suggestion of a Greek name answered; and sometimes, as in *fido* for a snake (*ὄφιδιον*), I made a good hit in recognizing. . . . I could not get Nicholay's names for poplar and nettle. He was a nice old soul. I think he sympathized with me, because, like me, he had 'no boys, no girls, no madame.' . . . He seemed sheep-like enough to suit the still, sacred, green wilderness; he shook hands to-day at parting, even like an Arab, but with more meekness. And Nicholay is a good name—as we were not from Myra—and it reminds me of my colleges and my profession.

Wednesday, April 9, 10 a.m. Too tired last night to go on with this; eleven hours in bed. I have now made up for the want of rest in S.'s room, which he gave up to me, in which, after slaying a black bedfellow, I read *L'Enfant Maudit*, and smoked, and sprinkled eau de Cologne, and listened two hours to the solemn bacchanalia of the sailors. Of their songs not one had a real melody to be remembered; but all were slow, straightforward sequences, so that men with no ear could join in the refrain. One was the autobiography of a pirate—not so simple as Hybrias the Cretan¹; another seemed to be cheerfully erotic, and in the burden, which was all I caught, there was a touch of fancy:

'We'll kiss them . . . till they
Will fly with the morning lark, whistling away.'

In this line there is that most rare and charming cadence that haunts one in the last line of 'The Soldier's Dream':

'And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.'

¹ Bergk Poët. Lyr. Gr. *Scolia*, 27:

ἔστι μοι πλοῦτος μέγας δόρω καὶ ξίθος, &c.

The Turks in their day must have had virtues: let their monuments stand. No doubt I claim Ionia for the successors of the Romans, who took it lovingly from and with the Greek inhabitants. First came the Catholic Pauline Church to inherit from Cicero and Brutus: legitimate inheritance; 'for first in beauty shall be first in might.' But the Osmanli conquerors were, I imagine, to the formalized Byzantine Christians what Cyrus long before was to the Phocaeans, what Scipio Asiaticus was to Antiochus; now the Franks, headed by England, are to Greeks, Turks, Jews, and Armenians what Romans were to those who were beaten at Magnesia, and rose under Mithridates. Let us rule; let us, here as in Delhi and Valetta, respect and cherish the trophies of masculine hordes and disciplined believers.

And when Ionia is delivered from corruption and polygamic scrofula, let us bring back the fair carven stones from London, and set them up again where Paul and his elders read their handsome Greek letters. . .

I wished for a geologist, to talk of alluvium and earthquake, &c., but the lieutenants were as dull as cricketers. . . I should like to go again with H. E. L. or H. M. B. or M. F., my tried and perfect companions. But as it was I did well; it was for me what would have made a book of the *Excursion* for my master, the poet who knew no Greek. It was a day to set down among my jewels with the Dryburgh day. . .

Here grew big old planes, with strange distortions. I think they were the only *set* of trees that justified the grim old German drawings of woodland and hermit haunts. Near them, sometimes blended with them for art purposes, were overhanging rocks—results of land-

slips, as in Borrowdale—mossed, lichened, knotted, grotesque. All this one gets touched off, with one per cent. of the details given, in bandit pictures and *diablerie* illustrations; but these Ionian stones were without holly, ivy, fern, soft moss—therefore more true bits of coloured altered rock, stratification and cleavage, as far as I could see, almost lost (not but that higher up there was plenty of schist). The Grenoble rocks alone came to my remembrance on seeing these. I must again resort to negatives—there was no heath, pine, bramble, gorse. Limestone it was, but not glaring as in Jura, nor streaked with marble as at Syria, nor beautified by myrtle or bay. I saw the bay, and smelt it with joy: also oleander close to the water (not known to Nicholay). I had been told to look out for, but did not see, arbutus, laurestinus, and myrtle. Well, this zone of planes (not the symmetrical stately planes that I expected) was more quaint than beautiful. Above it, where the path wound about and the glen folded itself like a scarf of many hues, I saw the new enchanting ‘sparto’—not our broom with its handsome green needles, but a dwarf thorny plant, growing like our stunted hedgethorns in North Devon, sometimes blended with a fine big white cistus, but for the most part acting alone to my eyes, lighting up the grey and the dull green sprinkled upon the poverty of the hillside, catching the forenoon sun at a thousand points, itself less lavish of gold than our broom; nor can I be sure that it was the very same yellow—perhaps less brilliant, but it was in the highest sense poetical. Nothing could be more likely to make me sigh and murmur for the *τιμήεσσα χάρις ξανθοῦ καρῆατος*.

Too late for the bluebell and anemone; disappointed

about flowers, though a little girl in the village let me look at her *krino*, a beloved white iris. I had forgotten the old man, and he had said nothing for some way. Did he hear me talking to — ? He turned and said, 'Boys and girls at home—got any?' What made him ask that question then?

Wednesday, 7 p.m. I found donkeys instead of horses, and a very dull, dusty road to Bournabul; dear at two shillings an hour besides guide. My plan was to go into the uplands. In going up, my poor beast slipped and could not rise till pulled; so I concluded he was not fit to go up mountain-tracks, and in dudgeon turned back. Giacopo, Spanish Jew, who knew the date of his forefathers' expulsion from Spain, had the wit to take me back by the old road. It had a causeway of rough stones, not half so rough as Smyrna streets—on either side, soft earth to ride on. Seeing that I wanted flowers, he got me some, amongst them a bulb root of 'zimbook,' which has more resemblance in stem than in flower to bluebell, a welcome dogrose, myrtle leaves, poppy, may in full bloom, anetho (dill?), 'metapero'—lavender-coloured shrub, very pretty; of this I try to save cuttings. We stopped at Diana's Bath, where the delicate poplars just coming into leaf, and low walls covered with an ivy less dark and less veined than ours, led me to a mill, and a place for drying fleeces on frames of sticks high as hop-poles. We were let into the garden, which was well watered and enjoyable, full of monthly roses. They picked for me the best, whitest laurestinus I ever saw; long light branches of big, soft, open, pale banksia rose, called 'bomboni'; one perfect red rose, wisteria, orange flower, and noble lilac iris. So on the way home I was mocked by the stupid loungers, and followed by a few

jolly children asking for flowers, and getting some. The ride cost me a Napoleon; very extravagant; but now I have seen a country lane in Lydia, and the slanting sun made the plain pleasant. The road turned at a right angle westwards, and took me to the well-known cemeteries and caravan bridge. Wearisome and unsafe riding through the streets.

Thursday, April 10. These foreigners see not so much one *thing* as one *man* at a time: now it is Napoleon, now Bismarck, now Gambetta: only one man at a time. In this are the Americans wiser; though they seem to stake all on a Grant or a Davis, yet their thoughts run habitually in broader channels. The trick of simplifying, formulating, political theories is one which even in England we have to guard against. I always did so; and had I lived where I had an audience, I might have done some little service by teaching young men to disentangle the coincident lines of unequal length and thickness. . .

In these talks I feel, wearily, the inadequacy of the French language for politics: the 'position nette,' the recurrence of the inevitable phrases; all that the sagacious Knyvett Wilson used to point out to me as their weakness. 'Personne moins prêtre que Jésus Christ'—fragment of the Dutchman's discourse on religion. Christ, he thinks, remained a Jew: taught that all were equal; Constantine would not tolerate a republican religion, took up a *hierarchy* exactly corresponding with the imperial system.

This clever old fellow is quite a maxim-monger. I suppose he gets plenty of practice, and lets out his sayings on weekly sets of visitors. Unluckily, the Bible itself supplies him with model sentences, such as one

that he dwelt on, 'Man was not made for the Sabbath.' It is odd that the good and wise religionists never see the danger of quoting texts. Some texts are mere 'epigrams' of the French form. The texts that do no harm are the poetical jewels: 'Come unto Me . . .,' 'Now I see thee and abhor myself,' 'Fret not thyself for the ungodly,' 'We know that we have passed from death, because we love.' But the smart sayings in the Gospels, and even in St. Paul's works, are not so safe for our little minds.

Wiser is Mrs. — in setting herself every seventh day to live otherwise than on the six days, though the clever man may prove it to be an error to devise plans of self-denial for a transposed Sabbath—wiser is she than many liberal advocates of heart-religion. . .

HÔTEL DE FRANCE, PERA, EUROPE, *April 13, Easter Day*, 8 a.m.—Two hours since I got up, four since I woke by moonlight and recognized the great city, two to wait for breakfast. Turkey has put on a semblance of rigid virtue: detains my twelve Balzacs, preventing my finishing to-day the edifying autobiography of the 'country doctor': there was no one at the Custom House who could read French. I must go there to-morrow to rescue the books, and my Smyrna table-cloth, and my Egyptian cigarettes. No bribe asked for. A strong contrast with the barefaced swindling at Smyrna. No passport asked for. I feel at home with the Tophane fountain, as smooth and elegant as ever—more than I am! Twenty years ago I came here, perhaps unwrinkled, certainly not without plenty of reasons for wrinkles in the eight years I had then gone through of usher life. . .

The weather on Friday (April 11) was perfect;

yesterday a little chilly, but enjoyable. . . Mitylene by moonlight was one of those absolute pictures which I hope every one sees at least once—every one that travels. It is a shabby thing to call it a picture or a scene; and to make out a catalogue of the ingredients is stale, poor work. We stopped there long enough to give me time to think of everybody, above all of those oarsmen who came there from Athens just in time, hot and aching with their glorious efforts made to save their city from the stain of hasty slaughter.

Dardanelles in the early morning looked well, much more hilly than I thought. We wasted a good many hours there. I could not stay awake all night to feast on the moonlight, but I had almost a surfeit of it. This voyage from Smyrna took forty hours—eighty francs—the most prosperous of my tour. . .

7 p.m. I have had a long stroll, remembering the sturdy Genoese tower and the contrast between the straight cypresses and the bending headstones, the fates and the poor mortals. In the transcendental filth of Galata there were delicate bits of wooden lattice work, bold corbel work, an orchard in blossom almost worthy of Exeter, a jolly set of boys playing a kind of leap-frog: two boys stooped stern to stern looking east and west, a third crouched looking north, with his head fixed between them as a buttress to their roof: then a fourth boy went over the mass with a somersault; if he failed, he was greeted with Olympian laughter from men looking on. The kneeling boy knelt on a cloth. . .

Tuesday, April 15. We saw the fabrics of Aleppo in a wholesale room, part of a big, well-built, nearly empty khan, three stories of round arched galleries, big enough for a College, massive and wholesome.

We bought sandal-dust in the well-remembered drug (Egyptian) bazaar. Twice we crossed the water in pretty caïques, rowed skilfully as in 1853 by handsome, cheerful, easily contented men, the best watermen I ever saw. We went to a jolly carpenter, who had made a cypress box to keep furs (23 francs), with a lock that rings a bell when turned, and has a key pushed in slantwise; painted light green, like the silly Cairo trunks—adorned more simply. We looked at a blind man playing the caloon or dulcimer—real Turkish music, with no rhythm; he hit the wires with little sticks tipped with tortoiseshell. Save the bass, it was rather pretty; not so pretty as bird-song.

Two letters; every one in England ill, or in danger, or out of temper: but some remember me, and their words soothe me. . .

April 16, 5 p.m. I have strolled nearly three hours, alone, under the guidance of the sun. From the bridge of boats, which to-day was clear and quiet enough for a lover's walk, there was at 2.0, and again at 4.0, a delightful view. What are the special charms of this place? (1) The Golden Horn narrows gradually, leading the fancy into the hills; and it has no mud-banks, nor any need of formal quays, and the hills all round treat it like a lake, giving shadows. (2) The crests or nipples of the Stamboul hill-line are crowned with appropriate buildings, the domes of the mosques; these mark out the axis-like vertebrae. I like to think that great Romans once lived on them as in the original smaller Rome: even now I come to exceedingly high walls at these points, and imagine palaces and paradises inside them; but the true Roman would have scorned to hide his mansion. (3) The north-eastern side of the Horn, Pera, is not all

town ; there are broad and effective patches of cypress, and in the landscape these are solemn and graceful. My view to-day did not take in the Asiatic side. The splendour of this day makes it a far finer place than it was in August, 1853. I passed, going south from the bridge, under a grand pierced wall with *séculaire* stems of ivy. This was new to me. I walked on straight and reached railway and water, not the old outer walls. The *flânerie* did not bring in much : six men hammering on an anvil, rhythmically, like bell-ringers, but with the undesigned variety of dress, and with the half-spirited slenderness and half-fanatical dryness of Eastern people undefiled with gin and Dickens ; a very merry little boy on crutches ; six pair of beloved Tuscan oxen toiling up the steep hill with carts and wares unworthy of them ; spring breaking out and betraying herself through square iron grates in the walls of neglected gardens : a man's voice followed by a boy-choir in what I took for a Greek church ; grave men and meek women stopping to drink out of the cups of one of those adorable fountains, which utterly beat our best Gothic wells, and put to shame our stingy Cockney things of the last few years ; many streets of visible, happy, unconscious industry. Not a Frank to be seen till I got back to Galata.

These are not such impressions as Théophile Gautier would care to print : but they are true. . .

April 17, 1 p.m. I have a book to read, Théophile Gautier's novel ; and when too stupid even for that, I look at Lever's last book, which contains lively bits about Pera diplomacy and veiled personalities. I have spent 100 minutes in the handsome room of the club, reading *Times*, &c., alone and comfortable ; the first good chair since Jan. 15th. I see that a certain person

has missed a good place¹ at Oxford, given to a good man called King; and one of the pagans outside wonders why it costs £1,300 a year to maintain the representative of St. Paul. I dare say Paul himself spent nearly as much in some of his years of greatest activity. I have lost my way to the Post Office for the fourth time, and yet posted my letters—fifteen in thirteen weeks; our mail not yet in. How shall I go with this heavy head to the bridge, get a caique, say 'Scutari,' land there, look at Olympus and its far-off snows, perhaps find Parker's and Grenfell's graves, my naval acquaintances of 1853? Why hoard this remnant of life by prudent moping indoors? . . .

April 19. Not up to writing after dinner. Yesterday I sat quietly in the club reading old papers and *Revue des Deux Mondes*, in which Comte de Jarnac charges Palmerston with trickery in interpolating a protocol. Sir Henry Elliot caps this with a similar trick of Napoleon's, when consul, in his concordat. We investigated, rather too hastily, the origin of the phrase, 'perfidie Albion.' Sir Henry Elliot thinks it began with Napoleon. The question I care about is, what are the grounds for it? Jarnac mentions Clive as Palmerston's forerunner. Our great perfidies date as far back as Charles II. Beachy Head, Bolingbroke's abandonment of allies in 1711. But in the wars of the eighteenth century there was great courtesy between France and England. In the American war we loved each other as good antagonists. In dealing with Napoleon we incurred the charge of not giving up Malta; perhaps by taking the Spanish gold-ships in 1805 before declaration of war. But no doubt our one great breach of faith in

¹ The Chair of Pastoral Theology.

French eyes is the imprisonment of Napoleon. I should like to go over it with a candid Frenchman like M. de Rémusat; any one else would spoil the inquiry by turning it into a game of *tu quoque*. . .

VIENNA, *April 26*.—Relieved was I at finding that I only had to pay 16 francs for the extra weight of my green box all the way to Vienna. I am already fond of it; its absurd colour makes it flash upon me in a *douane* like a companion.

To Rev. C. W. Furse.

HOTEL WILDER MANN, VIENNA,

April 26, 1873.

I want news. Last night I spelt out of the German paper the news of our row in Egypt, which may be the beginning of what so many people wish for, the annexation thereof. When I was in the East twenty years ago, of course there was a manifest cloud of 'Eastern Question,' and this time again there has been the Lesseps dispute, of which perhaps less is said in England than would be said if people knew how the French feel about it.

It is, in another form, our old contest with Buonaparte, which Nelson and Abercromby settled: the durable monuments of their success are our beautiful, happy city Valetta (which is really a jewel of the British crown), and our grand Embassy at Constantinople; the site of which, being much the best in Pera, was given after the Battle of the Nile by a grateful Sultan to our Minister.

Journal. April 27. I have been two days now in silence; but the waiters say 'Good morning' and 'Good night,' and the one that talks French comes up to say

that it is cold, and answers questions about the town; and to-morrow I am to have a dragoman. Meanwhile the people are good at helping me to find my way, and I knew my way to the Cathedral, which seems familiar enough, and again strikes me as a sad religious building whose gloom is enhanced by contrast with the very noisy old town of which it is the heart. But all else is amazingly brightened since 1860, when I was here with the gay Dillon (attaché), the friendly Edward Herbert, then learning that language which he had to talk three years ago in the midst of his murderers.

The ferocious east wind makes me walk fast, but sometimes I linger among the jolly shrubs, flowering earlier, it seems, than at Pera—probably more sheltered. These young gardens replace the useless ramparts; and if it were not for the fresh memory of the brave Tegethoff and the unhappy Benedek, one might be tempted to think there was peace at last on the Danube, the witness of more irrational half-hearted wars than any other river. It is odd how it goes at right angles, in every sense, to the Nile; one might write a long chapter on that contrast.

I have had seven hours of good music for four shillings in great atmospheric comfort, opera and concert. *Romeo and Juliet* by Gounod, an unrestrained lyrical thing, not 'spectacular'; the blessing of it to me was that the woman's pure fluent voice sometimes became one with the violin,—the thing that the old prince in *Massimilia Doni* raves about, and indeed it seems to me the wonder of the world, the marriage of humanity and 'nature.' I was halfway down the star-board side of the gallery, sitting alone on a step, not even caring to look at the stage. I fancied I never

heard better; certainly it was far more ethereal than what one pays so much for in a stall, and our company in the fourth 'Stock' loved music too well to fidget, and I had no fret about libretto, simply remembering how I grieved at Cambridge, in reading the play, for the *θαλεροὶ αἰζηοί*, slain one after another; and the pretty bits I had turned into Greek so long ago were in the mind ready to meet the music, though perhaps never fitting in at all. It is to be hoped Gounod understood them better than I did when I had to translate them.

Was death invented that there might be poetry? If so, it is, after all, not so senseless an arrangement.

At the concert in the Volksgarten I was at leisure to think of the dead, including Marie Antoinette; also to watch six bonny children, who made pretty use of the curving lane between the tables where we sat drinking our beer and talking much too loud. The human sugar-plums went two and two just to ease their restlessness, disturbing no one, softening the bulbous lumps of black hat and black petticoat. I wished for Greek dresses and Arab manners to suit the soft 'Flügel-horn' which played exquisitely Schubert's 'Ständchen in C-dur,' and to set off the delightful 'Hymne an den Frühling,' by Ferd. C. Wolf. There was a waltz called 'Deutsche Grösse,' and I thought the greetings of the soldiers were better than most music. Add Austrian smiles to the other national delicacies, and you get a gracious mixture; but there are choicer things still, such as the Irish grace of the lady at Alexandria.

I ought to make honourable mention of the preacher at St. Stephen's; not that I could take in his sentences, short and simple as they were, but the words I recognized—and they were very many—served as stepping-

stones, and the action of his hands helped me, and above all the accent was so English that it seemed as if there were very little to keep us asunder. He really preached; not a tissue of metaphors. His text seemed to be 'His own received him not'; but he put it in the first person, 'I came to mine own,' and it was wholesomely affecting, much like what Tauler must have been before Luther; no substantial change. The Jesuits and the Concordat have peeled off, the old German piety remains. He spoke once of the Sacrament: 'He comes back in it.' He did not preach of the Mother. As far as I could tell it might have been Lutheran teaching, and I fancied it was plain enough for the homely folk amongst whom I stood—too plain for Westminster Abbey, as things are now. Now the listeners, who afterwards recited the Creed, then sang at the rood-screen, and knelt and crossed themselves, although apparently very earnest, did not stick to the worship with one accord. Every moment there was some one slipping away—perhaps to dinner, obliged to be in time, dining at noon, staying in church as long as they could, and going sooner if they lived farther off. Be this as it may, the melting of the mass looks unlike the worship of Paul's converts. I don't think he would like it. Saint Stephen of Hungary, the land which took the Church from Thrace, and had to rid itself by hard fighting of the antichristian invaders who came afterwards from Thrace, gives his name to the mother-church of another people, a people dragged into countless defeats by purblind dynasty-servers; and seldom can this church have been without widows weeping for men killed in feeble irresolute wars. And I can hardly think of a Christian building more like Gethsemane for sorrowfulness. Here, not in the People's

Garden nor in the theatre echoing to fictive woes, I found the representatives of the poor brave men smitten by insolent Fredericks and Napoleons and Bismarcks. And now they have done with the Pope, they have a good Kaiser who is also the true King of Hungary; and I hope they are free for ever from the hirelings who love not the sheep. . .

To Hon. F. L. Wood.

May 16, 1873.

I am rather pained by the churlish article in the *Times* on J. S. Mill. It was a sad thing for his admirers when he went wrong about the rinderpest rate; and since then he has not been a Pope to me. But it is miserable narrow-mindedness to speak as that writer did of his *Logic*, and to say nothing of his most edifying, delightful, ennobling *Dissertations*. He alone did due honour to the seemingly irreconcilable philosophers S. T. Coleridge and Bentham. He alone taught us the value of French historians. He alone, by logic, helped Liebig to go ahead in chemistry. His philosophy only is in tune with Ruskin, Wordsworth and Mozart. He was the guide of the very best and ablest academical men of the last twenty-five years—and what would England be without them? no better than France or New York.

To F. Warre Cornish.

HALSDON, May 19, 1873.

This is not my crest. I use it by accident. Don't tell Mr. Lowe¹, as I have ceased to pay for armorials. . .

I can imagine what you grumble at, or wish to be able

¹ Then Chancellor of the Exchequer.

to grumble at. But still I doubt whether it is a benighted school compared with other schools. Anyhow, I am out of the way of hearing people revile it, and the few people I have met abroad were not uncivil. . .

Other Germans . . . when not speaking of England, gave me satisfaction; and I regret more than ever that their language is indigestible. 'Herz' and 'Schmerz' rhyme (or rime) twelve times in their version of *Africaine*, and when Vasco said, at the end of his song, 'Unsterblichkeit,' with the South German slushing of the guttural, it was truly nauseous.

To H. E. Luxmoore.

HALSDON, May 23, 1873.

I am so greatly interested in all that I find in your long and good letter, which came soon after a still longer letter, wholly unexpected, from Cecil Spring Rice. Please to say to him that his account of his tour was very good reading, and all his Eton news very welcome. Both he and you write about Ruskin, and I shall be glad to say something about him which you can show the boy. I abhor Ruskin's rant about economics, such as I found last year in two numbers that I read of his periodical pamphlets, whose mad name I have forgotten. But I go steadily year after year to his great books: just now I have naturally read over again his good chapter on Salvator and Dürer, and enjoyed his curious, pretty, and correct drawing of the Moat of Nuremberg, which in its May dress, Sunday before last, was delicious to look down into.

Similarly, on coming back from the Alps last year, I went dutifully to his great essay on mountains. And

as to his lectures at Eton, I remember, but for the narrow-minded porcupines in office, he would have lectured at Eton in the days of his third volume: he sent me then the bit of missal work, botany of the fourteenth century, which he has engraved in that volume; then he was all alive about thirteenth century illuminations.

The Swallow. Well—does he not yield to the ‘pathetic fallacy’ in calling it ‘good’? not that one can object to the p. f.—for poets live on it; only there is no ‘truth’ in such language. ‘Good’ is a term of morality; till he shows that birds have a conscience we are justified in holding that they have no morality; they are neither good nor bad. I believe the classical poets called the swallow good partly because he buried his father; but this is a ‘fallacy of observation’ long ago exploded.

In Broderip’s *Zoological Recreations* one finds any amount of classical lore about birds, very nice as poetry: by all means let it be brought on the table for every generation. Let men set verses on Ruskin’s or Ovid’s swallow: but let us keep in mind the difference between this and scientific treatment; though, of course, one speaker, one listener, may easily divide his brains for the two views simultaneously taken. Cecil Spring-Rice seems struck by the quotation given by Ruskin, ‘Beauty is truth—truth beauty.’ If so, why need we trouble ourselves to have both terms. I hold with some firmness Bishop Butler’s axiom, ‘Everything is that which it is and not another thing.’

... What is ‘realism’ but truthfulness without beauty? Do you see ‘Brothers of the Brush’ at the Royal Academy on the line? Is it truthful? Perhaps. Beautiful? Who will dare say so?

To Capt. A. H. Drummond.

HALSDON, June 7, 1873.

I keep to-day the blessed feast of St. Barnabas and Cookham iris by working alone with brush, hook, pruning-knife, digging-fork, wheelbarrow, watering-pot. And I wish I had a water-party on Torridge: quite possible in itself, only nobody will, or can, come, except at dirty times of the year.

To A. D. Coleridge.

HALSDON, July 7, 1873.

Sir John Coleridge (Attorney-General) did me a service three years ago by speaking so strongly of the *Excursion* as to make me at last read it straight through at a sitting. It did me good at the time; I think Sir John was right, though at the time he seemed to me to over-estimate the book.

To H. O. Sturgis.

HALSDON, Aug. 22, 1873.

I have just been teaching Sybil chess. I made out, or some demon for me, a most ingenious new game, hating it all the while. Chess is 'uncanny,' as you will learn no doubt from the Scots to say. It is a waste of pure brain force, which ought to go to the teaching of French men of business and Spanish orators and Irish malcontents. Think what has been wasted on the game these centuries: also imagine how the Persians have spent on calligraphy toil that might have made some reservoirs. There was a man who tied down his kangaroos that their jumping might turn his threshing-machine:

suppose all the pulpit men had been thumping all this time at lumps of earth instead of sham listeners ; England would be all friable loam, fit for growing good plants. You go now to a Presbyterian church and see an honest man painfully exciting himself : don't hate him. He is not soothing nor yet very stirring, but he is almost always grave. I have seen a few of the ministers : only one was a jester, not one was a simperer.

To H. E. Luxmoore.

HALSDON, *Sept. 2, 1873.*

I am very grateful to you for writing to me, and truly interested in all you write, particularly about your father, whose age seems to me to show the blessing of a well-regulated mind and sweet temper. . .

And now — lets me see a beautiful letter from J. H. N. acknowledging the arrival of a little book, which my Brother has just printed, in which he speaks of the old Sunday afternoons in St. Mary's, Oxford. It is strangely pathetic—Newman's regard for his lost friends and for the 'young men whom he did not know, who have been faithful to him'—whilst some of his old friends, he says, are still 'unforgiving' to him.

This broke off, I suppose it was chiefly on account of the wood fire and smoke, which made me unusually stupid at night ; by day I have been busy trimming up for the gathering of people held yesterday. It is touching to notice how glad the neighbours are to come far, through rain, to meet on the pretext of looking at the pumpkins and potatoes of cottagers. We had a struggle to finish our little bit of architectural luxury, the conical roof of the garden-house or dovecot, of which the thatch

was damaged last winter. The old man said slate would not keep the frost off the apples and potatoes which he stores there, and I would not go on with thatch for fear of fire—so I resorted to tiles, handsome copper-coloured things from Broseley in Shropshire. Their carriage cost £11, and took four carts two days to fetch them from the station; but we have enough left for a pigstye. The old building was found to be quite out of the square, and the mason wanted me to rebuild the walls; but I preferred thickening the north side with stone, and they made shift elsewhere. The rain hindered them, but by a struggle I got all traces of the job cleared away an hour before the people came; and a man of taste, who had come twelve miles, congratulated me spontaneously on the little thing, saying it was ‘so French,’ which was not intended: the thing that I wanted it to be like was that queer little deserted well-house on Romney Mead just below Windsor weir. . .

I am glad to find myself likely to be in the minority about politics, and to be deserted by the unpalatable allies, political Dissenters. Whig principles hold good in adversity, and I had rather be beaten with Sir T. Acland than win with Dixon.

To A. D. Coleridge.

HALSDON, Oct. 21, 1873.

I have tried once more to read *Wilhelm Meister* (in Carlyle’s English)—it is absolute bosh. Goethe is *not* the typical German; if the Germans were as spoony as his people or as heartless as himself they would not attract you or me as they do: I am persuaded that for fifty or sixty years we have been in the dark about

Germany, mainly because of our being accustomed to take Goethe as the representative. However, I suppose it is also true that their upper class has greatly improved, has shaken off his art-worship, has become more masculine, more political. It vexes me that there is no Wagner in their literature: odd that the nation which gives us the best music cannot write a book or create an orator to move our hearts, and yet is itself singularly rich in simple goodness of heart.

To Rev. C. W. Furse.

Oct. 29, 1873.

. . . It is not you, nor your brother preachers, that can combat 'society'—there are only two kinds of people that can be said to protest against the poms and vanities:—

- (1) Benson of Cowley and other followers of St. Francis,
- (2) Faraday and similar lovers of truth.

Mill's book affected me much more than any clerical velvet-pawing. Think that he was charmed out of juvenile despondency by Wordsworth; drawn from hide-bound Benthamism by S. T. Coleridge; became an enthusiastic, austere philosopher, the rarest of characters. Unluckily he runs down England without giving proof of our inferiority to the French: but Jeremiah ran down the glorious Jewish people, and Milton was as bitter as Mill in his last few years was.

To H. O. Sturgis.

HALSDON, Nov. 2, 1873.

The real use of Cambridge and Oxford is to inspirit, and tie up (as my plants are tied to stakes against winds) the good generous hearts which sweeten the nation: you all get together in companies and battalia,

and you believe for three or five years in the supremacy of good intentions—and we poor peasants and grimy townspeople are the better for the going forth of your sharpshooters. The Universities are, highland reservoirs of spring waters gathered, the springs of youth.

To H. G. Willink.

Nov. 27, 1873.

The defence of our extremely protracted boyhood is, I suppose, to be found in two considerations: Firstly, We take our play before our work; and we get it when our health is good enough for enjoyment of it, and we take in such stock of strength that we are best fit for steady work at fifty. (Nothing of this applies to me.)

Secondly, it answers best to begin apprenticeship early, say at sixteen, if one is to go on in a groove.

It answers best to go till twenty-three with reading, visiting, talking, and playing games, if one is to be 'many-sided,' to have influence with all sorts of human beings, to rule and guide the men of special and limited practice who are frightened when out of their grooves. . .

Anyhow, the Oxford course, taken in moderation (not lengthened as it has been lately), is apparently the best preparation for the clerical or parliamentary or diplomatic professions, and as good as any for the law. . .

It is doubtful whether most minds could form legal conceptions sooner than young men now do who go as graduates to inns of court.

Still I think the whole thing can be shortened so as to end at twenty-one, given good health, and no eccentricity or distemperatures of mind. . .

The 153 trees were put in by three people and a half, not by me alone. Since then I have, with the help of Fred Lees, who is a perfect companion, put seventy-five

plants into new pits dug in the clay above the duck-pond. Hard work, because we had to bring the soil there, with the donkey's help.

I really work as a rough under-gardener, doing some things which amateurs do not often do. I read also, and attend the Board of Guardians, being interested in poor-law because my father at one time worked at it (under your grandfather).

I have to look sharp about expense in order to have money for improvements. I buy no books except a few cheap French novels.

To Rev. E. D. Stone.

HALSDON, Dec. 29, 1873.

I have not many reasons for thanking *old* Eton, unreformed Eton. But I remember with gratitude the gracious and generous compliments given me in my first year or two by Hawtrey, Plumtre, Pickering, Cookesley, and H. Dupuis. The elder men did not show jealousy of me, and if they felt it and suppressed it they are the more to be praised. We can't always help being jealous, but we can keep down the feeling, and in concealing it we go far towards stifling it. . . .

X. seems to me to be fast becoming a dame. That is the simplest expression for the degradation of the tutor; it is, probably, too late now to turn him into a professor; but I think other men might combine the dame with the professor, and I fancy that is the tendency at Eton, almost irresistible. Verses, themes, private business, construing go—the tutor goes with them. I am sorry for it—it is 'drifting': it is just like the crumbling away of Elizabethan Erastian establishments, admirable wise institutions allowed to perish through

the faintness and skimping of respectable and intelligent men.

Never mind. I say to myself, Mumbo Jumbo is dead. . . The school is full of young men trained on the 'liberal education' of Cambridge and on the generous openness of modern Eton, which, with all its faults, is a Paradise compared with the Eton which starved me, man and boy, till 1851.

To H. O. Sturgis.

HALSDON, Dec. 30, 1873.

Let him take you to the happy rooms of Bradshaw, the learned, delicate-lady-minded, original, hospitable, clever librarian-friend of all literary men and of all sociable civilized undergraduates. . .

Trinity College is the place of all others which I bless for having always overwhelmed me with kindness; yet I have no one there to whom I can introduce you among the 'Dons,' only I can advise you to take any chance there is of being intimate with a young don, say a man of twenty-three or twenty-five. It is from one of that age that an undergraduate draws new ideas: you would fritter away your time in vain if you talked all night with Bob Lyttelton and the like: don't let them absorb you; reserve times for yourself; get to know some few men with whom you can take tea regularly, not big sets of loungers; have a room to go to in which you can take up a book and talk about it now and then—talk, I mean, in detail, about things that you notice in a book, things new, doubtful, striking or touching. Don't be always looking on at sports or games, but take grave donnish walks along the Madingley or Trumpington roads, giving yourself time to finish a topic with some tolerably thoughtful companion;

don't talk loud—avoid the 'ritournelle'¹ of which Balzac writes, i. e. the laugh that ends a speech.

To Rev. E. D. Stone.

HALSDON, Dec. 31, 1873.

From what you say I gather that there is once more a risk of dissidence of athletic and sociable masters from the others. For every one who does not play games there is, I apprehend, more or less risk of falling into the loss of judgement which comes inevitably when one lives like Polyphemus. . .

If you find your grotto keeps you away from walking men, and if you no longer meet them in Chambers, please make some effort to keep up familiar intercourse with them. I suppose men will gather at the skirts of cricket-field and football-field, but in the 'beagle half' perhaps there is more chance of isolation. No man can safely keep aloof from his colleagues. D. did for years, and got into wretched grumps, but got out of them; and there have been worse results than that, and different kinds of bad results.

You use the word 'morose.' What really happens, I imagine, is that one gets into a less charitable way of thinking about other men's habits; one gets more and more annoyed by such things as the weak giggle of Balbus and the matutinal laziness of Caius.

If you find this coming on you, pray struggle against it, and go out in quest of some one to walk with or take tea with. . .

¹ 'Le maire se mit à rire de ce rire sans expression par lequel certaines personnes finissent toutes leurs phrases, et qu'on devrait appeler la *ritournelle* de la conversation.'

Eton is still to me 'little England,' and England is my idol as much as if I were Mr. Pitt or Mr. Wyndham.

To Rev. C. W. Furse.

1873.

Barry writes, evidently after hearing you preach, just as if an R.A. touched up his lights after his picture was hung to compete with a rival neighbour: his sermon is more than yours, a bending of the knee in the house of Rimmon. Edward Irving would scout its complaisance. J. S. Mill, the atheist philosopher, in his autobiography, hits on the head the nail that Barry polishes all round, shows one in a few words why he forsook 'society.' Tennyson's example is more persuasive than any sermon, so is Cowper's, Wordsworth's, Bryant's (now alive), Darwin's, Faraday's.

Surely one might reasonably expect a preacher like Barry to tell one in some little detail how to behave about making acquaintances, keeping them up, &c. Some reference to the Gospel rule about invitations; some words about the 'calculated kindness of nice people'; something about the dangers of Christians when making tours; something about conversation, for which poor old Cowper would give hints; something about the consent and approval given substantially to men of lower aims by the Sam Oxons and others whom they meet in society; something about the Londoners' way of spending Sunday, either going into the country, or going a round of visits and talking all the afternoon.

. . . To Edw. Irving, to Chalmers, to Isaac Williams and others, whose minds are known to me in books, it would, I think, seem plainly irreverent to praise St. John's Gospel as a composition, which you do; and

to me it seems odd to speak of it as if it were a book calculated to soothe rather than to alarm the nice people, since it is to me *the* Calvinistic book of the New Testament—the most stern, all through speaking of the Jews as enemies, parted by a Red Sea from the believers.

Your general statement that Christ rejected the beauties and sweets, is open to this remark, that there was then in Judaea very little to reject. Asceticism in the real dry dusty East, and in those days when there was hardly any luxury to be had even for the rich, could take hardly any shape but abstinence from feasts of Pharisees or Sadducees, feasts which no Roman gentleman of those days would have cared to attend. The Jews had no theatre, &c. Jerusalem must have been then pretty nearly as unattractive to a φιλόκαλος as Sparta.

Germanicus in those days travelled in Egypt; Palestine was not worth his notice.

We have been at breakfast talking of war. The people here are eager for it, and talk of 200,000 men to come from India to Turkey, as if it could be done straight off. . .

I say to the ladies, 'Think of the young man you value most—son, brother; think of his being slain or maimed, just to prevent the Russians from doing this or that. If you really think you can bear this, then ask for war.'

There is a very clever man called Valbert, who writes on the politics of Europe in the *Revue*. He says that England will lose the friendship of France if she takes Egypt, and the respect of France and all nations if she takes the advice of the 'anti-imperialists,' that is, the

men who say, they do not wish to risk anything in order to maintain a prominent place in the State system. But who are these people? My belief is that the 'Bulgaromanes,' as he calls them, and the friends of Bright and of Freeman, are really bent upon keeping our 'empire' and our vote amongst the great nations in Congress, in order that we may succour and comfort the nationalities or inchoate states. Now it can be explained to the Dissenter and the man who takes the omnibus, that by saving the Bosphorus, &c., from the grasp of Russia, we shall do our best to give the Roumanians, the Greeks and others fair play.

This imperial policy I favour; and I do *not* shudder at the thought of my young friends in the Guards or the Navy dying horrible deaths in carrying it out. But I am sure the kind, nice people generally will be sickened by the first news of a young gentleman being left out at night, wounded and feverish, or of a frigate being sunk with all hands, or of a battalion being reduced from 900 to nine effectives by a month's sickness. And it is a pity they cannot be reminded of the things of this kind that happened in 1854.

To Capt. A. H. Drummond.

HALSDON, *March 2, 1874.*

Three millions a year added to the cost of the army will give us a considerable, respectable force—only abolish the absurd custom of locking up our marching battalions in Aden, St. Helena, Bermuda, Gibraltar, Hong Kong, Malta, and trust the forts everywhere to veteran companies or battalions belonging to the existing regiments and retaining their fame and *esprit de*

corps, of course not dispensing with gunners; but why employ a nimble lad of twenty-one in a place where he can at the best get a little run on an Alameda, can never have a march or a reason for bivouacking, and gets very little of the gregarious contagion of camps, the enlargement of mind produced by seeing many other soldiers besides his own messmates. . .

Sir G. Wolseley sees a lot of things; why does he fail to see that Gibraltar, Malta, Bermuda, St. Helena, Mauritius, Hong Kong, Halifax, Nassau, Kingston, Port of Spain, &c., can be held by 'veteran companies,' such as defended Minorca under Blakeney in 1756—men who are a little too sore-toed for marching, but not too old to keep watch; married men, attached still to their old regiments. Absurd to put into little islands and rock forts a lot of juicy militiamen capable of running. There should be veteran batteries of artillery too.

To H. O. Sturgis.

HALSDON, *March 27, 1874.*

I fancy human nature is much the same in country and town: in London I have found just the same simple kind people that we are told to look for in Cranford.

I used to think Eton shopkeepers as good as Cambridge shopkeepers, and I now find those of Torrington much the same as the other two sets. . .

I don't think men hold together much on any but religious alliances—except, of course, those rare creatures who are incapable of variableness. . .

I am obliged to seem unfaithful in cases in which I am really smouldering in old heats of affection. I daresay Philoctetes often thought with a groan of

lost comrades to whom he could send no message, and when Neoptolemus came, he pitied the lonely man who, in his turn, trusted him: that is in Sophocles, you know.

To A. D. Coleridge.

HALSDON, *April 3, 1874.*

I am a Whig: I place some trust in written ordinances and institutions as affecting in the long run personal character: this trust serves me in my present local affairs.

To H. E. Luxmoore.

HALSDON, *April 15, 1874.*

I make feeble attempts to learn a little law; not that what I read can be brought to bear directly on our local affairs: but perhaps the habit of thinking about legality may enable one to judge more correctly in transactions.

As far as I can see it turns out true, as I expected, that the main education of farmers, tradesmen and labourers is given by the law, of course through inherited and accumulated perceptions: this, and the loose but expansive and elevating remembrance of the Bible, are mainly the stock of notions one can reckon upon in talking to them: as Huxley says, the Bible gives them a notion that there are other nations and other states of mind besides ours; and law gives them a constant (? low) standard of right and obligation. But they seem fairly contented with North Devon—with an occasional glimpse into ‘up the country’ when some one gets a place, like a boy who goes to be a buttons at Cuddesdon, and their contentment takes a very pleasing form of cheerfulness, breaking out of all their grumblings.

Now that I have ceased to buy cows of them (breeding calves for myself) I really like the farmers, or peasants, quite as much as I ever liked ordinary Cambridge and Eton people. I dined with them as a plain ratepayer on Ladyday, and was quite as much at my ease and in my element as I ever was in the Halls¹.

The apprentices, who are glad after the 'journey' to come and bestow their hour of leisure on school, seem to me more wholesomely circumstanced than the footballers who go at the same hour to Private Business. Their countenances and attitudes and their little ways of getting help or borrowing paper are so like what I was used to that the substantial identity is clearly established. Real plain life without scheming, glozing, or caricature is before me at certain times: in solitude I miss the eye-work of the happy, and the music which consoles the sufferers, and I cannot pretend to say that a goat or a robin makes up for the loss. All I can do is to abate loneliness by gradual increase of neighbourly employment: if this can be, as it has been hitherto, got without intrusion or fuss, I shall be at fifty where my father was at thirty; and if I can do at all as he did it will make up for all the failures. . .

I am at ease about money . . . and if I stick to the soil, which I have good reasons for doing, I can 'keep up' the house, employ several poor women who would otherwise get no flannel nor even potatoes, entertain roving scholars on Marsala and very cheap cider, and buy enough newspapers to keep alive my patriotism. . .

Should you ever be at leisure to come here, you would say so. If at leisure only to write, it would be an act of mercy to do that, and to tell me all the

¹ At Cambridge.

good and none of the evil that you know of the old school. . .

I am going to Pupil-Room; it takes half an hour to get to it.

To H. O. Sturgis.

HALSDON, May 24, 1874.

Yesterday I was going along the canal, soon to be a road: saw two men at work on it making a culvert to cross and hide the *embouchure* of 'Lady Wash,' Margaret Beaufort's rivulet, now foul with the outflow of tanpits.

I was going off, having learnt what I wanted, when one of them called me back, by the name of 'Johnson.' He was a Norman, remembered my father, &c. This is what I like. My father was so wonderfully simple, guileless, industrious, unconsciously devoted to all sorts of little tiresome duties to be done for kinsfolk and neighbours. He could not speak, debate, moderate, advise, trim, prune men's minds as I can. But he could go on for twenty years mending or unravelling the broken or tangled threads of family £ s. d. matters, for poor gentlefolk, for the children of spendthrifts, for helpless maundering widows and spinsters. He went on doing this for forty-four years in that little town. And I can do but a miserable fraction of what he did: and I am rewarded every now and then by dreaming of him. . .

To Mrs. Warre Cornish.

HALSDON, June, 1874.

I heard from Mr. Luxmoore in the autumn that you were writing an eighteenth-century novel: I did not think that you would remember my present crepuscular existence with the gift. . . I take a thorough, though

philistine, interest in the joys and sorrows of your musician. . . I hope you will be translated and lie on the table of the Aix-la-Chapelle waiting-room for the benefit of the daily listeners at the Kursaal orchestra. . .

Great care should, I think, be taken to go over the narrative in *Alceste*, to see where the story flags between those scenes more immediately concerned with the action of the story. It is in these pauses, or *rests*—that is a musical phrase, is it not?—of a novel, that the strength or weakness of a writer comes out. The French in this respect give a laudable example to the English. They are more resolute in maintaining a perfect *vraisemblance* throughout the story.

If I were writing a novel, I should proceed upon a plan. Having chosen my subject, I should ask myself, Can I, like Scott in the *Antiquary*, like Jane Austen in *Persuasion*, like Gustave Droz in *Babolain*, like Charlotte Brontë in *Villette*, relate my story from the feeling and observation of one person only? Sad feebleness and *invraisemblance* ensues in many writers from their attempt to narrate a story through the medium of too many persons. But I much prefer this to the jerky magic-lantern-slide manner of introducing scene to carry on a narrative, and this you have avoided. The difference between French and English novels is that of their and our fowls at table. Theirs are better *trussed*.

To H. O. Sturgis.

HALSDON, June 10, 1874.

I have become a Republican; but, like Gambetta, I find room in a republic for nobles; and I continue to be a backer of Aristocracy. The two notions are compatible. 'Honour all men' is the foundation of high republican

policy. Thus in France every man is Monsieur, every man expects to be treated with grave respect; not with that mocking courtesy which is in fashion in England, that courtesy of the rich and great, which savours of private theatricals. . .

July 11.

An aristocracy which gives men like Dufferin, Northbrook, Carnarvon a fair chance of getting to the front early, before generosity and sweetness dry up, is a great blessing, provided always there be no artificial barrier set up against men of less good birth.

In U. S. there is probably much less linking of rich and poor than with the Britons, for this reason: we have, Yanks have not, myriads of poor mothers who have been servants to ladies and have in their girlhood become ladies in feeling and tastes, even in accent. Yanks, it seems, have hardly any domestic servants like ours. Ask your kinsfolk whether this is true in Massachusetts or in other New England states. *We* are too apt to generalize from New York: this is a standing cause of misunderstanding.

The boys I see here constantly are sons of a woman who has been in good service: I tell them they can and must learn of her how to speak gently and softly. On a Sunday evening I sometimes walk about with mothers who compare my 'things' with what they used to see in smart houses.

To H. O. Sturgis.

HALSDON, July 6, 1874.

Ten days ago they played for the first time in public; it was in our barn, on the estrade where the piano was. The audience was the Dolton choir, and my Brother's tenants, old servants, &c.; of course all my people too,

including the new boy, John Barley, whom every one praises. Willink was here—he had worked briskly at lighting up the barn with wooden chandeliers wreathed. Mrs. and Mr. Furse worked at the hanging wreaths—we put up my old sconces and red Indian shields. We made tables for the supper (before all this we had tremendous nasty work cleaning out the barn; but it will never be so dirty again, and it is to be the scene of many feasts). We had a good supper after the concert (Dolton choir: no solo), and then we had a few encores, and a duett without accompaniment, sung by two modest Dolton girls, sisters, which was quite affecting. Many of the old people had never had such an evening. . . We all sat down together, except that my servants waited till the others had done; but then they sat, and we, that is chiefly Mr. Furse, served them.

I liked, above most things, seeing Philip here, and next to him, old Milles the farmer, who is very musical and a meek, well-bred man, delightfully free from anxiety. Our party amounted to sixty, including the twenty in the house. It was a perfect sunset, and all went well. I dare say it cost about £4 in all, beyond common household meals: just compare that with a London or even a Dolton rectory dinner-party, and then compare the aggregate of *impressions* made at the two: imagine the sweet little thrill it gives a Dolton girl, of the humblest birth, to come down and sing to us 'Who is Sylvia?' and the Carnival (Rossini's), and the tearful gratitude of Mary L., the literary woman who lives at the corner by Budd's mill, and of Mary the slowly dying wife of Philip. Whereas when your rich people go to a dinner party they think no more of it than I do of brushing my hair.

To Rev. E. D. Stone.

HALSDON, July 14, 1874.

My boat is in use. I take one girl at a time in it, bearing a life-belt, because of the hidden rocks. Miss M., granddaughter of an Arctic whaler, behaves perfectly in the dangerous navigation of the Torridge. M. F. nearly upset us by her excitement at seeing a kingfisher. The place where the three kingfishers are, or were, has horse-chestnuts drooping over a clear, weedless, rocky pool at a graceful bend of the hills which are close at hand; not far off is loosestrife.

To Capt. A. H. Drummond.

HALSDON, July 17, 1874.

Yesterday I had a water-party: the boat had two passengers, one at a time. The water was lustrous—none of your slimy Thames weeds; kingfishers, herons, moorhens make up for the lack of swans. Horse-chestnuts, smaller than at Ankerwyke; supper and song afterwards, all on a small scale, but enjoyed. The kid, aged thirty-two days, went with us willingly; his horns grow fiercely.

To Lady Pollock.

HALSDON, DOLTON,

August 19, 1874.

Robert and I last night attacked the hornets who live in the hollow tree on which hangs the gate through which goes Grizzle to fetch grist from Dolton mill.

R. was in the poncho or chasuble and a muslin veil. He directed me; I held a long stick with a brimstone rag. Hornets now and then dropt into burning straw—

they were as stupid as the French in Strasbourg, and made no sortie.

To-night we assist a more nimble sort of enemies, 'appledrones,' or wasps, close to the stable. R. goes to the town to buy brimstone. I have prepared a sea-kail pot which is to go over the hole, and a dozen dead treelets—'our failures' (as Beau Brummell said of his cravats). I hope we shall not burn the thatch of the stable. . .

There has been a burst of new flowers, not weeds, and birds singing and owls talking to each other since you went.

To Rev. C. W. Furse.

August 6, 1874.

I am refreshed, when I read the papers, by the goodness of Lord Shaftesbury and Lord Devon.

How absurd it is to go on trying to spin sermons out of the 'Octave of the Invocation of St. James the Less,' and never to say grace for the worth and the victories of living or recent men; to know nothing of Daniele Manin, and to go on trading on the very slender mention made of St. Andrew.

To Lady Pollock.

HALSDON, DOLTON, Nov. 3, 1874.

It has often troubled me that my cart goes 'leery' (=empty) to fetch coals. Yesterday it struck me that it should take pots of lemon verbena, lavender, rosemary, roses and creepers to the lonely weather-beaten cottages on the road.

To A. H. Drummond.

HALSDON, Sept. 3, 1874.

The Red Cross people are doing their best to make war resemble a cricket match, and so to encourage the Bismarcks and Napoleons to release the *détentes* which keep the fearful machines called armies from rushing at each other like locomotives.

I prefer a republic which can't be set fighting by one touchy old man; and if there is to be war, I prefer one in which two whole nations—two whole sets of men—really hate each other like the Slave-owners and the Northerners, or like the Huguenots and the Papists.

To H. O. Sturgis.

Sept. 11, 1874.

I have been writing and reading letters about my glorious, heroic friend Gib. Acland¹, my own recruit for the army: he has died after twenty months' silence. Within a day of death he enjoyed, and made signs of thanks, for some old hymns, tunes, and even for two bits of 'In Memoriam,' which he liked as a boy, and which they knew by my having marked them with his initials. His father discouraged his brother officers from coming to the funeral; but the battalion gave up its one yearly holiday (sports, &c.) and sent six young sergeants to bear him to the family grave; and Francis Pelham, who went to the funeral, ran after them to thank them and say, 'He was my sergeant in our Volunteers at Eton'—and they said there was no officer at all like him: he had never been out of temper but once, and that was when he couldn't stop two men fighting. I used to

¹ See Journal, March 31, 1869.

reckon on him not only as a guest but as a guide, since he knew the country so well; but he never could come to me, nor I go to him. . .

I bought and read and lent '1793'¹—I like the sergent, not entirely. I think Lantenac's coming back finely conceived. The whole of the end is very sublime and worthy of the great writer; but oh! what a fool he is in his jingles—'Liberty is peace,' 'Congress is progress.' That is the maddening nonsense—specially French, but originally theological. Whatever you do in the way of aberration, avoid such ravings. 'Everything is that which it is and not another thing,' says Bishop Butler. Benevolence is *not* self-love; a thanksgiving at St. Paul's is *not* a pilgrimage. None of your nonsense, parsons and Frenchmen. Law-books, memoir-books, Plato, Butler, save us from such delusions!

To A. D. Coleridge.

Dec. 1, 1874.

I see Strauss had written before he died a Life of Ulrich von Hutten: the reviews thereof show that the reviewers know nothing of the complete and valuable, and almost readable collection of Ulrich von Hutten's works (Latin), which I worked at for my lecture on the Lutheran age; therefore they do no justice to the man who was really a knight errant, redressing wrongs as cheerfully as Gareth and as completely as Napier of Magdala.

I find that the Germans have no word for 'generous,' and that must be convenient for Bismarck.

I am happy in being able to rejoice over German

¹ *Quatre-vingt-treize* by Victor Hugo.

goodness and power, and also to feel every day lively compassion and regard for France.

It will be a good day when all Germans speak and write English, and when all English Masters of Arts talk Greek to the Greeks and Latin to the Italians.

HALSDON, *Feb. 14, 1875.*

I lately read my old Journal kept at Cambridge when I was an undergraduate. It is full of melancholy scrupulosity and morbid combination of piety with opinion-breeding. In those days we had a great difficulty in sorting the contents of our minds: I got so sick of it that when I was about twenty-five I used to tell people that I declined having any 'opinions' at all—'went in for facts.' Luckily, I never quite gave up poetry.

But in my day we were not at Cambridge great *boys*, as they have been since athletics prevailed over everything.

To Hon. R. B. Brett.

HALSDON, *Feb. 22, 1875*

(thirty-third anniversary of my leaving school).

What you say about the future Queen of Prussia corresponds with what I guessed or believed, and points to troubles which may, perhaps, abate the pride of the Bismarckians. Yet they are mainly in the right. They are making what Rossi called 'a compact state.' It cannot be done without a good deal of bruising and squeezing; in this case I think there is less wrong-doing than in any former case—say the Norman Conquest, the Henry VIII Revolution, the Richelieu consolidation of France, the Cavour amalgamation of the Italian States.

Great politicians must be judged with much latitude. It is quite certain that Melbourne is one of the few public men we have had who have not had justice done them. The Queen can, no doubt, help greatly towards making his claims known; and her splendid reliance on us, the readers, may perhaps carry her far enough to take the step proposed. But it must be remembered that the ghost of Lady Flora haunts that part of her memory.

To Hon. R. B. Brett.

March 28, 1875.

Dr. Arnold in my youth taught me, and I never forget, that the whole bias of human weakness goes towards inaction, stagnation, selfishness; therefore one should at least profess, try to be, an improver, a 'world-betterer' (Cambridge slang of my time).

A prophet like Carlyle has a sort of right to lift up his voice against popular cries of reform, because he can say 'Beware lest you be self-seekers all the while—beware lest you set up idols and forget the permanent goodness,' &c., &c.

But any time a lover of freedom, say John Milton or John Mill, can with perfect consistency rebuke his liberal comrades and tell them they are going astray.

It is incomparably satisfactory to me to find that the Frenchmen of this year have got the courage and parliamentary cohesiveness which were missing in 1789-92. Instead of being helpless because their Mirabeau is not respected, they now combine in a solid new product—the revolutionary courage of Gambetta, the simple-minded elasticity of Chanzy, the grave, sober, sad fidelity of the best Orleanists. The Whigs of '88, and Burke too, would bless them with joy. For the first time there

are good Frenchmen really grateful to England. I have wished myself in the midst of a crowd under Manin's statue at Venice.

To H. E. Luxmoore.

HALSDON, May 5, 1875.

Your highly-valued letter came at the same time as the news of the death of my only uncle, aged eighty-nine, which I had to think about. Besides this it was a day of guests, and a feast of soft air, and wanderings with children whose eyes were employed to note the new growth of fern or campion.

To-day I was up in time for school, if there had been school; but it was only to go out in a boat with a future Eton boy, son of an Eton master: the only boy of thirteen that I ever knew accustomed to observe and even to think about geology.

We went up my half mile of singularly quiet river, buried between steep banks, where no man or beast, only the river itself, interferes with tree life: the only bit of Torridge I ever heard of that has overhanging chestnuts.

I have become quite well this last fortnight; able to sit on my pony when she kicks at pigs. . .

Three weeks ago I was called on by Tory magistrates to go at the tribune of Torrington plebs and prevent his getting up a war about *ager publicus* with the excellent Mark Rolle: *you* can imagine the unique pleasure it gave me to be asked to moderate the passions of my fellow-townsmen, on the ground that since my father there had been no one to keep them in order. This job (in which I was as pacific as Mene-nius) employed me really a good deal for a fortnight,

and gave me a notion of being in due time useful as an adviser: anyhow, it was agreeable as far as it went. Perhaps there will never be a similar job for me to undertake: but in such a smouldering life as mine even one such transaction goes far towards deliverance from apathy or fretfulness. . .

I was interested in Franz Josef, good soul, going to Venice; and had I been there I'd have cheered him. Probably there never was so good a king: he seems free from wicked pride, from intrigue, from vindictiveness, from suspicion. I believe his wife is admired for her beauty still, and beloved also; and what one reads in the papers about Marguerite of Italy is very taking.

I suppose you went out to the island and heard Adria beating on the outer side thereof, and from it looked at Venice with the jewelled Alps behind: that is what I remember as the best thing ever seen, except Aletsch glacier at dawn. . .

Cornish told me to read, and I have read, a Russian novel called *Fathers and Sons*. I can't see a grain of wit or wisdom in it. It shows, so far as it shows anything, that the upper class in Russia has no kind of originality or substance—mere imitators, carried about by every blast of fashion.

I wonder whether you feel, as I am tempted to feel, rather grateful to Spain for being a foil to the general vulgarity of material progress: mind you, I am too much of a Benthamite to indulge the feeling.

I have lately read your Lectures¹, with Laleham and Pepys plums in them. They stir me up again; yet I still think there should be a note on the sweeping statement about the cessation of religious art: if Philippe

¹ To the boys at Eton.

de Champagne's portraits are not religious, what painting is? Besides, Montalembert admits that there are traces of the old religion in Guercino: and I can't see how Vandyke can be set down as belonging to a sensual school.

I fancy there is hardly any reference to painting in Milton's writings.

I wonder whether any one in the ages of art took delight in the forms of ships. Is there any good poetical drawing of ships, under sail or not, earlier than the Dutchmen's work of about 1600? If you ever go over the seventeenth century again, please to consider whether the dignified sterns of ships of the Cromwell time are not worth mentioning after Whitehall or other stone things.

The adorning of cannons is another art topic that might be touched upon by those who delight in the mediaeval armour. Was it not the same spirit that gave us the smart guns of Malta, and others, such as you see in the Tower of London and the Rotunda of Woolwich?

Again, was it a time of dead art when they did things of Grinling Gibbons' design in plaster for ceilings? Last Saturday I looked at the one in Torrington—not Palmer's, but a much grander affair, date 1770(?).

Is Wedgwood's art mere revival? Do not Minton's plate-painters enjoy the same freedom of invention as middle-age stone carvers? . . .

I have a bit of a wish to explore Zurich (a town of hardly any history), because it has been free from crime and bigotry: also, in past times, if not now, a town of hardly any art. They say there is music there now: I fancy it is the abode of reason and moral health: perhaps its only purging by passion (of late times) has

been the great pitying of Strasbourg besieged and of Bourbaki's men hunted down.

Venice has for me a charm, but when I look for it in Daru I can't find the secret of it; the real glory of it for me begins in 1848; and, after all, I feel more affection towards Nuremberg.

I wish you went abroad with some one not scholastic. When I was last abroad the delight was to make friends with men of business and all sorts of fellows that knew no Greek. (One of them thought Górgo and Praxinoa were little islands.) . . .

To Rev. E. D. Stone.

May 7, 1875.

Yesterday eight Dolton boys played cricket on my ground, which, though small, about forty yards long and twenty broad, is far sounder than Lower Club. The eldest boy had for the fifth time his instructions for making two maps, one of the parish, the other of the village alone—all houses to be indicated by their numbers—the index will state the whereabouts: this is to help towards sanitary inspection. I like to see a lad of twelve cut his own wickets out of a hedge. One boy declares he sees four pheasants, another says they are gulls, a third finds a lark's nest; two are readers, and they carry off *Scalp-Hunters* and *Midshipman Easy*, literature which I rank far above *Henry VI*.

To Rev. E. D. Stone.

May 8, 1875.

The last morning I took the boy out in Lalage at 7 a.m., the sun came in amongst the comfortable chestnut trees and the untrodden steep banks where the river

alone makes marks; a workman in Clinton's woods, high up on the hill, laughed at us—

‘We were the first that ever burst’—

at least, Lalage is the first boat. The boy had a faint hope of seeing an otter. I am well, though easily tired; health returning with soft rain makes me like being out of doors many hours.

To Capt. A. H. Drummond.

HALSDON, *May 16, 1875.*

Last week, continued at this date, was a marvel of paradise weather; here we have no flies, no dust; my good bees went up into an upper chamber with one mind¹ like the primitive Church—no time lost in pursuing a swarm from tree to tree. Five things came into bloom yesterday—peony, laburnum, weigelia, pink thorn, and guelder rose. White lilacs came out long before grey or blue, not so fragrant. White broom is bewitching, Australian broom is slowly recovering from rabbits, does not flower yet. White iris delights me. I have exactly one white stock, delicious; all other stocks and nearly all wallflowers (which our people call ‘bloody warriors’) died in the winter.

Of all things I have admired most the apple-blossom just before opening, when rich pink—some of the old trees have it richer or darker. Columbines, half wild, are looking quite elegant and almost formal all along the field path; we are going to have a glorious show of foxgloves on it; that is the plant which beautifies this country more than others that I know.

¹ ὁμοθυμαδόν, Acts ii. 1.

I am told the gorse or furze is better this year than usual; I delight in the bluebells; I have picked a few sweet Glory of Dijon roses, and the house is quite illuminated by yellow Banksia.

To Rev. E. D. Stone.

HALSDON, May 20, 1875 (the crisis of the apple season).

It is part of the burden to be borne by our generation, and it is only a set-off against incalculable comforts, that honest scruples exclude men from those opportunities of beneficent administration which will some day be open to men not tied to opinions. But your representatives hereafter will have, perhaps, a sharper strife with the Sacerdotage—the divisions between those who are and those who are not Thaumaturgic-dogmatic hierophants will be in our country, as it is now in France and Spain, too sharp and jagged for peace. . .

If the Church of England is treated like the Church of Ireland we (the philosophers outside) fear there will be an untempered *esprit de corps* among the emancipated and discrowned clergymen, which will set them collectively in a posture of rather fierce antagonism to many well-meaning laymen. . .

I remember the first nut I could not crack in my theology: it was the Thirteenth Article, about 'works done before justification having the nature of sin.' I soon concluded that neither Orders nor (consequently) matrimony, could be meant for me: yet I have always thought most men happy who, having simply read what they were told to read from Hecuba to Hooker, swallowed the Thirty-nine Articles as they took rhubarb from their mothers in childhood, and became 'priests'

before they had time to reflect, like one in the dentist's chair who has a tooth out before he gets fair warning.

The thing that I dwell upon is this: it is clear to me that good men . . . forfeit by not taking Orders, not only the loaves and fishes, but the blessed opportunities of action, the sweet chances of comforting and straightening most of the dear bruised reeds.

After all, the clergy are, I believe, happier, in that they have access to the ingenuous humble folk and the delicate enthusiastic folk, than are the philosophers.

Yet sometimes I allow myself to believe that even I, beginning with an old crabbed and cankered mind, have some access to children, to struggling women, mothers of young and frail things, even to high-bred and gracious people of my own age. Even sentiment has a touch of natural pastorality in it. . .

I have a twinge of pain at hearing about Mrs. de Rosen. Good Jenny will be the last of the Dames. Damery will expire with a sweet smell. I wish British monarchy would similarly pass away with Victoria.

To Lady Pollock.

HALSDON, *May 31, 1875.*

I sent you yesterday in my last paper boxes some specimens of the many good things that adorn this wild place; it is the first dry May that has blessed the azaleas (a word which seems to mean 'dry') since they have been multiplied and set out; therefore I am struck with a new blaze of yellows, at least three different yellows, and a great fragrance from that kind which resembles honeysuckle. For the scent's sake they please me more than the proud masses of rhododendrons, but they too

are quite superb; altogether out of keeping with the poverty and *décousu* look of the place. At the same time there are several arches loaded with French honeysuckle, while clematis lights up the front of the house and several other parts. Weigelia is out in glory—not to speak of the *boule-de-neige* (Guelder roses), laburnum, lilacs of two kinds, chestnut of two colours, red thorns, ribes, white broom, Australian broom.

Good old Philip is daintily arranging his hoarded fuchsias where the 'bulbs' were, which now go indoors to dry up; he puts his Golden Feather, a new thing to him, round his geraniums. Once or twice a week some one comes who knows, and praises the garden, and I repeat the compliments to Philip. Once a week we give away in Torrington lettuces and flowers.

On Monday I had three little girls playing soft cricket here, and I taught them all the masked cupboards for hide and seek: the choice thing for girls is to go up the ladders and peep at the pigeons' nests to count the eggs therein.

To Rev. C. W. Furse.

HALSDON, June 3, 1875.

Many poor folks and some less poor take away gladly our little pots of myrtle or lemon plant and seedlings. Philip silently prepares fresh dozens of plants for them. I like visits paid by women shut up all the weekdays, such as Widow Lyne and Widow Heard (baker), who come because their children draw them—introduced by their children. . .

We shall soon get your white clematis and my honeysuckle over the walls of half the houses in Beaford and Dolton.

To H. O. Sturgis.

HALSDON, 1875.

Last week we were in great pride, Philip and I, giving away plants to Beaford people, and we are soon to have the honour of furnishing Dolton churchyard with ever-green shrubs and creepers; this you see is a thing that I can do even now that I am so poor. I am to have given me fifty little rhododendrons from Windsor Park, and it will be fun to tell the people they are the Queen's own.

To Rev. C. W. Furse.

June 3, 1875.

. . . They have been writing in the *Times* about young men preaching: to us last Sunday — preached, on the imitation of childhood: nothing could be feebler than his analysis, yet I said, as E. said, that it was the right kind of preaching: it was the young man uttering himself, doing fair justice to his own character, which but for the pulpit would be latent. He talked to us, though timidly, yet openly. It is too silly to say that young parsons are not to preach till they have experience: if they are men of good heart they are able to make it tell in preaching. . . I conceive that there are probably many hundreds of young men who preach more or less well by virtue of simple self-utterance.

And this is the secret of high oratory: Pericles, Mr. Pitt, Sir R. Peel, C. Sumner, could be known and felt only by speaking: their characters shone through the words. Speaking roughly, curates have the opportunities, which no other men under thirty get, of letting out what is best in them.

To Hon. R. B. Brett.

HALSDON, June 3, 4, 1875.

I fancy the Rev. Edward Coleridge and his very amiable wife wish to come here; they like me. It would be interesting to me to see this 'abode of health and pure reason,' as Paul calls it, soothing an old man who is broken by the sudden death of his eldest son. The old man helped me in my business and gave me sympathy in time of need, and after many years of off and on he has got to calling me his 'dear old friend'; he used to have hundreds of dear friends of all kinds; he floated in fashion, influences, art, gardening, success: he picks a crooked stick at the end of the lane. I tried to get Governor Eyre down to Ash, in vain. He would have been more of a neighbour to me, he would have been to me something like what Grove was. I am disappointed; for once I had a chance of talking with a man of heroic mould and grand plans.

Read in Grote or Plutarch how Pericles, the type of Mr. Pitt, used to send down Ephialtes to make the lesser motions for him in the assembly. Reserve, economy of power, latency, without formal affectation of prudence, of course without cowardice or undue love of popularity or undue display of teachableness: this is to be aimed at. . .

I shall be obliged to you if you will point out to the croakers that in time of peace we must not expect young men who like real employment with progress and increase of pay as they rise in skilled labour. We can hardly expect any but *idle* men to go into the regular infantry. All right, if the war lasts a year or two; but not, if we are to contend with those who mobilize in a fortnight and dictate a treaty after two months. . .

¹ The Army is and ought to be the place for idle men, both officers and privates. . . The Army is also a great and good reformatory for rowdies; thousands of men who would be dangerous are held in it under restraint; of these I suppose a good many are made safe men. But in a war of any duration which cut up our trade we should find swarms of artizans, miners, seamen, clerks, wanting pay, and seeing in the Army easy open paths to honour and emolument.

To Rev. E. D. Stone.

HALSDON, 1875.

If I can sell my colt I shall be able to go to Greece in March, back in mid May. I am very 'wishful' to see the Attic sky and the Delphian bays and flowers, *not* the Berlin-Mycenae antiques. It seems feeble to read and write Greek, and not to know the Greeks and their brilliant air.

What's the good of being 'without encumbrances' if one can't go to Parnassus and Ithome and Acrocorinthus?

How wretchedly soft and muddy you must be in that vile valley. Here it is quite an endurable softness and roughness too. I had blue lightning on the 13th which played coltish tricks with an iron hurdle.

To A. D. Coleridge.

HALSDON, June 8, 1875.

Manning and Capel are dead long ago, and the five pigs presented to me by Pope Joan would be called after eminent Russians, persecutors, and liars, only I have become fond of pigs. Pope Joan is quite friendly—I scratch her back with a curry-comb. . .

Yes, I highly applaud S. Lyttelton's going to New

¹ From another letter.

Zealand. I want to go to Fiji and rule an island like Sancho Panza, make roads and wells ; meanwhile, I roll my cricket ground.

To Hon. R. B. Brett.

HALSDON, June 25, 1875.

Elliot writes me a delightful account of an English soldier farmer, worshipped by his poor neighbours in Macedonia ; and of the starving Phrygians crying out ' When is the Queen of England coming to reign over us ? ' . . . In solitude one's country is sun and moon, wife and child.

To Hon. R. B. Brett.

HALSDON, July 8, 1875.

The water is so pure, smooth, weedless, embosomed in chestnuts, oaks, sycamores, that it would give a new touch of sentiment to people used to the Thames, though there was no sun, no kingfisher, no loosestrife. Each trip seemed to me a dip into nature, and each passenger a happy ' fair saint.' . .

Ten days ago I had another party. . . We ate biscuits, chocolate and cherries on the Osmunda Rock under Abbot's Hill, and found the columbine growing close by, just as you saw it in '72. We had the donkey to help us, and a flask of Marsala. After the long walk and our supper-tea the little girls ran races, and we four woke the famous echo on the hill to the south of the house.

To Hon. R. B. Brett.

LONDON, Monday, July 19, 1875.

We delighted together in ' School Revisited¹,' which gave me absolute pure pleasure with no sorrow. ' Little

¹ G. D. Leslie's picture at the Academy.

Fatima,' the 'Minuet'¹, the 'Slinger'², 'Dendera,' Goodall's three Egypt things, Brett's 'Channel Islands,' Poynter's 'Golden Age,' 'Joy and Misery,' suited us both equally; both equally hated 'Quatre Bras,' which is a foul caricature and an insult to soldiers; we both liked, or at least were interested moderately in, Philippoteaux's 'Waterloo,' but the man was a wretch who waved his sword and let his horse rear; he should have left his sword in the sheath, and rammed his horse with both hands and both heels at the live fence; the cavalry weapon against unbroken infantry is the *horse*. Let one man make a hole, live or die in it, the square is pierced. Germans did it at Salamanca. I'd like to end my life that way, if the square were made of Russian diplomats, motherless, wifeless, and sisterless. Get a blind man to lead the charge, say Fawcett, or a man with no hands, say Kavanagh.

Some day there will be a terrible answer given by a lump of English horsemen to all the foreigners' sneers at our little army. As I go along that great sweep of hard smooth battle-ground near Andover I have a little wish to see a Bismarckian army there and our hunting men let loose on it.

To A. D. Coleridge.

OXFORD, August 2, 1875.

. . . I beg you will not say or think that I recommend Balzac indiscriminately. I do not praise him as our fanatics praise Shakespeare. Balzac has hardly any dramatic skill; he has a dreadfully heavy hand, bad touch, morbid love of horrors, insincere admiration of Catholicism and Royalism.

¹ Millais.

² Leighton.

Read *L'Envers de l'Histoire Contemporaine; Gaucissart*, Parts I and II; *Médecin de Campagne; Curé de Campagne; Colonel Charras*. . .

I have been to the spot where Newman's snapdragons grew till the slugs picked them all, and I alone of all tourists asked for Isaac Williams's rooms in the same plain little college.

To A. D. Coleridge.

HALSDON, Aug. 29, 1875.

I am glad to hear your uncle¹ is well enough to go a-visiting. I wish I heard of his being the guest of some of the very eminent men whose verses and themes he used to treat so handsomely; it always perplexes me that whereas thirty years ago he had swarms of the best men and women as friends and coadjutors, and helped to educate scores of worthy, thoughtful men, nevertheless when he retired to that ideal parsonage he seemed to retire also from sympathies and alliances. That admirable Oxford galaxy of churchmen and philanthropes seems to have dissolved—improved as the world is, we have not kept up, as far as I can judge, the high strain of blood which one may associate with such names as Sir W. Heathcote, Bishops Field and Hamilton, the late Sir Thomas Acland, Sir James Wigram, Hope Scott, &c., &c. . .

To F. Warre Cornish.

HALSDON, Sept. 3, 1875.

I am preparing for the time when I shall not be able to write: gout begins to attack my right hand. There will be about four people sorry when I am unable to

¹ Rev. Edward Coleridge.

write to them; but the goats and cows won't find out the change. . .

I have twice in my life, ten or twelve years apart, been melted, prostrated and yet comforted by the *Misérables*: it is a book which, if compared at all, I compare with Job, with *Inferno*, with *Lucretius*; not with any play. It is a pathological work. It is almost a synoptic view of human suffering. Marius may be a fool, that is part of the misery—he is not set up as a hero; he is beloved by the poor lean girl who gets shot; I pity her. He is beloved by the girl who is dear to Jean Valjean, and so he gives Jean Valjean the opportunity of self-denial at the end. I don't feel sure that it would have been a much better book had Marius been sensible. The greatest fault in the book you do not notice: it is the want of identity in the convict of the first volume and the Monsieur-manufacturer. The break is too violent.

The book is a sort of Gospel of self-redemption, and it will, I hope, long continue to give some little relief to those who, having offended against society, nevertheless continue to keep loving hearts, and though again and again assailed by the defenders of virtue, do not cease to try to be good to other wretches.

To Hon. R. B. Brett.

HALSDON, Sept. 13, 1875.

I went, to please Whale¹, to his tithe dinner to-day, and sat there three hours. We had a very interesting little debate about a harvest thanksgiving. I acted as moderator between Whale and his churchwarden, an old

¹ Rector of Dolton.

freeholder, who lives at the other end of the parish. There are three sweet young men, Wm. Budd (the miller), young George Heaman and his brother John. I made the farmers laugh, and got on very well with them, though I did not talk much.

I am at present very much impressed with Balzac's posy, *raison m'oblige*. It seems possible, I even think my present life proves it, to obey reason poetically. After being so long alone, or only with uneducated people, it might have been expected I should be found in London or in Yorkshire impracticable. . . I used to think Wordsworth must have become a ninny living in the country, reading his own poems. It seems actually likely that one should become eccentric up to lunacy in solitary inactivity.

To Lady Pollock.

HALSDON, Sept. 16, 1875.

I had to sit three hours on Monday at the tithe-dinner, debating part of the time whether it was Puseyism to bring a wheatsheaf into church for harvest-home worship; and again to-day I had to attend a business meeting about it and report the result to Whale, and we are to have the feast. It will cost £7, and it will be tea for hundreds. The Baptist minister is to be invited, . . . and the Dissenters are coming to church. . .

I have read a good deal more of *Wilhelm Meister*, and looked for the fifth or tenth time at Carlyle's article on Goethe. I should like some one to ask Carlyle, and to tell me, how *Werther* (or *Werter*) is a more important book, more the parent of modern books, than the *Nouvelle Héloïse*.

Anyhow, the Goethe epoch is 1773, and he is to me a classic as remote as Goldsmith and Miss Burney. But then he, unlike Carlyle and many important or popular English authors, is a truly classical standard for his own people. I submit that they have no other, and that he is not quite so live a fountain to them as Shakespeare is.

His Therasas, Natalias, Aurelias, Jarnos, Lotharios are to me mere magic-lantern slides, and I doubt whether any one of you who pin your faith on Goethe ever wept at the death of Mignon, whom I am told to accept as the one 'character' that he has created.

No eminent prophet-preacher is so self-contradictory as Carlyle. I believe it was a personal motive, gratitude for some kindness, that set him on touting this serene egotist.

Wilhelm Meister seems to me stuffed with 'formulas,' and wholly devoid of manly virtue and true sentiment. If Goethe had been a Frenchman, what would you take as an extract from his mind that would be refreshing or even wholesome? Yet it is in language only that he is a German. Germans are Luther, Bismarck, Niebuhr, Liebig, Humboldt, Grimm, Beethoven.

One of Carlyle's strong points is that *Götz von Berlichingen* set Walter Scott going. How long did that inspiration tell on him?

I remember Scott's admitting that in Fenella he tried an imitation of Mignon: but he is not proud of the performance. As far as I can judge, he owed as much to Bürger and Fouqué as to Goethe. However, what I should like to point out to Carlyle is that the Germans are Gibeonites to the conquerors of Canaan, to the two truly brilliant literary nations of Western Europe.

To A. D. Coleridge.

1875.

I judge Shakespeare by the models found in Shakespeare. If *Hamlet* and *The Tempest* are, as I believe, first-rate poetical plays, their author is a first-rate dramatist; if so, he must himself smile at those who call *Lear* or *Cymbeline* a fine play. . . I am told that the best company in London has just failed to make the *Merchant of Venice* draw. I don't at all wonder; though the poem abounds in fine thinking and excellent verse and even contains very good characters, yet the main action is too grossly foolish to make the play a really good play.

I think *Othello* nearly as good as it was possible for anything to be before the human mind had by evolution become capable of *Kenilworth* or *Marion de Lorme*. *Othello*, though he ultimately errs, is not at all a fool; he has a fine healthy trustful heart; he is tragically led into ἄτη, περιπέτεια. It would have been nearer perfection if Iago's tricks had been still more cleverly contrived than they are—in other words if Iago was as clever as Varney.

I maintain that *Kenilworth* gives us a new standard of art. The stupidity of the Britons is shown by their not owning it to be a wonderfully good thing—plot, dialogue, costume, accessories, all magnificent.

To Rev. E. D. Stone.

May, 1875.

I have been reading Shakespeare and *Iliad*, idly, but with absolutely independent judgement. . . Next to the astonishing creation of *characters*, and I suppose Shakespeare has created as many as all the Germans, French,

Italians and Spaniards put together—(is it not literally true?): next to this he is to be praised for a great mass of pure poetry, as in *Romeo*, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, *The Tempest*, *As You Like it*: thirdly, for a very few good structures of plot, such as *The Tempest*, *Othello*, and *Hamlet*. . .

The notion that Shakespeare is a consummate artist, when in such a grand work as *Othello* he makes Iago show all his cards at every deal, that he is an artist in the way Virgil or Sophocles or a modern Frenchman is, this makes me nearly angry. . .

Stupidity, pettiness, trifling, which bored one forty years ago, in the notes on Euripides, &c., now rule in Shakespearedom. By all means study and glorify his *splendid* works, but why on earth potter over his failures, his tumbled limp cravats, his make-shifts, his fill-up, his shoddy.

For the lads it is best to do as they did some years back, pick out *The Tempest* and *Julius Cæsar*. They are both noble and truly lofty.

To Rev. E. D. Stone.

Sept. 21, 1875.

I wish for a rational, untranscendental criticism of Shakespeare, such as Hallam began in his *Literature*: he kept his balance when others were carried away by S. T. C. and the Germans. I remember a young man of no learning saying to me twenty years ago of *Winter's Tale*: 'Though I think it a bad play, I am going to see it acted.' It was a flash of good sense, his quietly daring to call any one of Shakespeare's things a 'bad play.' It delivered me, once for all, from the prevalent superstition. . . *The Tempest* is unique; if

Virgil had written a play, there might have been something to compare with *The Tempest*.

As a poet, apart from dramatic skill, Shakespeare is portentously good. In the evolution of human consciousness his appearance is of the nature of what is called in geology a 'catastrophe,' i. e. a violent change, which you cannot expect to see repeated. The break from Montaigne and Cervantes and Ariosto and Marlowe to Shakespeare is unparalleled, unless it is admitted that the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* came out in one lifetime, full-blown, from a mass of inferior narrative—which I think very probable.

Admitting this, I do not admit that there is anything so transcendental, or superhuman, in Shakespeare as to justify the peculiar reverence with which he has been treated in our country for a hundred years by all except Dr. Johnson and Hallam: I hold to their way of treating him.

It seems to me susceptible of proof that he grew out of the classic stock, that is to say, that he drew from Plutarch, Ovid, Horace, and even from Virgil, through translations in a great measure, but also through a good knowledge of Latin.

I believe that he read Boccaccio, Chaucer, Montaigne, &c., with an eye to business, just as I, when in harness, used to read all sorts of things hastily just to get subjects for verses.

I believe that he would have laughed at any one who thought he meant to pin his name and fame on such things as *Richard II*, *Richard III*, *Henry VIII*, *Twelfth Night*, *Measure for Measure*.

I believe that when released from the professional work of making up things for the theatre he never read

over the great bulk of his plays, but did read and take pleasure in his best things—*Hamlet*, *The Tempest*, *Othello*, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, *As You Like It*, *Taming of the Shrew*.

It seems to me probable that the superstition about this great *poet* has been a great cause of the English inferiority in the *drama*: our people have had a false standard of drama. The right standard is to be found in *Hernani* and *Le Roi s'amuse*. *Queen Mary* is an orthodox play: considering the difficulties, Tennyson has conformed laudably to the type; he has surpassed his fellows in fine thinking, and has at the same time built up a real play; and I hope and trust it will act well, and draw the crowds that will not be drawn by so uninteresting a play (though full of high poetry) as *The Merchant of Venice*.

Tennyson is what Virgil would have been had he lived now. Down with the intruding barbarians! Last week I stood on Ludlow Castle and thought of Comus.

To F. Warre Cornish.

Sept. 21, 1875.

. . . We should never come to any understanding about plays and poems if we went on for ever. . .

What I observe and condemn is that, in spite of the wholesome rational resistance of George III and Dr. Johnson, the writer has been deified: a strained, non-natural interpretation, drawn from the Germans and S. T. C., has, in spite of Hallam, prevailed.

I find many of the plays barely readable. I stoutly maintain that they were all meant to be acted, and I don't believe they were all of them acted successfully. If they were, that can be accounted for, not by the

superiority of the Elizabeth-James people to the Victorian people, but by their having no standard of dramatic skill. I suppose the Spenser-Sidney-Fairfax people had a delight in poetry such as none of you have nowadays (I say *you*, for I am far more easy to please), and I can with pleasure imagine them thoroughly enjoying Rosalind and Juliet and Titania for the poetry: and I believe that as spoken eloquence is a necessary lowering of philosophy, so drama is a lowering, to get the tribal self, the collective ego, roused and thrilled, a lowering of the poet's tone. As a poet Shakespeare moves me; as a dramatist less. I once saw *Hamlet* acted—I had rather not see it again; whereas I should like to see (perhaps I should say to hear, for I miss the play of face) *Ruy Blas*, *Marion de Lorme*, and things by Scribe, Dumas, and Sardou.

I have formerly thought I should like to see gentlefolks act *Taming of the Shrew*, of course as a mere trifle. I wonder what Scribe thought of it. . .

To Hon. R. B. Brett.

Sept. 25, 1875.

I am becoming too timid to scoff, but there was a time when I should have scoffed at the fuss made about *Macbeth*. As it is I content myself with saying it is a Porte St. Martin play. . . I am of the same opinion as ever, that he (Shakespeare) did his best, did all he could, and beat the world, in *The Tempest*.

To Lady Pollock.

Oct. 4, 1875.

Giving up plot, then I speak of the main idea¹: I suppose it is this, or at least I have a right to find

¹ Turgeneff's *Lisa*.

this, in any tale of love and pain written by any one of our strange time; that the human heart has become, and will, for aught I can see, continue to be, too susceptible—that is to say, it is hard on man to be ephemeral with such a capacity for loving: it *seems* a cruel thing to let people arrive at this stage of intensified lovingness; one may fairly envy the peasant or the dove.

Secondly, the story, like many others, bears witness to the bitter pain of our age, the divergence of man the unbeliever from woman the believer.

Do you know Mrs. Browning's lines on the sea-mew? She fancies the bird when caged has caught from man love *and misery*. So has stupid Russia caught the aristocratic or intellectual plague.

Perhaps I shall think more compassionately of that flat land now that I know it has a 'Lise' in one of its convents.

I suppose you all say Marfa is an original character: anyhow, I like her, and she almost makes me cry once or twice.

Personally I agree with Lavretzky, only I never, like him, even hoped or tried to be young or happy—at least only in a superficial way.

As to the literary art . . . is not the musician left unfinished? At times he is very interesting. The coincidence of his successful music-making with the happy love-making is pretty enough, though rather too mesmeric for my taste. There is too much music, both piano and nightingale, in the book. . . Tea is mentioned too often; and oh, those Saints! they sicken me. . .

However, I agree with Montalembert in preferring the

Poles: once in my life I stood among his friends at St. Clotilde to hear a sermon on the wrongs of Poland, and dropt a Nap. into a velvet bag held by a sweet, fine St. Germain lady.

To Hon. R. B. Brett.

Oct. 17, 1875.

I read in that house Lord Houghton's Monographs: in that elaborate and hardly honest book there was one thing truly taking, Lady Duff Gordon's account of her visits to H. Heine. Since I came home I have been reading Heine's scraps, prose—full of bitter wit, not much else; as a Jew he interests me, not much as a German. I wish I had a set of good French translations of German books. Ever since I found Ouida charming in French (*Deux petits Sabots*) I fancy French would make me relish even the *Sorrows of Werther* or Goethe's epigrams or his *Elective Affinities*. The German language ought to be abolished as a written language, bequeathing a few score words to the English tongue.

To H. E. Luxmoore.

HALSDON, Oct. 24, 1875.

I believe the departure of Oscar Browning will be resented by scores of kindly, intelligent young men to whom he has freely given all that he had to give of those good things of the mind which the old routiners thought should be reserved for Masters of Arts. Many of the best Eton fellows are, I imagine, honestly grateful to him for a generous, respectful and affectionate treatment; some boys will survive his departure and will miss him. I daresay among these boys will be a few sweet-hearted enthusiasts: they are the people that used

to be starved at Eton. Happily there are plenty—no, a fair sprinkling—of young teachers who so far resemble B. as to make themselves, the best parts of themselves, known to the lads: that is the new art or new growth in schools. It is, I think, not less than a critical change in education, though, being unconnected with creeds, it has not yet found its biographical historian. . .

To Hon. R. B. Brett.

HALSDON, Oct. 31, 1875.

For the last three days I find my head running, as on a tune, on these few words: 'Je meurs en regrettant ma sœur Alex. Simon, et ma bien aimée Annie Rowan,' written by a young French sailor and put into a bottle with English farewells. I keep on wishing to hear of Annie Rowan, and it is a delicious name, and a Frenchman in love with a Scottish maid is quite a hero of romance¹.

To F. Warre Cornish.

HALSDON, 1875.

After so much tossing to and fro I cast anchor on Tennyson as the representative of Virgil, on France as the representative of Augustan Rome, on Darwin as wiser than Mill, on the law and the science of my own time, of my own nation, which gathers up and does justice to all the products of German penetration, on the synthesis of English and French thought, on republics, once more glorified by Victor Hugo and Swinburne. This last is the only extravagance or vehemence, I think, that has any charm for me. . .

You would be surprised to see how well I get on with little *girls*—children of eight and ten. There is

¹ See *Ionica*, II. 'A poor French sailor's Scottish sweetheart,' 1876.

very little to study in them: they give me something new in the way of refreshment.

You men who have daughters must be self-tormentors if you are not happy. It is, however, possible to live satisfactorily without even trying to be happy.

I am going to make a bit of a speech now at our harvest home. It rains handsomely: my flowers were cut in time and are safe in the church.

To B. Holland.

Nov. 2, 1875.

At college there is very much to be gained by listening to third year men, Bachelors of Arts, and those few older men who talk openly to young people.

For instance, you would probably like to go to the hospitable, leisurely, home-like rooms of Bradshaw of King's, the Public Librarian, who for twenty-five years has made tea for self-invited undergrads, and has done a world of good without taking any trouble to do it. He is utterly devoid of calculation, worldliness, conceit, grasping, manœuvring, love of power. He is a pure old-fashioned literary man, very affectionate, though not obtrusively so, with a lady's subtlety of observation, and with singular fidelity to friends. I shall ask Sturgis to take you to Bradshaw, and he will make you feel at home there.

You do right to go to the Union: it is a mixed set of men, and it is a place for rough give and take, and so it braces a man for combat. It is a school of rough criticism and a place for depositing those crudities which slough off a growing mind. It is a pity to shrink from it out of mere fastidiousness, as the cleverest men in my day (your uncle's day) used to do.

If you are asked to join any smaller society for debate or the like, as a general rule it is expedient to accept the proposal.

The thing to be avoided is spending every evening in the same set of freshmen, discussing the topics of the day, chiefly athletic events and predictions.

To H. O. Sturgis.

HALSDON, Nov. 2, 1875.

The real use of Cambridge and Oxford is to inspire and tie up (as my plants are tied to stakes against winds) the good generous hearts which sweeten the nation. You all get together in companies and battalia, and you believe for three or four years in the supremacy of good intentions; and we poor peasants and grimy townspeople are the better for the going forth of your sharpshooters. The Universities are highland reservoirs of spring waters gathered—the springs of youth.

To H. O. Sturgis.

HALSDON, Nov. 9, 1875.

Even he, a mere shadow, can be quite happy at Cambridge; it is his innings, as it is for every one. He can score impressions, conceptions, attachments, fine hopes. It is a blessed season even for the bloodless and meagre. No more bullying, no fussing of mother or aunt. Let him warm his hands at your fireplace; no doubt he will learn to laugh cheerfully there. He will discover that mankind is good-natured and makes room for him; he will be avenged on the horrible schools and the mortifications of boyhood. . .

The 'waif'¹ appears in the flesh, or rather in the bone

¹ An invalid boy at Dolton.

and skin, the aching bone and the shivering skin. . . The odd thing is that it is only in answer to leading questions that he tells me of this. There is no habit of retrospection with these people: it is an attitude they can be put into at the will of the questioner. I don't perceive in him any forecast of evil or good to come. I can't say for certain that he relies on me or on any one, or feels any need of a protector. Yet he is as old as the naval cadets when they go to sea in their pride and anguish. It is a difference of breeding. These poor people have affections but not 'nerves,' not high wrought sensibilities.

To Lady Pollock.

HALSDON, DOLTON, Nov. 18, 1875.

I perceive the *Revue* speaking of *Wilhelm Meister* as the masterpiece; the lovers of Goethe ought to agree together and make out the canon.

That Goethe was himself in a mere twilight of literature seems to me to be proved by his high esteem for the *Vicar of Wakefield* . . . and his high conception of Byron's importance. I don't so much mean that he was a poor judge, only (or rather) that he had few good things before him to pick from, and that we, the dwarfs, have by the growth of man outgrown the German giant of seventy years ago. To put it another way, I think that we who lived since the *Comédie Humaine* was constructed, and have had forty years of Victor Hugo and Tennyson, cannot be expected to look upon Goethe otherwise than on Rousseau, hardly otherwise than on Pope. I doubt whether in the history of literature or of general (not German) progress Goethe is so important a person as Rousseau or Voltaire.

Carlyle has failed to prove that he is, and it is a mere whim or accident that makes Carlyle treat him in particular as a 'more divine mind.' Upon Carlyle's own principles I maintain that Balzac is much more of a thinker and teacher. Did you ever read the *Lys dans la Vallée*? It is his masterpiece, and was the favourite book of the lamented Lady Aimée Desclée (both the accents). It has things in it that pucker the lips and raise the gorge, but it is a revelation.

I have been reading two exquisite little books which can give no offence or pain, *Femme Gênante* and *Étang* . . . by G. Droz. He has a new art. Unlike the laborious elephant Balzac, he leaves things half told, leaves much for the reader to work out for himself. He obeys every sound rule of Horace's *Art of Poetry* better than any writer known to me. He has a good heart and he makes one happy.

Likewise I have been reading (not for the first time) *Ronan's Well*. I was surprised in the first, less in the second volume, with the finish, neatness, brilliancy, pointedness of the style. It has hardly any of Scott's usual verbosity and diffuseness of description and introduction. The hero is, I think, admirable and almost tragically interesting, though not up to the mark of Scott's best hero Tressilian, or the second best, Roland Graeme. . . *Ronan's Well* came out in Scott's year of zenith happiness—the year of my birth.

To Lady Pollock.

HALSDON, Nov. 21, 1875.

It is a comfort to hear about Darwin. There is in the *Remains* of S. T. Coleridge a passage that I used to feel, in which he muses on the peaceful meeting in Paradise

of Milton and Jeremy Taylor, and some other pair of antagonists from the beautiful Civil War. I wish they could find the meeting-place in Chalfont or Bunhill Fields, or some other place where one pokes the fire.

Canning shed tears for Castlereagh (I was told this by an eye-witness).

It is better than Bach or Titian, this image of the rugged old prophet ceasing to growl before the philosopher-saint¹. Happy is the man that brought them together. In Tyndall's Address there was, I remember, a stirring lament for Carlyle's great mistake in railing against science. The goodness of Darwin makes all the difference to us, scattered isolated gatherers of the crumbs that fall from the feast of science. It is to me now what the holiness of J. H. Newman used to be (I must not say to me, but) to my college friends. And I have seen and listened to Faraday.

To H. O. Sturgis.

HALSDON, Nov. 21, 1875.

What puts one off is not so much unamiable temper as vulgarity. Did you ever read Miss Martineau's *Deerbrook*? In it there is a splendid passage about unamiableness. . . I have never stood it well—don't know that I could—with a female; but with males I have put up with it often, with grown-up males besides boys. . . Where there is intellect it is, I think, not so very hard to cure. . .

It is very important to guard against *tricks*. I suppose Cromwell, Dr. Johnson, Carlyle are victims of trick on a grand scale. I dare say St. Paul, when he was

¹ Carlyle and Darwin.

'minded to go afoot,' was escaping some one who bored him on the ship, and as he walked through the Troad he set himself to cure the irritation which might, if unchecked, cost him another such friend as Barnabas.

To Hon. R. B. Brett.

Dec. 5, 1875.

That day we sat in and talked. I found my notions rapidly crystallizing as I dropped them into his sound mind; I formulated several bits of politics offhand, new to myself. This is the great privilege I have still—what I used to enjoy as a teacher, the sudden originating of things whilst talking; to do this is the one thing that compensates for great privations. . .

I can't, morally, afford to read the *World* regularly any more than the *Pall Mall*. What I have to strive to keep is a certain orderliness of mind, the absence of gnarls or knots in the old stem—sanity, charity, sobriety, such as are needed for the reclaiming of—— and the guidance of our new relieving officer.

To Hon. F. L. Wood.

HALSDON, Dec. 8, 1875.

I am told that Lord Derby never writes a despatch; he indicates his notion to Sanderson, who turns it into a document. If Derby had any range of thought he would make friends with old Lesseps. You see, the French naturally say, 'You tried to prevent the Canal being cut; then you did all you could to prevent the makers of it from getting a dividend; then you take advantage of the depreciation of their shares, and you play cuckoo to our nest.'

Derby should not leave it to newspapers to soothe the French; he ought to go out of his way to explain to them that he wishes for their alliance above any other. Is it not right to say so?

He, the Queen, we, ought to take great pains to show them that we admire their endeavours. They and we alone go on with fine schemes for the good of barbarous lands—Asia and Africa. They believe and say that they are more disinterested and generous than we are; they take the lead in converting the Chinese, we marched with them to Peking; whilst we try for overland route through Burmah, they explore all the coast of Annam, Cambodia, Tonquin. What does Germany do, what does Russia do that is not purely businesslike?

This business with the Khedive is delightful if we go through with it, go on buying out the shareholders, treat Ismail as an Indian rajah; but it will be a sad thing if through dulness, reticence, *mauvaise honte*, Derby-dulness, we estrange the French. We should build a new transport for India and call it *Lesseps*. He is a second Columbus.

To Hon. R. B. Brett.

CASTLE HILL, NORTH DEVON,

Dec. 14, 1875.

Just trying to read Lanfrey's *Napoleon*, a book I find in the bedroom amongst Lord Ebrington's prizes. Bunsen's Life I tried; I learnt from it that that eminent man, the prince of the soft-heads, died in four languages; his jaculations and valedictory gasps were Latin, English, French, and Prussian—what we used to call *altitudinizing*. . .

To Hon. R. B. Brett.

HALSDON, Dec. 22, 1875.

The basis of Whiggery or high statesmanship, as against despotism and also against management by phobias (either Tory phobias or popular phobias), is that which is said to have been the lifelong idea of the late Charles de Rémusat, 'faith in human reason.'

The Whig says, 'You, my adversaries, are in a majority now. If I were an ultra-democrat or counter of noses I should submit to you as having a transcendental—sometimes called divine—right; if I were a redcap I should buy dynamite and blow you up; if I were a Tory I should go to church or to bed; as it is, I go to work to turn your majority into a minority. I shall do it by reasoning and by attractive virtue.' 'Impostors.' A dangerous luxury using these words. We old people, Professors or others, ought to take care not to tempt you young people to use these words offhand. It is a word habitually employed, not at all without cause, but perhaps too hastily, against Christians. . . Bunsen may have been an impostor—I don't know enough about him; I have very little doubt he was a pillster or softhead. But in my education I got from him this maxim, then, twenty-five years ago, valuable; perhaps obsolete now. 'Every theological rule must be expressed in terms of ethics, if it is to affect our lives in this generation.' Not quoted verbatim; probably to be found in *Church of the Future*.

His correspondence with his sentimental king is said by the wise French critic thereof to show wisdom; he tried to teach the king to be sensible and straightforward and patriotic as a citizen of the United States of Europe,

and especially to stop Czar Nicholas in his career of *ὑβρις*, which was forcing that war of which Freeman is ashamed (which, according to the principles of Leopold Von Ranke, was an inevitable, righteous, and useful war). He lost his place for speaking thus. Had his advice been taken, Prussia would have escaped the degradation under which it lay from 1854 till the coming of Bismarck, out of which it has struggled only by doing wrong to Austria and Denmark. Bunsen was beloved by good Englishmen, and has been praised and regretted by a wise Frenchman, probably representing the French Whigs. Had he lived in Boston, U. S., he would perhaps have done better than Everett and other moderate Federalists in averting or shortening strife. . .

Melbourne and Althorp. I have not looked to any book, nor asked any one about your question. The general rule about it is that Althorp was a plain squire, who said, 'Thank Heaven, I can never be Prime Minister, for I can't talk French.' Lord Halifax told me this, and I dare say it is in print. Melbourne was the only hard and cool-headed man available; he was not *afraid*. He was felt to be far cleverer than John Russell, who as late as 1842 was (esoterically) acknowledged by the Whigs (Campbell¹, son of Campbell, told me so then) to be not strong enough to be their leader. Melbourne had done work, Lansdowne had not. (You may say, better a pococurante than a dilettante for Minister.) Duncannon was thought able. Query; were his connexions so strong? Lord Durham was the heir presumptive to Lord Grey, and he was abhorred by Lord Grey's son-in-law and others; in fact, Melbourne was the man to snub him or shelve him. Palmerston was a recent convert from

¹ Lord Stratheden and Campbell.

Toryism, and had not the necessary character. Grant (Glenelg) was the cleverest of the lot, but he was sleepy. A party which had to keep Brougham at arm's length required a very unimaginitive or cool leader. A party which had to conciliate O'Connell required a somewhat unscrupulous or Talleyrandic Epicurean. . . Certainly there was no notion of conciliating Graham and Stanley by means of Melbourne.

To A. D. Coleridge.

HALSDON, Dec. 24, 1875.

As long as there are men to send me kindly their books because I used to try to teach them, so long am I quite content with this recluse life. My money will hold out long enough to let me strike such a root here that when *angina pectoris* comes I shall be missed by six or seven parishes; which is more than Cowper was, I guess.

To Hon. F. L. Wood.

HALSDON, Dec. 28, 1875.

It is perhaps as well you don't read; our modern books show painfully that we have arrived, by evolution, at a capacity for sentimental enjoyments which cannot be satisfied except by the million and a half for whom Grant Duff speaks in his wise book. You belong to that select lot of Britons, and I live among those who, as he says, are 'not very much better off than their forefathers a hundred years ago.' It is seemingly easy, and it is the fashion, to give away to the poor. I met a young wife lately who piques herself on providing, not only necessaries, but games and toys for the children of her parish (120 souls in all). Our excellent neighbour, Lady Portsmouth, at Eggesford, differs from most people in thinking

of the people above the poor, who have sensibilities not to be appeased by hymns and floral decorations; e. g. I watched in her kindly house a young lady, daughter of a manufacturer, who sat, just moving her foot to the sound of unusually good piano-playing, and was taken to see the pictures upstairs, and was called 'my dear' quite simply, and made in one evening happy enough to keep her sweet for half a year.

To Hon. R. B. Brett.

Jan. 10, 1876.

In the two Swinburne volumes, which you did well to send as you would not bring them, the things I cared for were parts of the Italy, the *Benedicite* of the towns on Mazzini; even if he was not quite a great man, anyhow it was good they should think him one. Does not Swinburne care for Daniele Manin? To me he is the great man, the type of an Italian patriot: odd that he does not appear in poetry or novel. Cairoli comes next in my hagiology. Swinburne does not name him. I am more republican than ever since reading all that last night.

The antiphons of Chthonia and Chorus¹ are fine; otherwise the play does not interest me. I prefer Leonidas or Chevalier d'Assas, or the twenty men at St. Sebastian who ran to get the mine blown,—false attack,—of whom one escaped. I prefer these to the volunteer victims of superstition. Eleazar the Maccabee beats any Macaria or Codrus; the Jews in the Asmonean age utterly eclipse the passions of Greek patriots. Erechtheus has in it no rests or monotones; it is all *obbligato, sostenuto, exaltato*, &c. In a genuine Greek play, Sophocles' *Electra* or *Antigone*, Euripides' *Sup-*

¹ In Swinburne's *Erechtheus*.

phlices, the romantic parts are thrown into relief; not so in *Erechtheus* (horrid word to spell). . . But it is impossible to reproduce or trump the sensation given by *Atalanta*; it was a wonderful triumph for Swinburne to write a poem which completely kindled and lifted a middle-aged devotee of Tennyson. His chorus is altogether too sugary, luxuriant, and unbridled in the *stasima* or set pieces; very effective in the antiphonal duets and trios with the women. The unity of time (as in *Oed. Colon.*) is strained; it is hard upon us (on me) who stick up for the unities. . . I wonder whether the excellent Clifford¹ approves of Praxithea's 'tribal self'; certainly it is carrying the Tribe to the nth, as they used to say in Cambridge.

Clifford is beyond compare admirable, but yet I think the *Pall Mall* leader is right in commenting on his good letter. It is because of the antitheism involved in Darwinery, &c., and the danger of breaking up when we lose the theological clamps, that we politicians shrink from trenchant measures.

The old Napoleon has taught me once for all (in a letter to Joseph) that a statesman must not (as Kimberley would or as Dizzy does) pretend to be civil, and be patronizing to priests, but must make it his duty to be really friendly with them; only of course he must never allow them to interfere with the making or administering of laws. Evolution may perhaps provide the State with some new thing; possibly Jowett and Colenso may in our time be shaping a new quasi-religion; we preserve the framework of establishment, and if so be, we let the Essenes (healers) elbow out the Chasidim, and pious

¹ W. K. Clifford, F.R.S., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge; Professor of Applied Mathematics at University College, London.

Sadducees displace the Pharisee. I was taught by a narrow Whig years ago that Colenso must be retained, because who knows but the Church may altogether Colense, as it Cranmered or Calvined.

Clifford would have to stop one's showing hagiological pictures (as I yesterday showed Jessie, aged nine, Saint Hubert kneeling to the crucifixes). He may do much, I have done a little, towards bringing up young people without *kinks*, . . . but as long as there is the terror of darkness (night) he cannot altogether get rid of childish delusions. He should read and notice Sir John Herschel's account (in the *Philosophy of Natural Sciences, Cab. Cycl.*) of the inevitable *unteaching* of young men, the purging from delusion; Herschel takes it from Plato; he quotes or applies the poetry about 'euphrasy,' the mystic flower that clears the mind's eye. I wish him well, that is, Clifford: he will infinitely help teachers; yet they will always have to unravel. . .

Lord Lytton's appointment gave me a twinge of joy. That the world should be governed by poets is beyond all dreams; if only he has a good heart like Dufferin; if he has the courage, give-and-take, patience, elasticity, of a parliamentary man; if, like James Hudson, he has kept in spite of diplomatic half-lights the massive direct sense of a Briton; if he is not, as I half fear from that pretty letter in the *Times* from Paris, spoilt by the irresponsible culture-criticism of the choice salon society, spoilt for dealing with one-idea'd, fixed-idea'd, blue-booked officials, honest puritans, passionate schemers, meditative hermits of the 'cutcherry.' If he can apply to Calcutta merchants, as I do to Devonshire squires and farmers, the principles of poetical charity (what Wordsworth gave us), then his high imagination will set him

as an eagle above the Russians, and above even so very good and wise a man as Lord Northbrook. I should like to live to hear of his splendid superiority. It is two and twenty years since I was asked by a lady interested in him to read his manuscript poems and to say whether I thought he would in spite of his father be a literary conqueror. Then, long after, I read the songs in *Tannhäuser*, the book in which Julian Fane served him as a foil; since then I have seen only a few extracts from his Fables, enough to know that he is 'in the succession.'

I am getting to admire Dizzy.

I am lost in Héloïse, Rémusat's *Life of Abelard*; a beautiful book, it makes France more interesting than ever. Talk of Laura and Beatrice; they were but dolls. Héloïse was woman of women; above the inventions of George Eliot and Victor Hugo; and think of her living 700 years ago, when our Britons were up to nothing.

Whatever Lord Derby may persist in saying, we, the fiery tax-payers, who fought Nicholas and don't repent it, do wish for a protectorate of Egypt and something more. . .

I delight in Dizzy saying 'England is a great Mediterranean Power.' He almost says, with me, we will fortify Port Said, Ismailia and Suez, to link with Gibraltar, Malta, Perim, and Aden. 'The leopard sitting on his chalk cliff perceives that his claws have grown,' says the applauding admiring Frenchman. . .

I have been reading Lewes' rational biography of Goethe, who is made out to be not such a Tito as he represents himself in his autobiography; he was wonderful in early manhood for keeping clear of the ebrieties or distemperatures of the generation which was throwing off the yoke of French taste. . .

To Rev. E. D. Stone.

HALSDON, DOLTON, Feb. 10, 1876.

I suppose the imagination must always be employed to estimate the effect of books on character. By its help I connect the gentlemanly behaviour of our squires in the Civil War with the translation of Tasso by Squire Fairfax, and I gather from Cowley's account of 'myself' what were the literary influences of the day.

I imagine the interpretation given by Henry Wotton to woman-worship, in his poem to Elizabeth of Bohemia, telling on Eton lads such as Robert Boyle.

I apprehend the Diary of Evelyn shows directly how far his character was formed by books. I conceive Sunderland (husband of Saccharissa), Lovelace, and Wogan were all warmed by Philip Sydney. I imagine the charm and spell of Vandyke's portraits being both effect of Spenser-Sidney-Raleigh literature, and cause of Cavalier and Roundhead nobleness.

What apostolical succession is more interesting than the tradition of thought and sentiment? . . .

In the three wars we had with France between George I and the Revolution our men were more romantic or 'chivalrous' than their forefathers of the Cressy-Agincourt days, and the behaviour of Frenchmen towards Britons, and vice versâ, was more courteous and generous; I trace this to literature, not to religion. Lord Chatham (*apud* Green) comes out as a sort of Joshua. Was he not moved by books? Rachel Russell was, I suppose, a sort of she-apostle to the governing families. Lucy Hutchinson and Margaret Newcastle helped towards lady-worship. In Fanny Burney's life you have a fruit of this growth.

Every character described by literature becomes the germ of characters and fragments of characters.

I maintain that apart from such considerations as these the study of *belles lettres* is rather frivolous, and the examination of cadets in the *Vicar of Wakefield* or in the *Clerk's Tale* is a legitimate object of the sneer bestowed thereon in *Daniel Deronda*.

However, I am on the whole inclined to urge you to stick fast to your own business, the correction of things written by boys, the critical mind-gardening, in which there is more weeding and pruning than grafting. We are not all . . . Gambettas or Kingsleys, i. e. quasi-prophets or half-ranters; seldom does one man combine the two arts of preaching and of criticizing.

My last excitement is Charles de Rémusat's *Life of Abelard*, his great work: it is perfectly new to me, and very delightful to learn from him that Héloïse is not a *ressuscitée*, galvanized by revivalists, but a woman infinitely womanly, dear to her own generation, done into vernacular poetry within a hundred years after her conversion, part of the soul of France for 700 years, to this day the type of the faithful self-sacrificing womanhood which in our splendid French novels we adore.

To Hon. R. B. Brett.

Feb. 20, 1876.

What can be done in many countries is to displace an official class, a privileged class. In doing this we leave the tribes alone, we leave undisturbed the great mass of the people; the one nation (Italians of Lombardy, for instance) or the many intertwined nations, as in India.

At present the Sultan won't or can't appoint infidels or Franks as Pashas or judges or tax-gatherers; what

the six Powers have to do is to get this done quietly, without degrading him in the eyes of his people; it should be done by the joint pressure of the six (reckoning America, seven) Embassies, and it should not be formulated in a public document. That is to say, if we all agree to reform Turkey without a cataclysm, which I think we are bound to try, even if we are not very hopeful about it. . .

We want Shanghais in Turkey; that is a plain bit of business; nothing *doctrinaire* in that.

To Hon. R. B. Brett.

HALSDON, *March 11, 1876.*

What C. says about International Law delights me. . . Piling Ortolan on Story, on Wheaton, on Vattel, &c., &c., is just as useless as the old (Christopher Wordsworth) way of quoting the Fathers. Mere reiteration of a dictum, apart from practical decisions, does not make doctrine. Lord Stowell's judgements have authority, mainly because they have been (so far as they have been) accepted and used in action by the Admiralty judges of other nations. It is dogmatic bounce, and no better than infalliblist oracularity or inspirational buncombe, to quote Holroyd as Coleridge does. . .

The first statesman in the Lords is Tait. The second is Cairns. They would both do better for a Prime Minister than Dizzy. Salisbury never goes wrong; arbitrary, &c., but what should we do in time of need without aristocrats of that fibre? He is (who else is?) laborious, fearless, prompt and haughty. He has, though nearly spoilt by flattery, ceased to give needless offence or to indulge antipathies. I look on him as a foeman

worthy of our steel in peace. Should we fall out with Russia, Spain, Brazil, which is likely enough, he would be as fit for fight as Castlereagh. He is something different from a clerk raised to the nth. . .

Read Villemain's *Souvenirs*. His account of the Cent Jours, written in 1855; the first chapter is a masterpiece; it has all the merit of history and French novel combined. His calm praise of England is nectar to me. . .

Dizzy's brain is softening, and the 'old man'—his spite—is showing as the veneer cracks off. I thank him for helping to make Monarchy vulgar. If they want to please the Colonies why not cross the proclamations '& Co.' . .

I should like to see all the working judges (excluding the swells perhaps) meet to ballot for the election of two of their number to be set free for two years from all judicial work to codify and prepare laws. I object to an odd number. The two best men should agree on every word. At the end of the two years, on a fresh ballot, let one be re-eligible.

They would do much better than a minister of legislation. They would relish the innings as a change. They would, as representatives, have incomparable authority with Parliament. It would be a 'fusion' of Benthamic legislation with Eldonine evolution. Neither a Cockburn nor a Fitzjames could sneer at Blackburn and Hall appointed by ballot. . .

The point to dwell on is that a scheme coming from the judges would not be at the mercy of the Parliament lawyers. Of course the judges would not initiate anything organic, like the abolition of jury in Ireland, or of ecclesiastical jurisdiction in England: they would simply take homicide, married women's property, insurance,

or the like, in such a way as to effect an adjustment, not pretending to be for all ages. . .

She [George Eliot] is a very noble, wise, sublime writer; but her human beings don't live with me for life. Perhaps Caleb Garth does: his image blends sometimes with the memory of my own father. She has not yet created man or woman for me to love. Not quite. She is not such a real woman as Mrs. Gaskell or Charlotte. I prefer the 'poor young man's' Marguerite, and Miss Rovel, to all the Hettys, Rosamonds, Tesses, and Esthers. I read the first part of *Daniel Deronda* with high intellectual satisfaction, but without the least excitement. Each number of a book like this comes to me like a Plato sermon or a Virgil tract. It does not go into my blood. They are, mostly, superb moralities, not mysteries. *Mill on the Floss* is the only one of them that transcends. I am quite sure it is the one that Charlotte Brontë would relish most, but I can't go back to it as I do to the beatific Shirley.

Nicholas, my colt, comes home next Monday. Great excitement. Something like a *launch*, when he goes into harness.

To A. D. Coleridge.

HALSDON, March 12, 1876.

When the world (India, Canada, &c.) is governed by poets—when musicians are as sensible as surgeons (a few more such dreams *subaudiuntur*), then will a philosopher fold his hands and relax his frown complacently. It is even conceivable that we may get a Norway and a Switzerland in which Wordsworth's Maidens of Brienz, who sing and love in the harvest-boat, will be as common as tuft-hunters are now.

To Lady Pollock.

HALSDON, March 13, 1876.

I read yesterday the most lovely thing, not new to me, perhaps unknown to you and some of your friends, J. H. Newman's early autobiography. His goodness is lustrous, his unconsciousness of incapacity for pursuing truth is transparent. In one place he says, 'my reason ordered me to do (think) so.' Yet I suppose he cannot see that a Darwin or a Giordano Bruno with similar meekness obeys his 'reason.' And this is the supreme sadness: I hope the other planets escape it.

To Hon. R. B. Brett.

HALSDON, March 25, 1876.

I feel half tempted to come and live in London. I half fancy I can be useful as a sort of interpreter between the science people and the spiritual people. The cheerfulness of the London people, their enjoyment of affections, music, and news is very attractive. . .

Faire son droit—to study law. *Faire son salut*—to study salvation. Cognate phrases, both indicating processes and methods: not quite what one cares about as humanity.

*To Lady Pollock*¹.

SUTTON, WOODBRIDGE,

April 11, 1876.

It will cost us a pang to give up the known good, the perfectly harmonious pathetic Jefferson², and to fly to the doubtful Irving and the realms of Pharisaic exaltation

¹ On the occasion of Tennyson's *Queen Mary* being brought out at the Lyceum.

² In *Rip van Winkle*.

and ferocious party spirit; but H. Sturgis will be proud of the Batemans, and I shall have just a chance in that little theatre of seeing the author in his box; I missed him when he came to Cambridge in 1844. I was dining with Shilleto when Maine came to King's College to fetch me to the room in which Alfred Tennyson, then young and ideal, was with a party of C. C. S.¹ mén. That night he walked about the streets with Maine, and the talk was the stuff of his poetry. I never had a sample of it, though, to listen to. Now the man is no longer heroic—too rich, too self-pleasing; but he has been, off and on, the luminary, and perhaps his forehead may look ideal from the shrine under the gas, and perhaps it is fair that one old faithful admirer should be there to go along with all the fine thoughts; he may be changed, but I am not, as far as concerns the pride I take in my mother-tongue ever since he glorified it. Am I not the same moper that heard in August 1842 Hallam the historian read aloud, mouthily, the 'Recollections of the Arabian Nights'? Am I not he that in 1862 was scoffed at as a *rara avis*, a Northerner and a Tennysonian?

To Capt. A. H. Drummond.

HALSDON, May 1, 1876.

I went for a fortnight at Easter to old Vidal's most enjoyable vicarage and parish; a land of sand, poplars, sallow, holly hedge, rabbit holes, red cart horses, soft sociable cottagers, abounding in scenes that would make pictures for artists, not for the blue and green devouring public. I am no artist, but I believe there are times when I see things as joyfully as they do; and Wood-

¹ The 'Apostles.'

bridge Ferry, and the unfinished groynes for warping or reclaiming land, and a certain sandstone quarry which we call from *Mill on the Floss* 'the Red Deeps,' are all in a high degree good for a draughtsman—not far from Constable's country.

To Rev. E. D. Stone.

May 7, 1876.

'Dead literature'—as if Middle Age books were not quite as dead as Pindar, infinitely more dead than Ovid, Martial, Cicero, who are absolutely *ours*, might at any moment correspond with us, and stay in our houses, and make fun of the 'Empress.'

. . . I have long held fast to ἀκεσταί τοι φρένες ἐσθλῶν, which is a pearl of thought.

To H. E. Luxmoore.

HOAR CROSS, July 31, 1876.

I think of J. with more interest than of most people, though very far from him, far as Dives from Lazarus: grief is a very taking, engaging thing when it is in a full-grown man of good heart, and it is the best set-off against the oppressive showiness of success. I have just been through the five volumes of the *Life of Palmerston*: the Muse of Sorrow does not breathe therein.

In a walk I came upon a very deeply-cut stone with a Maltese cross and three capitals, H. C. D., to note a boundary of the new district carved out of parishes for their memorial church: Scott Holland is coming with clerical pupils next week, to serve the church and enjoy the shade of the many bits of Needwood Forest close to the house which serves as parsonage: one of these is a park of one hundred acres, as old as any deer-park in

the island: another is Brakenhurst, belonging to the Duchess of Lancaster, who cuts down the trees as soon as they are marketable, but leaves the gates open for me to roam even with a dog: further off, but within a walk, is the thousand-acre park that holds the best of British oaks, red deer, and wild goats, black and white; and beyond this Bagot's park is Chartley, to which I hope to ride to-day, where there are wild cattle; the house of the Earl Ferrers who was hanged; all these parks . . . make a 'sumptuous' landscape (as you used to say twelve years ago); and I got a new sensation in them one day when the lightning forbade us (in an open carriage) to hoist umbrellas, and a young mother whom I knew as a child took off her hat from pure frugality, and let the storm ruffle her hair, whilst her innocent good face, with eyes worse for use than mine, confronted the lightning with no sign of fear. A tree was burnt.

The woods hold big orchids and tall willow herb and tall bracken, and not so many brambles as I am used to; no one 'plashes' the hedges on the roadside—calves are allowed to graze on the wasteful comfortable road-edge, and as I walk I stoop to pick up little pebbles that are dangerous for horses, left bare by the rain washing the gravel away; the farming is absurdly bad, and the people very easy to get on with; in short it is the most middle-age, slipshod, easy-going country that I have been in. One night we sang; there was a young lady next to me, and we joined in singing the rebel song 'Maryland,' and I found she was bosom cousin of B. C., the sweetest singer in Devonshire: these be traces of romance which I note for your sake, as you moan all your life for the triumphs of law and economy. I enjoy it all alike; but girlhood beats all else, and it is to be

noted that the grace thereof does not perish in London seasons. I have seen here a Louisa of twenty-six, fresh from London, and springy as Emily of Torrington, aged seventeen.

To Capt. A. H. Drummond.

HOAR CROSS, July 31, 1876.

I propose to go to Madame Tussaud for a wax Sultan, to send it to mosque every Friday, and rule in its name; the Consul to live in Stamboul; the provinces to be held by a constabulary like the Irish, made of young men of all creeds united by *esprit de corps*, directed by tax-gathering magistrates such as our men in India, these also to be of any nation or creed; Pera to be like Shanghai, governed by a commercial municipality; Embassies and Consulates to shrink into less importance.

To F. Warre Cornish.

Oct. 31, 1876.

Hold the Provinces in trust, as we held the Seven Islands. Wait to see what State, whether Servia, Roumania, or Greece, or Croatia (severed from Hungary), or Transylvania (German) is most attractive, most worthy of accretion.

'Autonomy' is a phrase for idle men. When you come to analyze it you see that it may mean Legislatures like those of Virginia or Massachusetts, or Conseils Généraux, or mere Quarter Sessions.

But isonomy, with its graduated Courts, its forms, its bar, will school the unknown incalculable latent *ingenia* of Moesia and Macedonia. We have lost fifty, sixty years: as soon as Napoleon was down it was no one's business to train Sicilians, Greeks, Suliotes: but had

there been a patriot king or a philosopher statesman we might have set our William Bentinck, Church, Raffles, Hastings, &c. to teach all those Southern (Eastern) Europeans the great business.

To Hon. R. B. Brett.

August 12, 1876.

Disraeli's great merit is judgement about men's abilities, claims, and propensities. No Prime Minister that I have read about has been like him in this knowledge of character and skill in dealing with various capabilities. He is like a very good cricket captain who can not only choose his eleven, place his field and settle the order of innings, but can keep them backing up each other and not running each other out. His ministry this time must be, I think, the result of the most admirable skill in compounding and arranging. On the whole they *behave* better than any set of Ministers ever known. Their characters improve.

He is to be praised for snubbing and keeping at arm's length a great many obtrusive men. . .

Gladstone has a generous indiscriminate sympathy with clever men, but he does not know how to play the game of bringing people out. Thirty years ago he alienated Northcote by neglect. Whom has he enlisted?

Disraeli never would have made such a mistake as people made about Lord Ripon, Lord Belper, Sir F. Head, nor offered Palmerston the Government of Jamaica. Again, he has singular felicity in giving fair places, full range to 'earnest' men, orthodox men, &c., being himself a Gallio. Other Gallionic Ministers have repelled or eschewed belief or enthusiasm.

To F. Warre Cornish.

HALSDON, 1875.

I have a most delightful friend now. He is called Crusoe. He is a goat—very fond of me—most patient. Cows, I am told, have no affections; but I currycomb Deborah, a white heifer, aged two, with a reddish head, and I rub the cheeks of Huldah, Deborah's half-sister, aged four months, wholly red, but smooth and sleek.

I have four lambs, born in March, quite untameable.

I have a friend among the percher birds. He comes to breakfast; but he won't let me come near enough to see whether he is a robin or a chaffinch.

I miss the stable-boy, Jan, who used to show me the nests. . .

To A. D. Coleridge.

HALSDON, Nov. 28. 1876.

Goats. Crusoe was shot yesterday by the bold G.¹ for being offensive and dangerous; my great niece Isabel is coming in two days—very fond of animals—she would have been in trouble with him; I dig his grave in Tophet between two silver firs, near the shrubs that I cherish. I fed him tenderly the day before he died: I regret him.

Emily, aged four months, pure white, would please H. Lucy, her mother, is happy and good. I want to sell Jetty and Bratti, to keep Stephen and Sanjo—they have a house of their own which used to be a chicken-house: it is now closed on the South, and used for growing roses on, fenced; but it is open to the North, for the donkeys and fowls to run in.

Donkeys. Grizzle is useful; Job is amusing—he is shod (not shot).

¹ Griffiths, the bailiff.

Colts. Nicholas goes away soon for £50—he is good, pretty, playful. Gordon will be broken in this next spring, when he will be near three; he will succeed in due time to Caspar—very good soul. Cameron, aged seven months, is spotless, handsome; he lives in the eastern half of the court, and I go to see him—he is beloved and admired.

Cows. Miggles has been sold for £13—good bargain, as Duchess and Huldah were sold in the summer. I have but three left—Deborah aged four, Dowzabelle aged two and half, Bertha aged seven months—this last is red—she is called after a Roman Catholic lady of great musical charms.

Pigs. Mrs. Masham, Lady Rolle, are happy and free to wander; we give them cabbage-leaves for a treat. Lord Eldon is shut up to get fat, and is expected to fetch about £6 on Christmas Day. C., spotty and ugly, is obliged to live by himself for fear the ladies eat his food—he is close to the dogs. Dyke and Pansy—they are beautiful, affectionate, and useless, except so far as they keep the bold G.'s mind and heart sweet. Tip is perfectly good and useful and modest.

Gallinas. Darby and Joan come to be fed—sometimes in front of the house: my French pupil Constance, aged eleven, looks at them as she sits doing her lessons; but she prefers a squirrel who comes to eat nuts thrown to him; he is of course free like the robin, but he does not ask for food as the robin does. They eat Abernethy biscuit.

Pigeons don't increase—something wrong. But I eat wood-pigeons which the bold G. shoots; truly they are good.

Sheep. Seven ewes—ten hogs or lambs of nine

months, doing very well. Here I get back a little of the money wasted on other animals, such as Mrs. G., but sheep are not interesting—one does not know them by sight.

To H. E. Luxmoore.

LONDON, Jan. 25, 1877.

I wanted to go to Greece, not to see Schliemann's treasures, but to see the live Greeks. No companion turns up, and all moneys are wanted for nephews, so I must rub through the spring at home. Sciatica, perhaps, will have to be fought with. This winter, if it is winter, I have had no illness.

That same day we had at Beaford a big tea-party of 110 fathers and mothers of poor children, with as many more listeners for a little lay sermon on the new education law delivered by Charles Acland, who is a good man and moderately ambitious. Our poor folks, grave and lean, seemed to listen with great earnestness. As they never go to church, and not many of them to chapel, and have no squire or lady to patronize them, it was perhaps worth while for them to be brought together. The pretty part of the business was that a lot of farmers, with their wives and with guests of their own rank from distant parishes, came to support us and were very hearty. Some of them were Cyclopien men¹, unused to social action, with grudges and heartburns: they were for one evening gregarious, peaceful, and in fellowship, and yet there was no clergyman employed. A great number of the people could not read, but all seem glad that their children are made to learn to read. This winter I have been of a little more use and weight than

¹ Homer, *Odyss.* 112-115.

before, and it irks me to think I may be driven by want of health and money to live once more as a lodger in a town with no roots in the soil. But I am struggling to keep my place a little longer. . .

Nothing is so affecting as the life of Lord Althorp—a true story, left, perhaps, by no design; a tale half told, to stir one's questioning. It is quasi-scriptural—the man's conversion, through love of wife and mourning, from pleasure to duty; then his retiring to the country, and his getting ready for death. There is a certain mysteriousness about it. Pray read the book, if you have not already.

To Lady Pollock.

HALSDON, May 4, 1877.

Monday, at Bideford Bridge Hall, eight ladies met me. Nine are to come when roses blow. They will be taught not only Latin, but the difference between the language of reason and the language of poetry, and the great art, unknown to half-educated people, of avoiding the Scottish, American, clerical, rhetorical, nondescript compromises between the two. . .

My dog Duke was very happy with us to-day. I often wonder whether he has any perception of the difference between a day and a month.

I am for a dozen ladies the prophet of Lyell, Darwin, Faraday, Ricardo. *Raison oblige* is the war cry, but in my heart I say *Vive la jeunesse*, and so I go to see Emily, aged five, who likes me.

To Rev. C. W. Furse.

HALSDON, May 10, 1877.

I get to know a lot of people by giving them lifts on Saturday in and out of Torrington. I have (at last)

learnt . . . how to make acquaintance with poor folk, and a good deal of Wordsworth comes true : only the daisies are not quite so edifying to me as they were to him.

To Hon. R. B. Brett.

May 28, 1877.

Yesterday a child from Beaford, who was in the book-room taking shelter from rain with two others, looking at pictures, heard L. G. chanting over the piano, and was entranced with wonder. The piano was too execrable, but to this good little soul was a world of power and sweetness. She wished they could have one in Beaford, and almost groaned to hear how much it cost.

It takes but very little to give a girl like this a pure burst of joy, and yet they have, poor souls, a capacity for high enjoyment, which poverty wholly prevents our satisfying. I conceive this is a 'feature' of modern English country life, hardly noticed by George Eliot and other sages. The susceptibilities have somehow endosmosed from the educated ladies to the grandchildren of ladies' maids, brought up in desperate poverty, but not without 'genial rage.' The only thing we can give them which 'levels upwards' is a flower. The music we cannot even get ourselves. Long ago I used to wish, *à la Henri IV*, that every cottage should hold a piano.

I asked these three little girls for their songs; they at once said songs were impossible, being Sunday, but gave me hymns, sung in tune, but not very fine melodies. Likewise they recited their 'pieces' learnt by heart for their chapel anniversary feast, and I ascertained that they were quite in twilight as to the meaning thereof. Teachers too busy to explain till after Anniversary.

To Lady Pollock.

HOAR CROSS, BURTON-ON-TRENT,

July 26, 1877.

I am reading Kingsley's life. . . In his letters I find good, wholesome, brilliant stuff now and then . . . but this and similar biographies I read chiefly for history purposes. The poetry is to be had in a book you never heard of, *Lettres de Mademoiselle d'Espinasse*, described and glorified by the wise and good Mackintosh in the Journal which he wrote for his wife. This French lady died, neither young nor fair, lamented by d'Alembert and Turgot a hundred years ago. I put some of her gems of delicate ardour into plain Latin for the ladies, and if I ever get back to the Marguerites of fiction I shall have a standard of real life to test them by. At present she beats nearly all of them in that intensity which does not bore me by being spasmodic, that 'repetition' which is not 'vain.'

To Lady Pollock.

HOTEL WINDSOR, PARIS, 1877.

I have no one to talk to in all this city but a sweet girl-waitress at the place where I dine. I walk a good mile to it every day. She takes care of me, explaining the *carte*. If you ever go to Paris, mind you dine at Duval's Établissement, Boulevard St. Michel, 360 paces from the Fountain, right-hand side going up hill, i. e. west side. You dine well for 2½ francs, *tout compris*, if you take care; but you must go up the stairs and take places close to them at 6 p.m., not later, if you are to be served by my Enid. She, like all the Duval *demoiselles*, is in pure black with white cap, apron, and

fichu, and an odd little white muslin amulet hanging from the neck, and a pencil swinging at the waist. It is edifying to see how they uncork our demi-Bordeaux and demi-Mâcon. We have no table cloths, but they wipe our white slabs for us satisfactorily, and our ser-viettes are great and sweet. This was a good day for a *flâneur*. The poor folks were out everywhere, enjoying the warmth. It is fun to see how the functionaries smile on brats who lose their balls and trespass for them on the forbidden flower beds. I am a sworn Frenchman now. It is a comfort to be in a city in which there is not the least risk either of hearing German sounds or seeing monarchical emblems. I have wandered everywhere these ten days and seen no one drunk, rude, slangy, irritable, obtrusive, clumsy, or censorious. . .

I watch the road-making, the gardening, the steerage of steamboats, the balancing of the huge two-wheeled carts, the faithfulness of the grand horses which are better than yours in London. Very few of the girls have 'rippling ringlets.' They call them 'Anglaises' when they buy them, i. e. the grown-up ladies. Most of the women are in black; the men wear no 'loud' scarves or ties.

The one drawback in this brilliant gentle town is the want of music; but to-day I fell upon a regiment marching with its band: *sursum corda*. I think I shall go to Gounod's new thing *Bravo*, but it is sad to go *alone* to a play.

To Lady Pollock.

HALSDON, Oct. 16, 1877.

At St. Malo, which I saw for the third time in glory of low sunlight, I spent ten minutes happily in a jolly crowd—two admirable middle-class English girls in frocks

with a donkey-cart - such a struggle to get their luggage into it. I went at that cart like Don Quixote.

Then there was a Bacchanal swarm of *réservistes* in blouses, just set free from drill, and going home, just like Eton boys after a Lord's match, only much jollier.

Next day seventeen hours of Paradise weather and scenery from Rennes to Trouville. Fell in love with the bonnets of Marie and Anastasie, girls in frocks going on a day's pleasuring with wholesome peasant parents. . .

Since I came home I have had a 'convulsion of pity, reading Loukéria, *Les Reliques vivantes*, a little paper in Turgeneff's miscellanies.

He is an excellent writer. He has new characters; there are two women in one book, Machourina and Marianne, never to be forgotten. But what need of them? Caroline Helston is alive, or was alive when --- wrote the supplementary book about Charlotte. Please to ask Mrs. Deffell to inquire for Miss Ellen Nussey. She must be sixty. Also for Miss Ogle, authoress and 'subject' (metaphysically) of the novelette *A Lost Love*¹, said to be living in London. A good woman who knew her told me so.

To think that I have lived these twenty-six years in the same island as the real Caroline Helston.

To Hon. R. B. Brett.

HALSDON, Nov. 13, 1877.

I sent to the Cambridge University Press this week sundry rhymes², enough to fill forty-eight pages exactly; not published, but just to 'give' away for a shilling a copy privately, as I was tired of copying out, and at the same time I never could tell that there might not

¹ By Ashford Owen.

² *Ionica*, ii.

be a few, say ten pupils, who might like to see certain things. Of course there is a percentage left out, for fear of discord ; and of what is sent to press, there is, perhaps, not half that can be interesting to strangers. . .

I made a speech at the Torrington Mayor's dinner, without half a minute's notice ; kept the sixty guests in a wholesome laugh for five minutes, which is as good as almsgiving. Nobody makes me laugh ; that is the worst of absence from clever men.

To Lady Pollock.

HALSDON, Dec. 16, 1877.

What is the sense of talking in church about the eternal life, and then throwing over a woman who exhausts the Beatitudes, just because she cannot teach French or piano drill ?

The inconsistencies of religious mothers are enough to make Auld Clottie grin. . .

Love of France is my ruling passion now, or rather sentiment, for I have no passions, not even fear. England's love for French liberty is the most beautiful of historic phenomena. Callicratidas would bless us if he knew of it, and Timoleon would take long strides.

To H. O. Sturgis.

HALSDON, Dec. 31, 1877.

It is odd that when persons preach about heaven they do not dwell upon the apparently infinite capacity of the human heart for forming, like a tree, ring upon ring of affection and admiration.

Please to set forth to your brother that if he deigns to come here he will find the 'change pleasant to the

rich, and the poor man's suppers without curtains (but in fact we have curtains), which smooth the troubled brow¹. In other words, we dine at 2.0, and have a tea with potted meat at 6.30, and no soda, no brandy, no wine save Marsala, not even thick cream, as milk is scarce; but we have health and no stuffiness, stodginess, or formulae. We don't talk about the weather much.

To A. D. Coleridge.

HALS DON, Jan. 15, 1878.

How persevering you are, how inconvertible. I regard the study of Bach as most laudable, just like the transit of Venus, or the bottled infusoria, or the *Challenger* dredge; but I am personally content to cry at *Madame Angot*, and even at the *Grande Duchesse*, still more at 'Lochaber' played by the Scots Guards. What is Bach to me? Just what he would have been to Burns. Vide Burns.

To F. Warre Cornish.

FUNCHAL, MADEIRA, March 26, 1878.

I have within the last week told Stone, in answer to an extremely kind letter, and I may as well now tell you, though he has perhaps done so, that I have a reasonable expectation of being married. It is a thing I cannot quite justify; only I have a friend who approves of it heartily, and he is a wise and good man, though too kind in his judgement of me. . .

'A new start'—possibly. Since I have been here I have been picking the brains of many men with special knowledge; and no Ulysses, except perhaps Ferdinand de Lesseps, was ever more ready for enterprise on the verge of old age; only the short sight thwarts me.

¹ Horace, *Odes*, iii. 29, 16.

To Hon. R. B. Brett.

MADEIRA,

Eve of St. Mark, 1878.

Two years ago I was 'put off' by Huxley, whom I heard one evening talking to Clifford and Pollock, and I then told Pollock it was evil, Huxley's way of speaking. Pollock explained it by saying Huxley had been very hardly treated in former years—was in fact avenging himself.

I dislike the railing, still more the aping of religious language, such as the imitations which Mallock condemns. I find Goldwin Smith quite authoritative as a theist; it is so to me because he is my old mate. After these many years he seems to come to me with his open hand stretched out. Once in all this long time I have written to him: it was when he came back from the United States after lecturing on the civil war. I wrote to ask him to reprint the lecture here; he did. I reviewed it in the *Daily News*, and had the comfort of putting down his name amongst the names of high saints in politics, such as Turgot, Rossi, Romilly, Manin.

I think now of these people, Goldwin Smith and my other high-minded mate Henry Coleridge, and a few others, as Dives perhaps thought of Lazarus, or Napoleon at St. Helena thought of Soult and Macdonald.

To Hon. R. B. Brett.

MADEIRA, Feb. 14, 1879.

Look here, this is very serious. . . People in the papers are writing about the County Franchise Reform as 'enfranchising the ploughman.' It is not so; it is

enfranchising the small shop-keepers and genteel villa people under £50 rent, of places like Slough, Maidenhead, Torrington. It is to take away the hardship of accidental disfranchisement produced by living just outside a borough. This is to give heaps of new voters, other than ploughmen, to the counties. . .

A real reform bill, worthy of a Trevelyan, a Dilke, a Chamberlain, would abolish the non-resident county voters, the men who even now, though the elections come quick, can hop from shire to shire, voting three or four times. Proper old-fashioned rational representation, with all honesty, with all sportsmanlike excitement in it, is the representation of neighbourhoods or circumscriptions. . .

I incline to the abolition of counties, except as poetical expressions like the old French provinces.

I am persuaded that the proper thing to do is to propose that all elections be simultaneous, as in France. . . It is, perhaps, too early to propose to abolish property non-residential votes, but simultaneous election could be carried without any long struggle.

To Hon. R. B. Brett.

March 2, 1879.

Italy would join in due time. Austria has apparently to try her wisdom in keeping her equilibrium. Observe that it is a poor programme, that mere backing out of the Salisbury foreign policy. It will exclude Whigs from office, as some newspapers observe.

The young men of the nation are to be considered. For their sakes you must devise something effective—trump the Salisbury card. Instead of saying pooh-pooh to the protectorate of Asia Minor, turn it into a sort of

Dewanee finance government. If France and Egypt can regulate Egyptian finances, so they can regulate Stamboul finances.

All the young men of civilized nations will be with them if they persevere till 1900 A. D., in getting fair play for the Syrians and the Greeks.

To Hon. R. B. Brett.

CAMACHA, MADEIRA.

I know what I should do if I were the Palmerston of the hour. I would withdraw my embassy from Stamboul, and seize Smyrna and Mitylene, and give the Greeks a good deal of help, and then I would say to the Germans and Austrians, You are welcome to Salonica, but you will not get our Indian mails that way unless you behave nicely; and I have no objection to you three Eastern Powers occupying Constantinople with a federated composite force . . . provided you form a Frank municipality at Pera, and put the Sultan into a position similar to the Pope's, and hold the city or cities in trust for the Greek state, or, if Fortune wills it, for the Bulgarian state that shall be hereafter.

I say the Sultan wants a *coup de grâce*, and we need not be afraid of an European war. . . The word 'partition' is dyslogistic or invidious. . . We know two or three ways of dealing with a loose country:—(1) Holding places in trust, as Ionian Islands; (2) Making a mixed municipality, as at Shanghai; (3) Governing by a syndicate of many nations, as in Egypt. . .

Gladstone is at once inventive and pertinacious. It is not too late for him to Bismarck the Levant.

*To C. Kegan Paul*¹.

MADEIRA, March 4, 1879.

I have a guest here who is going home next month, and can be trusted with my Sibylline leaves.

I think of sending to you by this messenger, who will have to send the parcel from Manchester, about enough copy for a small 5s. volume, giving from 1815 to 1832, revised again and again, not very legible.

I have cancelled a good deal that was done when twisted and maimed. I have nearly cast out the evil spirit of Gibbonesque evasiveness; but I distrust myself, even after taking great pains when in health and composure, and I have no one here to guide me by wholesome criticism. I wish to submit the attempt to the young people who lightly earn their guineas by scrying poor bookmakers. I have no excuse for troubling a publisher, except that, like other married men, I am *capable de tout*: I should like to earn a dress or two for the young lady. . .

I think my booklet may be more serviceable to a Foreign Office man. It is free from Hansard leastways. I can put it off till I have done with Lord Grey, but I can hardly get so far as 1835 in time for the London season.

To Lady Pollock.

MADEIRA, March 4, 1879.

Your letters came out with the young Bonaparte, who landed, I am told, but was off again before the British colony had done breakfast. I applaud his going to the war, and it seems one more tie to hold us fast to beloved France. . .

¹ The book referred to in this letter is *A Guide to Modern English History*, of which Part I was published in 1880.

March 6.

I heard at night, March 3, that Clifford¹ had just died, having been in a dying state for about four days. I hear to-day that he had no pain. I heard also that he had directed his burial in England. . .

The last time I saw Clifford he could not talk, and she told me to speak to him louder than before. She seemed to approve of my telling him little things that were meant to be gay and amusing. The time before he had talked to me with point and vivacity about Manning at the Metaphysical, and he listened with interest to what I told him of the biography of Shadworth Hodgson. Feb. 14 we had a very gay ball at his hotel. I had asked beforehand whether it would disturb him. She said that he would like to hear the music and to see my little girl in her ball dress; and on the evening itself she came to the ball-room when we arrived, first of all the guests, and gaily brought us to the sick room where he was lying on the bed, with two candles on a dwarf table by his side. Caroline was struck, and one may say charmed, by the pleasure he showed in greeting her; and when she was a little way off, talking to Mrs. Clifford, I saw that though he tried to listen to me, his eyes were fixed on a bright head and a pale blue dress, his last bit of sweet girlish pleasantness. It was as if one had put a flower on his counterpane. . .

One day he said, when I asked whether the flies bothered him, that he did not much mind a fly's touch, but he did resent a fly's spoiling his focus by crossing the line of sight. One day I had been reading something about the blind girl Mélanie de Salignac, who was

¹ Professor W. K. Clifford.

perfect in geometry, and I asked him whether the Lancaster Professor Sanderson was born blind. He had never heard of him. I said that the writer about blind mathematicians said that as the blind perceive lines, angles, curves, &c., by touch, so deaf mutes think in visual images of words (others in sounds). He said he himself thought not in sounds, but in visual images of words. This seems to me interesting. I suppose his eyesight was altogether livelier than that of other people; perhaps the great chess players have a similar superiority, see twelve sets of chessmen in the head as the geometer sees the most complex crystal or moon-spin.

It awed me a bit to sit with a man whose main thoughts were absolutely incommunicable. The fascination lies in that sort of simplicity which we call childlike, or that grace which we call birdlike. Neoptolemus has visited Philoctetes. I have seen an ingenuous man and had just a glimpse of an edge of a pellucid mind which I cannot measure.

I had reckoned on going with my young guest Fred Lees to the funeral: in the cemetery, which is clean and beautiful, lies a friend who died in 1854. I do *not* wish to see a coffin put on board a boat and swung into a ship; perhaps the friends want to meet over a philosophical grave, but I think some philosophers would rather be under the *nearest* flowers.

To Rev. E. D. Stone.

MADEIRA, March 21, 1879.

Clifford I had only met twice, three weeks ago, just as his health broke. He was then asking me how Luther went to work, how he came to succeed. He

seemed then to move mankind: perhaps he was the most enthusiastic of Sadducees. . .

He enjoyed *seeing* with a rare strange power of sight; his eyes spoke when his voice was abated. I fancy he had constant perceptions of space and points and lines which were incommunicable. I have seen very little of men of fine mind. Of his mind I could get just a glimpse. I used to talk to him quietly but gaily, and it amused him. . .

She was charmed with his kind ingenuous look and friendly hand. She wept for him, and for the last hour before sleep she mused on widowhood, her own doom; and just her little touches were of more value to Mrs. Clifford in grief than all my elaborate hours of talk. But I was of some little use, directing the widow's thoughts from that insatiable brooding worship of the dead man. . .

He was fond of music, children, birds. He was very affectionate with friends. When very near death he wrote his last letter, just to express affection to Fred Pollock. He is half described in a bit of *Mdlle. d'Espinasse*¹, which I enclose, written about M. de Malesherbes a hundred years ago. To me out here he was as Neoptolemus to Philoctetes; but I had no arrows to lend. . .

We were all agog about H. M. S. *Shah* turning back from St. Helena to help in Natal. The Admiral, who is here, said, 'Bradshaw won't hesitate; such a chance does not come twice in a lifetime. It is the finest crew I ever saw. Bradshaw will land 500.'

I was glad to read that the House of Commons cheered for Bradshaw. That is the kind of thing that makes it worth while to belong to a nation. Even to us who

¹ *Lettres de Mademoiselle d'Espinasse.*

have to tarry by the stuff, it is a blessing to see a man grasping Time, and no one grudging him the forelock. It is twenty-eight years since South Africa became heroic by the wreck of the *Birkenhead*. . .

The faults found with Eton, dress and gluttony, are after all the faults of the English $1\frac{1}{2}$ million or upper classes. 'Plain living' is beyond the reach of British courage. Cambridge used to gorge a few years ago. Downing had a cook more indispensable for *entrées* than any Routh for a Tripos. When the blessed politicians gave the herd of tax-payers cheap meat and drink, the tax-payers, instead of saving, eat and drink at a rate unknown to their fathers, and then grumble, just as if they were living under the Head Thief of Egypt. . .

The last country house I sojourned in was held by elderly people, who groaned at their own viands, and confessed piteously to me, when I preached my Spartan doctrine, that they could not help the over-feeding.

To Hon. R. B. Brett.

MADEIRA, April 5, 1879.

Disraeli is to me what Auld Cloutie was to Burns, only I feel that he *has* taken a thought and mended. He behaves very handsomely to the people whom he employs. It is clear, from the newspapers, that he is more willingly followed by able and good men than were Peel, Russell, Palmerston, or Gladstone. He has made no mistake like the overrating of Sir George Lewis, Duke of Newcastle, De Grey, Ripon, Aberdare. He gives his young men a good innings, each in his turn. He shelves Chelmsford, and generously shields

Chelmsford II; he shelves Hampton and Norton; he promotes Lightfoot and Stephen. There has been no such picker and backer of men in our time. Question: Whether he did well to let Lord Salisbury choose that Salvator Rosa gentleman¹, your friend at Simla? As far as I can gather from the papers, the Calcutta Government is incompetent and has lost respect. I believe it would answer to send Goschen to India as Viceroy *and* Finance Minister. He is between two stools in party politics. . .

To Hon. R. B. Brett.

MADEIRA, May 25, 1879.

Foillée on *Contract as the base of the State*, in which I think H. Sidgwick would be interested, though no reference is made to what he has written so well about it in his *Ethics*. I take up that book now and then to see whether my brain is softening. He is much more of a philosopher, much more comprehensive, than the other luminaries of the day—M. Arnold, the brothers Stephen, Maine, Lecky, Lubbock, Pollock. If he had a good style, like Adam Smith, he would be very eminent. . .

As 'oratory,' so also 'debating power' is overrated in London. It may be very appalling to a conscientious thinker like Dodgson or Goschen to see how Harcourt can break in upon a Cross or a Northcote or a Bourke at a moment's notice; can come in upon the Mutiny Bill after the drudges have been patiently working at it for hours, and assume a superiority over them. All this tells on quiet, sensitive, cautious men at the time and in that particular place, but it does not tell so much on the newspaper

¹ Lord Lytton.

readers; they are a hundred times as numerous as the occupants of the galleries, and they value the sensible and dignified men; so do the people of the offices, the fly-wheel of state machinery. . .

It is an odd habit, that of writing English so that it will go straight into Latin or French, or both; the secret is a lavish use of verbs and relatives, with much abstinence from prepositions. I obeyed A. de Musset's rule 'Strike out the epithets.' I have struck out scores since I found out that he did it with his own manuscript. . .

To Hon. R. B. Brett.

MADEIRA, June 5, 1879.

The failure of the Cardwell localized army does not disappoint me. I go back to my old notion of a three-fold regiment: (1) a marching battalion; (2) a fencible battalion, with recruits going and coming for the marching battalion; (3) a veteran battalion of married men for *castra stativa* and forts, all under one name and number, and with interchangeable ranks for officers. Old army men always dwell on the *esprit de corps*; yet every day we see officers shifted from their own to other regiments. They stick to the notion that a regiment is to be 900 for a field force; yet the moment a battalion goes to real work it splits into wings and companies.

The truth seems to me that the dignity of a regiment is kept up as long as it goes into line 400 strong at least. Therefore why stuff a battalion at the last moment with drafts from other battalions. Why not let 400 go to represent the regiment, and send fifty after them by the next ship, and so on. . .

It is a dreadful mistake the world makes to ascribe

a measure of infallibility to old men who are too old and dignified to be contradicted, whose life has ceased to be *examinable*, as Plato would say; such men were, or are, the Duke, Sir John Burgoyne, Lord St. Leonard's, Lord Overstone, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, Lord Palmerston; he is the man of all that I have noticed whose infallibility was most mischievous; he ought to have died in 1856.

To Hon. R. B. Brett.

POST OFFICE, MADEIRA,

July 31, 1879.

. . . It is very remarkable that Wolseley's cheerfulness throws quite a new light on the scene; it seems as if he had that sort of character which one seems to see in Chanzy's photograph face, and which I saw in the live face of Pocklington at Lord's one morning long ago, the day that he saved Eton from defeat.

I fancy this temper is rarer even than the Nelson eagerness to win. I fancy also that Chelmsford's gloomy anxiety, not giving way but struggling in detail, is a rare quality, and akin to romantic gallantry. I should have liked to see his meeting with Wolseley. I am satisfied the army is improved, in officers at least. The stuck-up *pro formâ* officer, the 'superb sergeant' of Kinglake, seems to be scarcer amongst our Colonels and Generals. As far as I can judge, Evelyn Wood is as true a soldier as we ever had, and no nation could have done better than we have done at Candahar.

To H. E. Luxmoore.

MADEIRA, Oct. 7, 1879.

Your welcome letter found me beginning a sort of holiday, as we had been eight weeks pensioning with old ladies in the hill country, on our P's and Q's. The

journey each way took only about seven hours, of which two were spent with friends on the way; but the effort was considerable, and the change as great as if one went between Bucks and Cumberland.

I have lost the most beautiful levels for quick walking, and the cheerful sight of a rough lawn roofed by flat apple trees bearing fruit handsomely, and groups of belladonna lilies springing up as freely as thistles in England, and bilberries turning to a fine redness on moors full of gentle cows. I have come to a narrow level between two rivers, half an hour's walk from town and ocean, with tobacco in the soft dell on the west, and everywhere small homesteads whose soil is too good for cow grass.

We sit, in the dusk, on Roman stone benches curved for the back and adorned with a sort of humble but good mosaic: and we see the cottages, all detached, lighting their little fires for the supper of sweet potato, which is with some the only meal of the day: we see also very white houses of the richer folk who grow pine-apples and the like: we rent a seventeen-room house with an acre of artificial ground, very dignified, cool, and classically elegant, yet well supplied with ivy and ferns: there is a holly close to a palm, a truncated myrtle with wood of six inches diameter, the biggest of weeping willows. The former owner was a man who loved the place, it seems, and he made flowering plants huddle round the trunks of trees, agapanthus under plane, azaleas which are feebly blooming for the second time under some unknown sub-tropical tree, convolvulus under the graceful pepper trees which front the house, and in ten years have grown to the height of the roof in spite of damaging winds.

We pick tomatos nearly a pound weight, and fill them with mincemeat, or melt them into the beautiful onions which come from the north side, an eight hours' journey; wholly superior to Portugal onion. The best fruit tree of the island is the custard apple, and it grows in our fowl-yard; our pig eats bean-stalks: we have one fig tree and one sweet chestnut, which is now doing its duty. There are few flowers just now; the best is an alamanda with big petals of a very lovely yellow, but in January the camellia trees, tall as hollies and well trimmed, will be in glory. The most highly prized of the plants is the *olea fragrans*, which resents cutting—they say it will graft on laurestinus—it is a perfect scent. Bamboos grow close to us, within reach, but not in our ground: they make the perfectly tasteful trellis-work of all the gardens; we have, what I have not seen elsewhere and do not much value, hydrangeas growing close up to the walls; generally, people here avoid putting climbers on walls, probably because the heat of the walls kills them. Hydrangeas were a weed in the hill country: here we are in the *ὑπόρεια* or intermediate level: we have vines and an orange tree, but apparently not the great glories of the town, the *bougainvillias*, &c., not even the heliotrope which hangs on some walls as a weed. We have a gardener at £19 a year, who loves the place and does everything like a gnome, unbidden: but he has to go a terrible way to fetch our drink water. Luckily the cook, a man and a grandfather, likes going to town for a talk, and brings huge loads up, otherwise we should be up a tree. We believe we can be cool here all the year: it is a comfortable house, barring the mosquitoes, which are inseparable from the stored water on which one's gardening depends. I was asleep on a folding-chair

on the croquet-ground an hour this afternoon, thanks to the plane tree and cedar, but I have to wear a veil of coarse net, hiding hands, and I had to take a dose of Wheaton's *International Law* first, and I had the benefit of purring talk, as our extremely fat nurse was giving her beloved mistress a long and minute account of all the poor widows in our parish. . .

It is a pity the English in these last hundred years have not taken more pains with the Madeirians. . . Many of them seem to me better than the pleasant Nile Arabs, much better than the Irish ; but all say and prove that their priests do them hardly any good : they prefer French priests ; and I learn that some of them would be glad to be quite free to go to their own churches for Mass, and also to read the Bible, sing hymns at home, &c.

The bailiff or lodge-keeper of the small country house where we pensioned is a very happy man ; his sons wash their feet every night and come to him for his blessing before they go to bed : the miller has three Bibles, and gets neighbours to his house for conventicle ; the only shopkeeper stops all drunkenness ; we saw hardly any mendicants, and heard of only two paupers in the whole parish. We were there eight weeks, living with the people who knew all that could be known. Their gathering at the threshing-floor, round for the oxen's sake, but used now only by a machine, not by oxen, was a very pleasing sight ; but on inquiry one discovers that their obsolete *métayer* farming gives much trouble, tempts to much fraud, produces little crops, leaves much waste ; and their using heads and shoulders on paths fit for wheelbarrows, and on roads fit for carts, is deplorable.

To Rev. C. W. Furse.

1879 (?).

Mat Arnold's paper in *Macmillan* on *Wordsworth* hits the nail on the head now and then: he names as his favourites 'Michael,' 'Highland Reaper,' and the 'Fountain': he did not seem to see that most of the gems of Wordsworth are rather slight things to build so great a name upon: a man who tries to make a big thing, and fails again and again, can hardly be put anywhere near Milton.

I have just observed in talking to C. that the founder of historical romance is Virgil: the *Aeneid* is the real forerunner of the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, more so of *Waverley*. It is seldom, of late years, that I get a chance of hitting in talk, but I still do in writing.

I noticed the other day that the lines of Wordsworth on Venice—

Men are we, and must grieve when even the shade
Of that which once was great has passed away'

—are a good modulation of the line which scholars find great and hopelessly unapproachable:

'Sunt lacrimae rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt.'

To Hon. R. B. Brett.

MADEIRA, Jan. 8, 1880.

. . . Northcote was right in saying that Russell's and Gladstone's negligence got us into the Alabama trouble. Gladstone has understood Italian politics from the tourist point of view, but I see no proof that he has ever understood European affairs from the Foreign Office point of view. . .

I must get something to read; perhaps the first book of Maccabees in Greek. The Maccabees were not more in the right than the Afghans are now.

To H. O. Sturgis.

MADEIRA, *March 7, 1880.*

Do you remember the laugh we had, you and F. Wood and I, over pigeons called Yankee Doodle, Hail Columbia, Greeley, &c. Similarly our cock is called Solomon; he was a grand fellow, quite a prize cock, and very good to his harem. Our wicked cook being instructed to buy eatable cockerels took advantage of Madame's being in bed to buy two old cocks, and before she was down they jointly fell on Solomon, put out an eye, &c. We call them Absalom and Jeroboam, and banish them from the yard; they do very well in the garden, and make love in vain to Abigail, who walks about with her seventeen chicks. The same cook burnt down a shed containing two big sets of eggs, but the hens, Zeruah and Abishag, escaped, and they are sitting in the ruins with Zillah, Deborah and Tabitha. Deborah is rearing turkeys and geese, the rest are fowls.

To Bernard Holland.

MADEIRA, *March 13, 1880.*

I got your welcome letter March 10, and wrote a long answer March 11, and tore it up to-day, as I was at the time rheumatic. This island is five days from Southampton; the single fare is £20; some people come by Liverpool in seven days, a good deal cheaper. . . If you have £50 to spare for a six weeks' holiday you might do worse than come here, but you might do

better—for instance, Northern Syria must be more worth visiting; but just now the country I should visit if I were a young man with eye and tongue is Bosnia. I believe the best politics nowadays are to be found in the composite dominions of the best king I ever heard of, Francis Joseph. N.B. I am a republican, but bent on being fair to kings. . .

I have just read Sir Joseph Hooker's *Travels in Morocco*, the first book for some time that I have seen belonging to a class of books that I used to value, books of travels written by scientific men for general reading. I fancy the science man observes things about human affairs quite as well as the economist, lawyer, or debater, much better than the superficial bookmaker. I fancy science is the stem out of which literature should bud. Apart from the physical sciences there is the science of law; but I do not consider history or political economy at all commensurable therewith. You are working at law, and at the age at which it ought to come on very quickly and stick: if you had gone in for law at Cambridge, it would have been a very useful introduction to the real study. . .

The *Pall Mall* critic does not perceive that I wrote of literature only as a thing concerning the growth of the national character, not for its own sake. It is possible to hold that States exist in order that people like Swinburne may exist: of course rhymes, like pictures and upholstery, are interesting as results of civilization; but I prefer trying to see how the active people are influenced by the sentiment, the imagination, &c., which are engendered partly by poets, painters, musicians, &c. I fancy the active men are influenced generally at second touch—not by their contemporaries

so much as by predecessors—but they are, anyhow, affected by special forces of sentiment which some of their contemporaries bring to bear on them. . .

I should like to know what Tennyson thinks of Shelley. The *Golden Treasury* is supposed to represent Tennyson's judgement, and in it Shelley appears to advantage. Question, whether there is anything but *Cenci* worth two readings, written by Shelley and not put into the *Golden Treasury*. My publisher has just printed, and his clever daughter has just given me, *Selected Poems of Shelley*, with a devout preface by Richard Garnett. In this volume there is a letter to Maria Gisborne which is despicable, and I don't find three pages running that do not weary me with tautology and insincerity; on the other hand, I heartily admire Swinburne's *Atalanta*, *Bothwell*, *Songs before Sunrise*. . .

I can't write any more, but I thank you for being faithful and respectful to your poor old teacher.

To H. O. Sturgis.

MADEIRA, April 20, 1880.

In writing of books¹ I try to consider how they affect the national character so as to make the active or representative part of the nation more thoughtful, more generous, more tender, or the like. I hold that *Heart of Midlothian* was very much more effective on the minds of Britons than all the Lake poets put together. I hold that Scott is *the supreme man of letters* after W. S., and before our lot, Tennyson, G. Eliot, Currer Bell, &c.; and I deliberately think that I have set this

¹ In *A Guide to Modern English History*, Part II.

forth briefly, but distinctly and impressively. I wrote about Scott in 1878, about September, laboriously—tore up the section—wrote it again in the winter as it now stands. . . I maintain that it is very rare that one hits the nail on the head in writing about an author's influence, and I feel sure that I have in this case. . .

I shall have a very delicate job soon—a section on the various attempts made inside, behind the political scenes, to mend the people, by Chalmers, H. Martineau, Carlyle, J. S. Mill, J. H. Newman, Dickens. I am determined to treat Dickens with more respect than other such *men*, with less respect than Mrs. Gaskell, &c. And then I hope some of the better fancies of my youth will float up when I write again about Peel. It is odd but true that I cherish his image, though the high Whigs call him the Pecksniff of politics.

To H. O. Sturgis.

MADEIRA, 1880.

I am hoping to go through Coppée in July. I like *Daisy Miller*, but I prefer the *Four Meetings*. H. James goes a little too far in *εἰρωνεία*, in Bret Hartery, or undertoning, or laconic surprises, or trapdoors of narrative. But it is a fault refreshing to one cloyed by the garrulity and the showman proclamations of Thackeray and Trollope.

To A. D. Coleridge.

April 28, 1880.

I lately tried for 'historical' purposes to read *Pelham*, which of course I read with interest as a boy. It seems to me as unsavoury as stale beer. I do not feel so about all the books of that age. I can read *Violet* with great

interest. I mean to go through a short course of Mrs. Gore.

The Court party or Tories ought to have turned Beaconsfield out to grass, and put Cairns at their head.

It was high time to check the Court party, and to convince the excellent county members that they must not *assign* to a clever person: the French assigned to Louis Napoleon and suffered for it—it will be hereafter reckoned an odd delinquency on the part of the gentlemen of Britain to have given *carte blanche* to Beaconsfield and Salisbury. Neither of them deserved it. They are not even clever enough. It is really stupid to pin faith on an expert like Rawlinson, to follow Fitzjames Stephen through the wall or window, to let Bartle Frere take the bit into his mouth. . . They have got the nation into the most embarrassing, slippery, nightmarish war that it has been in since 1782. . .

I suggested long ago what I now see is talked of as probable—Goschen's going to India. I hope to see Kimberley at Constantinople with extraordinary powers and with full control over Egypt. Lansdowne at Vienna, Rosebery at Dublin, Cockburn at Jericho. . .

A republic is a very good thing. It is not necessarily loose in structure, nor indifferent to virtue or property or good taste. The essential thing is that government should be carried on by gentlemen, by the best informed gentlemen, by the most considerate of the well-informed gentlemen. 'Honour all men,' 'Look not each on his own things,' 'Wash one another's feet,' 'Submit to testing and refuting (*ἀνεξέταστος βίος ἀβίωτος*),' 'Life unexamined is intolerable.' Such maxims, whether Pauline or Platonic, will serve in a republic as well as in a nondescript polity like ours.

To Hon. R. B. Brett.

May 4, 1880.

. . . I look at the *Spectator*; it seems seldom to hit a nail on the head; it seems hopelessly juvenile, tiresomely candid and viewy. The regularly measured-to-contract leaders of the *Times* and *Daily News* are to a man of my age seldom worth reading through; we do not relish *da capo* movements. I fancy the *Observer* would be a good stock to graft upon; it is grown up, temperate without being solemn, legal without being pedantic. . . None of the papers, except the *Pall Mall* and *Guardian*, seem to me to spread the net wide enough. . .

Where can one *read* what one *hears*: the latest account of Queensland or Bosnia, a critical description of a foreign ship of war, an account of how some law passed some few years ago in Sweden is working, the reflections of an enlightened Dutchman on the war in Acheen, the prognostications of a New Yorker about de Lesseps?

The telegraphic page in the *Times* I find less interesting than the old correspondence; no doubt the telegrams, however garrulous, help the leaders, but to read them is like going into the kitchen to see the fowls picked or the peas shelled.

To C. Kegan Paul.

MADEIRA, August 14, 1880.

I send by this post, registered, a lump of MS. I find it shamefully dirty and illegible, chiefly because I used bad paper and could not get crowquills, till I found the University Store in Long Acre, over which I had,

as a new customer, sufficient authority to get them to buy me crowquills, without which life is a struggle and a glissade.

To Capt. A. H. Drummond.

MADEIRA, October 7, 1880.

I heard about your *beau-frère* as Agamemnon¹. I had a clever, pretty niece in one of his audiences, and she wrote of it with some joy; it is a very odd event; it would bore *me* worse than Handel's Messiah. Perhaps our sons may sit out the whole trilogy; the old men in *Agamemnon* are so absurd that it must have been the height of courage to say their distichs; I always used to think of the King of Men as being beside a shower-bath when stabbed. The only really interesting Greek tragedy, the only one in which one cares a twopenny damn, as the Duke would have said, what is going to happen, is the *Philoctetes*. . .

I am *enfant du siècle*, wholly given over to *Mdlle. de Belleisle, Marquis de Villemer, Le Village, Bettine, Perdican et Camille, Demi-Monde, Dame aux Camellias, Marion de Lorme, &c., &c.* Greek plays are to French plays what cold boiled veal is to snipe.

To H. O. Sturgis.

CAMACHA, MADEIRA, October 24, 1880.

I am reading Sainte-Beuve's account of the Cid. He shows as plainly as even I could wish that the real Cid was, as far as there is any evidence, a mere hand-to-mouth, plundering, mercenary rowdy; that about the beginning of the thirteenth century Spain, like France, and even

¹ R. Benson acted the part of Clytaemnestra in Aeschylus' *Agamemnon*, played at Oxford and in the College Hall at Eton, 1880.

England, began to bud into inventiveness, and invented a rudiment of fine sentiment; that the retrospective imagination then began to gild the Cid's legend, but that it was not till the sixteenth century, after Tasso was known (not that *he* mentions Tasso, but I always do on these occasions), that, first in Spain, then in France—i. e. in Corneille's head—the Cid's image was draped in the new robes of passion, conflicting motives, honour, &c. Corneille's tragedy, then (A. D. 1637), is a thing that may be fairly taken as an epoch—a point reached, a stepping-stone, a point of 'take off' for a leap.

The next thing I wish to know is this. Did Corneille's *Cid* come over to England, so as to be read by such men as Sunderland the Cavalier and chivalrous lover of Sacharissa, who read in his tent when besieging Gloucester; or Milton, or Falkland, or Wither, or Marvell, or any of the heroic gentlemen of our unequalled Civil War? I have always believed that such men were, through Spenser and Fairfax (translator of Tasso), moved poetically towards an ideal of love, duty, and honour.

*Chivalry—Honour*¹.

I found Bradshaw had nothing to say against my view as set forth in these notes on Chivalry (1854). In the twenty-two years passed since I have been away from libraries and have not explored, I have frequently come upon things that bear out my view, to wit, that the tournaments and the romances had no perceptible effect on conduct, and that the courteous treatment of (1) women, (2) captives, (3) enemies is hardly to be found in mediæval history. . .

¹ 1876.

The main point is that the sentiment of Honour has been almost created by persons who more or less learnt it from the Romans (Greeks), and it has been *fixed* by the creation of professional armies dating from about 1650. It is a *lay* thing; it is a rival of the priestly sentiment of saintliness.

To Sir F. Pollock.

Oct. 2, 1891.

In naming three Romans I was sorry not to be able to name Crassus, because people would be sure to think I meant Marcus Crassus, the triumvir—his son Publius apud Plutarch seems to me a true knight.

I find nothing like high-minded action in Chaucer—it is of no use to cite his portrait of a knight, a list of qualities not shown in action. A Greek or a Roman poet would be ashamed of Griselda's husband. I suppose Chaucer takes at second-hand whatever his contemporaries and near predecessors knew about good men, that is, mostly, copies in aquarelle of such portraits of gentlemen as one finds in Valerius Maximus, whose book, I was told by Bradshaw, was in every Middle Age library. I feel, hardly know, that the Middle Age had a glimmering tradition of Roman *fides* = honour, kept up a literature, just as it had a vague notion of Saul, son of Kish, Judas Maccabaeus, &c.

When I lectured long ago on Chivalry I had been rummaging a little, wishing to find gentlemen that had really acted. I got two or three scraps, which I value. But it was borne in on me that Bayard was the first rather than the last of true knights.

Roman goodness I do not consider as an invention or inspiration, but a tradition modified by Greece. In Greek fiction I find things infinitely above the mediaeval

standard. The *Knight's Tale* is said to draw from the 'Theseide,' which I suppose draws at second-hand from such a source as Euripides' *Supplices*.

I find well-read people unacquainted with that play, and for the benefit of one of the few people that talk with me I lately translated into blank verse the speech of Adrastus describing five of his comrades. Tennyson, I am told, pricked up his ears at this.

However, there is nothing in Euripides' *Supplices* comparable with the Neoptolemus of Sophocles. Several times have I read *Philoctetes* with young people of both genders, and they have been struck and interested with the development under circumstances of a man of honour—this they find far more interesting than such a thing as Chaucer's image, stamped once for all, of an ideal gentleman.

Similarly the Emperor Otho, whose death Goethe admired, is interesting, because the man of pleasure turns into the man of honour.

I observe that Dante knows Lucan—does he know Lucan's Cato? (Stat dum lixa bibat.)

Shakespeare, living in the dawn of Chivalry, makes his Henry speak nobly about comradeship. Who now remembers, what Dr. Arnold pointed out, that Sempromius Gracchus (*apud* Livium) forestalled in action the Agincourt fiction?

When I was an undergraduate Digby's *Broad Stone of Honour* moved me, and I went on to his *Mores Catholici* and *Compitum*. In mid life I perceived that Digby, like myself, had searched in the tilting hedgehog ransom age for bits of noble action, that, like me, he had found as much in Greek books bearing on the point as in Chronicles of Crusades, &c. He showed me the bearing

of the line which I paraphrased—*οἶδεν τό γ' αἰσχρὸν κανόνι τοῦ καλοῦ μαθῶν*. But he was in almost every page falling back on his staple commodity, saintliness. I approve of his book, in the first state before he became a R. C. When he re-made it into Tancred, Godfrey, &c., it ceased to have a charm for me.

In old age I have had leisure to read in synoptic voluminous books the Middle Age history, England, Scotland, Switzerland, Florence, Venice, Russia, France. Not having a library, I have not read any old chronicles lately, nor shall I—it is lost labour. I ask my discipulae to show me all that they love in Mallory, Chaucer, Dante, &c. I get nothing new. They aver that St. Louis is a poor creature. They can tell me of only one case of friendship (apart from devotion of man to master)—this is Eadmer and Anselm. They know of no altruism beyond the Blanche Nef. They own that no one in the Middle Age did so fine a thing as Philip Sidney did when he risked Court promotion, because Elizabeth behaved ill to his good father, Sir Henry. They can quote nothing before Robert Spencer, Earl of Sunderland, 1643, to illustrate Lovelace's—

‘ I could not love thee, dear, so much
Loved I not honour more.’

I am quite open to conviction; but at present I say, as I used to say, uncontradicted, to Bradshaw, the age of chivalry is not the age of the Crusades or of the Black Prince. Chivalry, as an institution, is interesting chiefly as a feeble prelude to that ‘Court,’ which began with Francis I.

I agree entirely with the only friend I ever had that was older than myself, who said some twenty-five years

ago—'In the Middle Age of England the men worth knowing are the Bishops.'

I shall continue to say to my visitors that Rome, i. e. Livy, Cicero, Horace, Virgil, Lucan, Tacitus, Juvenal, carried on with Greek exaltation the Greek torch of honour, that the Middle Age men of action of all sorts were incessantly engaged in bargains, and that the Early Modern Age, represented by such a book as Elyot's *Governour*, by Tasso, by Spenser, was the age in which the worn-out Mallory Chivalry was idealized to some purpose, and gentlemen's families drew virtue from the Classics, especially Plutarch, and from the Bible, including that book which in my childhood I loved as I loved *Tales of a Grandfather*, the first book of Maccabees; and that the two periods, in which the warriors behaved as the poets would wish them, were the period of Cavaliers and Puritans, and the period of 1775-1782. . .

To A. D. Coleridge.

MADEIRA, Jan. 20, 1881.

Did you ever hear what Auber said when some one observed that it was *ennuyeux* to grow old? He said, *Mais enfin on n'a pas trouvé d'autre moyen pour vivre longtemps*. This simple axiom applies to residence in Madeira. I think I shall doze on long enough to read some day that a ship has gone from the Atlantic across the American Isthmus; that will be news to console me for many a foolish war and many a failure in legislation. It has been a dull life mostly all this time; but I have witnessed the annexation of the Punjab, the release of Rome, Milan, Venice, &c., the tunnelling of the Alps, the Suez Canal, and the fall of Beaconsfield.

To Hon. R. B. Brett.

MADEIRA, March 13, 1881.

I have been driven wild by foolish telegrams; at last I get the papers and see that the Majuba or Spitz Kop defeat was thoroughly disgraceful and disheartening. A 'scientific' officer took, it seems, the pick of his little force to execute a clever device. He put two-thirds of his men—twenty officers and about 350 others—into a natural redoubt, 200 yards by fifty. There they lay in ambush, having three days' food and plenty of time for completing a breastwork; and I believe the sailors were there with a Gatling. Then for seven hours they potted and were potted at. Then in a few minutes they were hustled out of their redoubt: they did not even fix bayonets. They were swept off by men who had firelocks without bayonets. It is really as bad as Gardiner's affair at Prestonpans, 1745 (see *Waverley*). I can imagine the Boadiceas bolting. Captain Denison of *Encounter* said to me that he did not feel sure of sailors on shore being at all steady. I can imagine the 58th men, unnerved by their previous repulse, being untrustworthy. But it is too shocking to hear of two companies of the 92nd—of the regiment which stubbornly held the Col de Maya in 1813 with fighting that would, as Napier says, have graced Thermopylae; the regiment that restored the fight at St. Pierre; the regiment that Roberts had been praising, full of tough veterans—allowing themselves to be carried away in a loose bully, trampling down Commander Cameron, leaving Colley to be shot, leaving the Boers with only one man killed and five wounded.

This is the upshot of our improved firearms, of our

new flexible drill, of our competitive officers' education, of our renewed Sandhurst, of our Colley the chosen Elisha of our Wolseley—our Colley the chosen military adviser of our Lytton. . .

I have been predicting that the Boer war will be over by All Fools' day, but the devil of it is that it will be a match drawn in their favour.

Your masters have been Caudine-forking, as far as I can guess from their answers in the House. My hope is that the Boers' victories will have set the whole of South Africa in a blaze and burnt your capitulation, so that we may have a real struggle.

What we feel here, being in constant communication with the Cape, is that the Africanders or degenerate Dutch are sure to be swamped by the growth of the British population, like the French in Canada and the Dutch in Demerara; to allow Dutch States alongside of English States out there seems kind and liberal, but if the towns are all filled up by Britons and the like, as Bloemfontein seems to be, the Dutch republics cannot be so homogeneous or comfortable, unless they have the luck to be under so sensible a man as Brand, who was brought up at Cape Town, and is a gentleman. . .

It is history that the migration of the Boers was mainly due to our not letting them enforce labour on the Hottentots. We were rather harsh and peremptory, but we were in the main right.

There is a certain similarity in the case of the Boers to the case of the Mormons. The Mormons did not endanger Uncle Sam by disturbing the aborigines; but U. S. thought he had a right to coerce and assimilate them. . . Both Mormons and Boers erred in not being more rigorous in excluding foreigners, if they wished to

be free and to keep their own customs. As soon as they cherished foreigners as their traders, artizans, &c., they must have expected to find their absolute autonomy disputed. . .

I have been forty hours meditating on Colley's handling of his detachment on that hill-top; he must have allowed about 30,000 cartridges to be slowly, stupidly, uselessly wasted on stones and bushes, without sending for more ammunition to his reserves or his head-quarters; he must have had his 400 fellows under his eye, knowing that they were in no sort of formation, no touch, stupidly assuming that the Boers would go on potting till sunset; then when the Boers made that rush which our quasi-Prussian modern drill has for these ten years taught our officers to consider the catastrophe of every little war tragedy, he had no means of meeting it, no counter-stroke, no reserve of men in hand. Remember that when suddenly charged by horse, a battalion at Quatre Bras, said to be young soldiers, formed in a moment *two lines back to back*; here, after these years of drill, the 120 volunteers of the 92nd behaved just about as well as the shop-keepers of the Rue de la Paix in their fight with the Communards. Could any London Volunteers have done worse? . . .

In the great Roberts harangue we hear of *esprit de corps*. Now we find our generals again and again wasting this force. If a regiment fights best when thinking mainly of itself, we should send a whole battalion or a whole wing on a detached service like this Colley job. One can imagine the whole 92nd feeling it a point of honour to hold the hill, and dying there, face to foe, as the 66th did at Maiwand. But the regimental spirit seems to be generally indulged in a less

safe way; each regiment wishes to have a right to say that it was in every combat; therefore it sends a representative company or two, and a little force of 400 or 500 men has no unity, no character, no point of honour, no rallying-point.

We want, if you please, at this turn of our affairs, the converse of proper names on colours and clasps on bosoms. We want significant gaps in the Army List. In my youth we had one, between the 4th and the 6th Dragoons, and it was for the Castlebar Races. . .

In 1842 we were led to expect that there would be a second gap, between the 43rd and 45th Foot, for Skelton's battalion was in disgrace at Cabul; but I suppose it was let off for the sake of Quatre Bras.

If I had been in power I would have struck out the 24th Foot for Isandula, where all was lost, even honour — all but the colours.

How can we expect an army to be respected which contains regiments that inscribe on their colours *Chilianwallah*, a rout for which the 14th Dragoons might have been obliterated justly.

I have to tell my friends the history of the 92nd, and yet the Army List does not say that it carries Col de Maya; and St. Pierre-Lincelles, which I have never been able to discover in history, figures on the colours of the Guards. The beautiful battle of Sauroren is not to be found in the Army List.

We go on calling ships by vulgar names, such as *Bouncer*; snobbish names, such as *Sultan*, *Shah*, Royal This and That; unpronounceable names, such as *Mutine*; and we let our lads grow up with no naval tribute, no naval record of Camperdown, Salamanca, Tarifa, Lucknow, Inkerman.

Roberts's march, &c. (which he has been saying here he could not have accomplished except with troops picked by himself) are excellent feats; but there has been literally nothing since Inkerman to prove that we have Infantry fit to stand against Europeans.

To Hon. R. B. Brett.

April 11, 1881.

Wolseley, in the *Nineteenth Century* on Short Service, speaks of our victories—Alma, Balaclava, Inkerman. This is enough to make one despair. A Crimean soldier and a leading authority believes that we won a victory at Balaclava! The plain fact is that the Russians that day gained a position of the highest value to them, which they kept to the end of the winter, if not to the end of the siege. . . Except in a few bits of trench-fighting we never obtained any advantage over the Russians after November 5, 1854, Inkerman, and we have never met any people of European blood or training since 1855 till we met these Boers; and now a German rightly infers from our *four* little defeats in the Colley war that we are not fit to encounter any Europeans.

We pride ourselves on our regiments, and we scrape every barrack-yard to make up a battalion for export. Yet when it comes to the scratch we are afraid to risk a whole battalion, and if by chance a battalion is destroyed, as the 24th was at Isandula, we fancy the world is splitting up.

We have lowered the standard of military honour.

In India there are officers now wearing Abyssinian medals who never disembarked on that coast at all. I believe the Marines and the Artillery, though they have no kilts or regimental colours or fancy names, are still to be trusted. . .

To A. D. Coleridge.

MADEIRA, April 29, 1881.

I miss the beloved squadron; perhaps I may be back in time to see it move off, perhaps under sail, which would be to me of all sights the most comforting. All these years I have only once seen a war-ship under sail. Two years ago *Druid* skirted as close as possible the curving New Road, which is the promenade of Funchal; its skipper did not know he was giving *me* a treat, he did it to compliment the girl who is now a bride in my house. We live not far from Nelson's track, not far from the sea-path of Keats in *Superb*, who had his studding-sails nailed to the boom all the way, struggling to keep up with Nelson, and catching him up at night, and dining with him when becalmed. I have been going all over that once, twice, thrice more, in Lanfrey's admirable history, in Nelson's despatches, in the heavy volumes about Sir William Parker, which contain delightful things half buried in heavy letters. One night I was reading Lanfrey's admirably honest and critical account of Trafalgar. Madame, at the other end of the table, writing, looked up and observed that I was weeping over my book. 'Yes,' I said, 'I am weeping as I wept fifty years ago over the death of Nelson;' that is literally true. Before I went to school at nine, I was as much taken up with Nelson, &c., as any one ever is with cricketers or race-horses. And now the Royal Navy is more precious because the Royal Army has failed. Here in this village I meet an old maid, and a man of my own age so blind and so deaf that he seems much older than I am, and these two I find sore and sick, just as I am, about the disgraceful flight of our

men from Majuba; but the horror of it is that in London people do not seem to feel it. . . Since that news came I have been unwilling to write letters, but I have twice said what I now say to you, and I beg you to pass it on. 'Suppose 360 clerks from the Strand, or shopmen from Oxford Street, or even 360 flunkeys, had been at Majuba, could they have done less than the 360 picked men whom Colley had there for seven hours wasting their cartridges and taking no care to secure themselves against assault, though they had tools with them for making field-works—fixing bayonets against men who had none, waiting to be charged by men who had scrambled up a steep rough place, trampling down their friends, jumping thirty feet down rocks, skulking in bushes?' Besides this main disgrace, which I deliberately say is the worst thing since Castlebar Races in 1798, there are in print Colley's letters, stating (1) That at Laing's Nek only some of the mounted men did their duty, and that twenty more horsemen like Brownlow would have broken the Boers, which is confirmed by Joubert's letter; (2) That at Ingogo he could have rolled up the Boers' left wing if he could have dared use his horsemen. These two passages prove that a troop of King's Dragoon Guards failed before raw farmers who had no bayonets.

Then it is also clear from Colley's account that the 60th, though called Rifles, though proud of their skirmishing, did not at Ingogo hit even the horses of the Boers, who took every position that suited them; so it appears that mounted infantry can trot about safely in the presence of our marksmen. . .

As to my own feelings, I feel sorry that Carlyle did not say something kind of England in his latter years, when so ready to butter Germany and Yankeeland. If

I ever write my long-meditated chapters on the years 1836-59, I shall say of him that he is to be pitied for railing against the generation in which Fowell Buxton, William Bentinck, Senior, Thomas Drummond, Chalmers, were doing their excellent work; it is like Tacitus writing about the times of Nero without knowing St. Paul and St. Peter.

To Hon. R. B. Brett.

MADEIRA, May 1, 1881.

I am very glad we save £2,000 a year by Beaconsfield's death. I have so much regard for the English aristocracy that I can hardly imagine its ever tolerating for a year a leader that is not good rather than bad. I believe Dizzy was very bad in his worst days, and began to get better in 1852, when he had to sit alongside of honourable men, such as the late Derby, Spencer Walpole, Duke of Northumberland. I believe he long ago repented his spitefulness towards dear old Sir Robert. I believe he has had a genuine affection for some *young* men, and a singular skill in choosing men for office and giving them fair innings. But as for wisdom, constructive power, constancy to principle, he is, I fancy, below the English standard; about a peg below Rattazzi, Sout, Talleyrand; two below Thiers.

His authority with the party which professes to be sensible (and is) proves that we are still, after all the Aristotle, Plato, J. S. Mill, Carlyle, &c., apt to be mastered by showy phrases which look like aphorisms, and by that quiet kind of brag which is best called 'London Assurance.'

It remains on my mind that the recent European policy

of Beaconsfield was called by the old Orleanist *hardi et habile*. . . B., anyhow, must have credit for standing up to Bismarck and for closing with Schouvaloff.

To A. D. Coleridge.

June 20, 1881.

There is nothing in Nature, that is in Not-Man, at all like music; even the simplest form of a tune has a plain purpose of construction and adjustment. The forward plunge and resorbence of a wave, the declension of that kind of echo which is the iteration of one sound at several points of incidence, the quivering of small stems such as aspen stems simultaneously with the swaying of branches—these and other phenomena may be thought fair images of some musical effects, but how utterly inadequate they are!

The boatmen on the Nile when rowing sing what, perhaps, may be safely called a bar, not necessarily commensurate with the *pitylus* or oar pulse; after a few minutes their leader changes the words of the chant or song, and with the words he changes also the movements and cadence; neither the first nor the second is specially appropriate to the action of rowing, it is the artistic pleasure of variety that gives the motive. Here again, though the Arab's voice and ear and notion of melody are different from the Englishman's, yet the Englishman, whether acquainted with music or not, enters into the enjoyment of the changes. It seems that, if harmony had never been discovered, there would have been musical sympathy amongst men, akin to their general agreement about vital beauty, about colour and form, and the charm of imitation. Were there no harmony, still there would be a difference between tune-makers:

one would be limited to stanzas like a ballad, another would luxuriate in flow and in climbing like an ode, there would be mannerists in rhythm or movement, and others masters of all movements; and we should know them from one another by their preferences in these simple things of time and beat, and we should admire supremely him that was most free and various. This is one reason why one who knows not music delights in Beethoven.

To A. D. Coleridge.

MADEIRA, June 22, 1881.

Music is as inconceivable to the ignorant as conic sections; for aught I know you may derive in sincerity a fine sensation from some 'change of key' or 'return to a key,' or some other transcendental manœuvre; but I, and probably Tennyson and Millais, get sensations quite apart from any theory—from a touch of melody which happens to coincide with some reflection in one's mind. Thus have I seen lads reared in austere religion and patrician refinements burst with enthusiasm over the Marseillaise, and insist on its being sung all through thrice; it was because the tune suited their sentiment of favour to France against Prussia in 1870-1.

Now such people as I go to operas and concerts, so that in the course of life I may have spent £100 on opera and concert tickets, and I may have got for this about a hundred sensations or thrills, as from the one little bit of tune in *Étoile du Nord*, which I remember at its first performance, when a man walked off whistling it and I caught it; or from the horn in the last scene of *Hernani*, or from the Marchesa's English air sung in the *Barber*, or from Christine's first utterance in *Faust*,

or from the girls' chorus in *Mirella*. So have I sat through virtuous plays, and got, at a great cost, single sensations, as when Laertes jumps into Ophelia's grave to grapple with Hamlet. These sensations are the landmarks of life. Sometimes they cost nothing, as when a fiddler struck up in the Ticino ferry just as I looked up the long water-line and saw the Alp snow at the end of it, or as when I landed at the Gosau lake under a little shower of 'Santa Lucia' (which I am told is a rotten air) sung by German picnickers in unison, or as when I heard in the year 1832, on Windsor Terrace, the Duc de Reichstadt's Waltz, or in 1876 'Lochaber' played by the Scots Guards at St. James'. On the whole, the unbought sensations are equivalent to the bought; yet, as a cold calculation, I would contribute in St. George's Hall, Liverpool, or in Covent Garden House, my two-thousandth part of the Marchesa's big fee, if I knew she would sing the 'Last Rose,' and hoped she would, when encored, sing 'Flowers of the Forest' or 'Came ye from Athol.' The Patti is probably a 'natural monopoly' now, just as Jenny Lind was once. If the moon were only just invented, and Gye got her for a season, many people would pay a crown for a peep at her. What I regret is rather that a Barnum or that sort of a fellow should get huge profits for letting out his monopolized Patti or Sarah Bernhardt, than that the woman herself should get a lot of money; but then philosophy tells me that Barnum's gains only mean a sort of swallowing up of all that the would-be Barnums have lost: this must ever be. The illustrious quack just dead, for whose cenotaph his admirers are sending round a hat with indifferent success, absorbs in his eight or ten years of prosperity all the losses of some scores of Charles Bullers,

Durhams, Horsmans, Broughams, O'Connells, Edwin Jameses, &c., &c., the pushing men who failed. In this there is not a natural monopoly; it is intelligible; it is a thing that philosophers accept with a smile; it is not like the prosperity of Millais, Sims Reeves, or Jenny Lind, the fruit of *unique* growth or 'natural monopoly.'

It is gloriously courageous of Tennyson to persevere in making plays, but if it is to be about Becket I shall be surprised if it turns out interesting. English middle-age history is what all history has been called, an *enchaînement de sottises et d'atrocités*. It astonishes me that men do not perceive how much greater our age is than other ages; that splendid character the tutor, in *Les Rois en Exil*, could not be conceived as existing in any other time. There is any amount of pure tragedy in Charlotte's pleading with Louis Napoleon for the rescue of Maximilian, and Louis Napoleon's misery in not being so far master of France as to save his protégé.

The struggle for and against slavery in Kansas in 1857 is an entirely neglected bit of heroic war. Manin in 1849 is sublime. The passions of 1870 have engendered a beautiful drama—*Une Fille de Roland*—a book I give to girls. The passions of the Poles represented in *Ladislas Bolski*, of the Italians as in the history of the Bandiera and the Cairoli family, are worthy of holy poets. It is deplorable to think of Tennyson's being ignorant of all these things, and supplied from hand to mouth by Freeman and Froude, who go a-scavenging in dark and mean regions.

Nothing to me is more ghastly or sickening than to see in a list of papers printed in a magazine a paper on the topic¹ which you say is handled also in the *Times*.

¹ Eternal punishment.

It is a thing which people think about, and if they cease opportunely to think about it, they escape madness; but madness is, as far as I can judge from my own experience, the only proper result of contemplating infinity of time or of space.

(1) The Supreme Being whom reasoners worship is one altogether devoid of the sense or the condition or (as they used to say Kantically) the intuition of time. It is a contradiction in terms to speak of God as 'fore' knowing, 'fore' ordaining; 'the future,' 'the past' are to the God whom we adore alien, incongruous, impossible ideas. (2) The language of the New Testament is stamped with the incapacity or rudimentariness of Ptolemaic people. Ever since Copernicus said, and his followers in the seventeenth century proved, that the Universe is incalculably greater than our planetary system, men who are allowed to harmonize their thoughts, men who are not cramped or bribed by, or benumbed by, professional tenets, conceive of infinity of time as they do of infinity of space, and they feel that the *αιώνια* of the Ptolemaic people are but a lot of cycles just about as big as the lot of spheres of the Ptolemaic astronomy.

Babbage's book, the ninth *Bridgewater Treatise*, sets forth finally the immensely expanded conception of the Creator which science had fifty years ago enabled him and people like him to form. To such thinkers the language of the Apostles seems childish when they speak of the Judgement and the everlasting consequences thereof; I mean that the apostolic writers seem to the philosophers to use big words without at all knowing how big they are. (3) To the modern moralist, Dives caring for his poor brothers is dearer than Lazarus lying

at his ease and not pitying Dives; a — enjoying bliss while he knows that a — is tortured is less venerable or enviable than Prometheus. (4) Imagine a man of —'s intellect being alive on earth at the second advent, and standing up to hear his sentence. He goes mad as a matter of course. . . (5) Philosophical Christians have held that without any fiat of the Supreme Being a man of evil habits would be plagued as long as he lived, indefinitely or infinitely, by the inability to satisfy or divert his mind from his evil inclinations. Another view that has occurred to sentimental people, not quite philosophical, is that however impious or sinful a man may be he retains *affections*, and as long as his identity subsists he must *love* some one; that no sentence, no torture, could deprive him of this loving power. Such a man says, As long as I am I, it is necessary that I feel love; no vice has quenched love in my heart, no pain can ever quench it. (6) As far as I have been able to observe, Englishmen who become Catholics, whether adhering openly to the Pope or not, substitute purgatory for the Calvin hell, and I believe this is the most solid, sensible reason they have for their conversion. The religion which actually prevails with the sweet-hearted women, as far as I know, and which also seems to me teachable, if one avoids promiscuous reading of theology, if one sticks to Hymns, Te Deums, and 'Imitations,' is a habit of conforming to the fatherhood, the tranquillity, the simplicity of that image of God which we call Christ. It is inevitably coloured with all sorts of anthropomorphic reflections, and therefore the philosopher must worship in one court and his wife in another; but there is an effective sympathy between the two, and the exercise of the affections, with the discharge of regular duties,

saves both the worshippers from the agony of thinking about infinity. I shall do no more than just give you these aids to reflection. The contemplation of the endless suffering of any one man, even Rush, is, I am sure, enough to make a man of imagination go mad.

In a really religious book, in Thomas à Kempis particularly, I do not observe that the terrors are much dwelt upon.

To H. O. Sturgis.

MADEIRA, July 22, 1881.

I have read all there was in magazines about Carlyle; the usual crudities and heartburns of the Britons. My dominant feeling is that people make altogether too much of literature, of voluminous unrestrained *ad libitum* writers. Carlyle wrote seasonably and thoughtfully about fifty years ago about Sam Johnson, Voltaire, Scott, and Burns. He made us, the young people, in 1839-43 wholesomely antagonistic to the hard frivolity of our conspicuous gentry; but he never was half so good as his contemporaries, Fowell Buxton, Thomas Drummond, Charles Metcalfe, &c., &c. No book of his has done so much good as Keble's *Christian Year*, Stanley's *Life of Arnold*, Hannah's *Life of Chalmers*, &c., &c., &c.

He was substantially an ass to go on flattering a lot of Germans, and to take no heed of Garrison, Elisha Kane, Henry Lawrence, Chinese Gordon, Livingstone, Daniele Manin, &c., &c., &c. . .

I was asked here in March whether he was a good historian. I said, 'No; he knew nothing, refused to know anything, of law and economy; and therefore he could not understand the conduct of affairs, the texture of

business; therefore he could not take the measure of a nation or a period.' . .

A nation is a tissue of families, and is sounder if sons inherit character, as I hope Robert Lincoln does. It is to be regretted that their best men, such as Alexander Hamilton, are not represented in politics by descendants. What their clever men, such as Evarts, do not seem to learn like the Europeans, is the moral art of assigning what is due to this or that person or people. The gospel, 'Honour all men,' is understood better by Gladstone and Granville than by the Blaines and Fiskes.

To Rev. E. D. Stone.

August 3, 1881.

All night I heard the beautiful *kelarooz*¹ of the conduit just below my window going through our ground; we were watered yesterday. I rejoiced in letting my seven ducks out to revel in the pools of stolen water; for the conduit leaked a little on to our raised grass-plot. I had to keep guard, for fear the bold drake should lead the squadron through my wire net, which is rather broad—meant for kangaroos; for if they got through the wire into the conduit, they would be swept down a wooden shoot and drowned—odd for a big duck to be drowned. One night we had a foolish rat at the foot of the wooden shoot, jumping up to keep his head out of the cataract or rapid below. I had to rescue him by taking away a stone below. It is the only instance on record of humanity towards a rat. I believe he is now fattening on my grapes. We have one lizard; he lives in an oak

¹ Theocr. *Idyll*. vii. 136:—

τὸ δ' ἐγγύθεν ἱερὸν ὕδωρ
Νυμφᾶν ἐξ ἄντροιο κατειβόμενον κελάρυζε.

trunk; we call him Juvenal. Tommy the cat, who walks about with the nurse like a dog, keeps down both these races which eat grapes; but if Tom were to eat many lizards he would, they say, get thin. This I believe to be held because lizards look thin; 'who eats thin reptiles must himself be thin.' Have you heard that the frog has been promoted? He is no longer a reptile.

To A. D. Coleridge.

MADEIRA, August 3, 1881.

I wrote of Stanley last week to this effect: he is one of the few men that I should have named for the British Forty if Albert or Peel had in wisdom founded a British Academy. I doubt whether any man in modern times has for thirty-six years maintained in a series of books and papers such correct elegance as Stanley; I wrote to some one else that no book of Carlyle's had done as much good as Stanley's *Life of Arnold*. But I have not myself read a fifth or a seventh of his publications. If the Academy had been founded—say in 1845—Hallam would have been first in it. Merivale, Thirlwall, Mill, Macaulay, Tennyson, Col. Mure perhaps, Matt. Arnold, Maine, Seeley, Lecky perhaps, G. Eliot, T. H. Burton, Grote; not Thackeray, not Dickens, not Bulwer, not Froude, not Ruskin, not Lord Stanhope, unless indeed, as I think, Froude or Ruskin had been saved from error by the attraction and pressure of the Academy. Swinburne, Houghton, and Argyll would have taken pains to earn the precarious honour, and perhaps would have got it without taking quite enough pains. Milman would perhaps have been inevitable; Mozley would have had a good chance. It would have snubbed Manning and

Newman. Henry Taylor would have had a shave for it. I am supposing it to take its pitch (as you say in tuning) from Hallam. Jowett and Henry Sidgwick, Venn, Cairnes (your Dublin friend), and many more would have crowded in as competitors. . .

It is remarkable that the House of Commons has not for a hundred years made a serious mistake in choosing its President, though there have been some Speakers less efficient than others. In the Dominion there has been a process of selection and probation which has given some solid permanent men of some dignity, such as Tilly of Nova Scotia.

To Capt. A. H. Drummond.

Jan. 1882.

. . . It is clear that Gladstone, like his predecessor, thrives on the short memories and the *fait accompli* thinking of the Londoners. Before Parliament can get to work at a critical examination of Frere's, Kimberley's, Lytton's, or Salisbury's misdeeds, the Londoners are quite tired of the topic. They gorge themselves with telegrams for a month, and then refuse to look at anything printed on the topic. There never was an age in which ministers were so free to do as they like in foreign and colonial things. . .

To Miss Mary Coleridge.

MADEIRA, Feb. 1, 1882.

Spring I perceive in two or three periods and places as the age of Herodotus in Ionic lands, the age of the pointed arch and written music and Franciscan zeal in Western Europe in the thirteenth century; the later years of Albert Dürer in Germany; the French period,

1814 to 1834 or thereabouts—the period of early Ruskin, Charlotte Brontë, and Mrs. Gaskell in England. . .

If there ever was a time in Western Europe (including Spain, Germany, and Italy) when the world seemed to be coming to an end for want of strength to resist decay, it was, I think, the time when *Manon Lescaut* was published; but the truth is that literature may be sickly and frivolous when there are thousands of juicy men and women in the nation and lively enterprises on foot.

But you were born in a great age, when great things were attempted and even accomplished. (Edward III was a sickly duffer when Chaucer was looking about for sense for verses.) I can't remember in all Froissart more than one bit of fresh nature, that is Jeanne de Montfort's kissing the English soldiers who rescued her castle and children. . .

Poets do not seem in truth to live poetically; that is, it does not appear that he who has shown himself a master of the art is in character a poetical object for others to contemplate. I am glad we know hardly anything of Virgil. . . In my time there has been a genuine poet whose life was one gem—he was called Mackworth Dolben; he died at your age. Arndt seems to have lived a long life of enthusiasm and patriotism after composing genuine Tyrtæan song. Christina Rossetti seems to live in exact conformity with her poetry. Keble probably did so. But the lives which are poetical objects are the lives of men who did not make verses (unless David wrote the Psalms). Read thou modern biographies. Believe not one-tenth of the rhapsodies delivered to you in lectures by Scotsmen, or by contributors to the series of school-books, when they discourse about their favourite authors.

Hold steadfastly that the ages of chivalry, &c., were miserable times—especially in England—compared with the best ages of Palestine, Greece, Rome, Florence, modern England, *very* modern Italy, and Greece. Lucknow is to Agincourt what Arcturus is to Neptune or Uranus.

To A. D. Coleridge.

April 2, 1882.

I am sure Scarlett, if alive, would not value the lines¹ which his widow values. I remember in 1846, when he fed me at York, and showed me the three hundred horses of the 5th D. G., how he mocked Napier's famous Albuera rhapsody, which, with gems from Badajoz, Salamanca, Maya, and Nivelles, will, I think, outlive these canterings of the Heavy Brigade. I remember Scarlett and Elliot coming to inspect the Eton College Volunteers. Their commander had to stand and receive the final benediction, and he reported to me, 'I don't know what he said to me; I could not listen for looking at the scars on his face.' Now this is a bit of nature worth remembering.

I delight in Tennyson's works, even his failures, even his gilded mediocrities; there is sure to be a touch or two beyond the art of other men—in that heavy song I like the phrase about England's 'fear of being great.' It is now exactly forty years since Tennyson has been to me the light and charm of my poor life. . .

I judge a ministry as the wise French judge a play, when acted without that exclusive contemplation of the first actor or actress, which is the foible of most of us uneducated people, even when we have been trained in logic or even in law. It is the worship of the solo

¹ Tennyson's 'Charge of the Heavy Brigade.'

or the sola that spoils the sacred hopes of musical culture; your festivals and concerts are ruined by the pampering of the inevitable natural monopolists, a Sims or a Christine. The music, which is to be the one permanent comfort of sick mortals, is like the rowing in an eight or the fielding of an eleven.

To Sir F. Pollock.

May 5, 1882.

. . . Sensibility seems to increase as I get older, but the head gets weaker. I try in vain to learn a little botany, or to master Helmholtz's Lectures. I have gone half through Renan's *Marc-Aurèle*, which was sent me by a friend. I keep it for the hot months, when I shall be up nearer the clouds, further from things readable, and hard up for time-killing occupation. My bad memory makes me less poor, since I can go over the few books I possess with a fair sense of discovery; this is particularly the case with French plays; they come back year after year as new to me as I wish. . .

The death of Darwin seems to be taken as a natural fall of leaf or fruit.

Nothing ever was so quaintly tragic as his funeral: a noble host of Sadducees sitting to listen to that anastasian argument about two kinds of bodies; nine-tenths of them remembering some other funerals of parents or of sisters at which they listened to the Pauline trumpet, and felt it just as their sisters and mothers felt it. In this host of sad elders who honour Darwin for convincing them of their mortality there are the 'tribunes of the women,' the F. Farrars, &c. The Germans and the French must think that Abbey ceremony a splendid

specimen of English insincerity. Huxley in vain tries to substitute something for the anastasian poetry; his necromancy with the *Apologia Socratis* is futile. I like Goldwin Smith's grave protest against the attempt to fill the void. It is curious that if we were to try to bury a friend affectionately, we must, if we speak at all over his grave, use some word or other that points to the forfeited creed, some 'farewell,' some 'adieu.'

To Sir F. Pollock.

July 8, 1882.

The Spencerian teleology, the doctrine that *la maudite espèce* (as Frederick the Great called humanity) is to be kept up, seems to me not at all more 'scientific' than the first dogma of the Scottish catechism, that man was created to glorify God. . .

It seems to me that religious people, whether Christians or Unitarians (=Deists), are different in morals from good Spencerians, more compassionate, more placable.

I had rather fall into the hands of such a man as the late Lord Hatherley, or the late Bishop Hamilton of Salisbury, than of even the late Charles Darwin.

To Rev. E. D. Stone.

25 CANNON PLACE, HAMPSTEAD,

Oct. 4, 1882.

Apart from commerce, what is German?

1. It is used by subsoil research men. Therefore if you want to be a Gardiner, a Brewer, a Murray, even a Seeley, you do well to learn German. . .

2. The literature is now second-rate—the German novelist is below the Russian. *Faust* is the only thing

that everybody reads, and it is as old as Nestor was at Troy.

3. It seems to be alive on the stage, I admit; and if you go to Germany and want to go to theatres, you want familiarity with the language. Their acting seems to be much better in our day, relatively to France and England, than it was formerly; but, after all, Germany will be known hereafter for nothing special, save music. Our enjoyment of German music is unforced; our enjoyment of German poetry is a sort of cheese after six courses; our enjoyment of German prose is mere ἐθελοδουλεία. . .

I scout and hiss the notion of German being equivalent to Greek because of its copiousness, or because of its making the student use every muscle of the mind by compelling him to deal with varieties of style. Greek is not commensurate with German, because it contains about twenty several kinds of style or method, whilst in German there is only the difference between childish simple verse structure and monstrously clumsy prose structure. . .

A little study of German opens one's eyes to the possible evolutions from the Saxon, or Moeso-Gothic, or Icelandic, or primary Teuton. It is at least amusing, and I think comforting, to observe the divergence of our conquered from their unconquered nation; to think what we escaped, when they fell under the yoke of the Luther structure of the prose sentence, when we got rid of the inflection that marks the infinitive, the penance of gender, the gargle of gutturals, the piecing of a French word on *-iren*; from 'ein ganz aimabler Cavalier,' &c., &c.

To Sir F. Pollock.

CUDDESDON VICARAGE, Oct. 14, 1882.

On the face of it, the passage quoted from Bracton seems to show that he felt that the king was not actually obedient to the law, for if the king were actually obedient to the law, it would not be worth his while to assert that in theory he was under the law. With any one less acute than yourself I would work out this argument. I trust you *à demi-mot*; only venturing to remind you how Louis Hutin, King of France, proclaimed to his subjects that 'all men were equal'; and that nothing is more common than for people to say a thing 'is' when they mean 'ought to be.'

I am quite aware that such a man as Edward the First knew very well what law meant, and used it and accepted it as a limit; but at the same time I believe that he was not controlled by 'the spirit of the law'¹ as much as Tiberius was; he had not got back to that atmospheric pressure of legality which was felt by cool-headed Romans for many hundred years. As to the other kings of England before William and Mary, I hold the plain old-fashioned doctrines: (1) that the strong characters had, compared with contemporary sovereigns, great ascendancy over (a) the Church, which was the constant and most formidable adversary, (b) the judges, (c) the barons, (d) the towns, whereas (e) the weak men, such as Henry III, Edward II, Richard II, tested the theory of the monarchy so far that it broke down, and that an Anne, or a George I, or George IV, or a William IV must have been an impossible sovereign, but for the

¹ Note by the writer: 'There is a classical passage of S. T. Coleridge about this phrase.'

establishment of the law's certain action, which may be correctly enough dated from the overthrow of James the Dispenser.

(2) That the first monarch of England that was fairly argued with was Charles I.

N. B. I knew and taught, before you were born, the Guizot-Hallam-Dahlmann lessons about the Selden-Pym argument from antiquity against prerogative:—only I persist in holding that as long as members of Parliament had to argue in that way, so long the prerogative did actually tower above the precedents of right.

(3) That up to the time of Henry VIII statutes for the most part were of the nature of treaties between the powers that were on the see-saw. That Henry VIII was, speaking roughly, the first ruler who governed in great measure by means of enactments, instantly and speedily executed. That *confirmations* of charters were evidently signs of the *failure* of charters and of incessant ebbings of popular right.

(4) That the strong-charactered monarchs were restrained in the Middle Ages, not as the strong Georges II and III were, by the spirit of the law, but by custom and by the fear of violence.

(5) That we owe our rights or liberties in great measure to the necessities of the Tudors and the Stuarts, when they had to play some part in the European competition.

It is taught in the books that I used to read when I, like others of my age, looked on the Middle Ages with poetical yearnings for discovery of treasures, that the necessities of Edward III secured the liberties of the Commons. It seems to me that they did actually furnish excellent precedents for Pym and the adversaries

of Charles I. But they did not secure the people against such kings as Edward IV and Henry VII, who had no foreign policy that forced them to make any important overtures of concession to the Commons.

So much for the balance of power between King and Parliament.

But I should like to ask you whether you have not been, like most men of our day, inclined to over-estimate the researches of Stubbs and the importance of the transactions of *his* centuries as compared with the tenth and the seventeenth.

I am not a wise man nor a man of research, but I conscientiously believe myself to be wiser about the relative importance of affairs in different ages of English or British history than the new Oxford school. I appeal to Hallam against the modern Oxonians. Look at his Middle Ages: see how much space he gives to his own country. It is no doubt much more than a Frenchman, an Italian, a Russian, or a Japanese would give; but it is not so much as to prevent one's seeing that he found the types of the characteristic Middle-Age affairs more in Germany, Italy, and France than in Britain.

Feudality is characteristic of Middle-Age Europe. Hallam, if now alive, would, I am sure, agree with Guizot in thinking that it should be studied in France and in the book of the Constitution of the kingdom of Jerusalem founded by the Crusaders.

The struggle between Pope and Emperor is characteristic of Middle-Age Europe. Study it, *we* say, not in the land of the Plantagenets, but in the land of the Hohenstaufen.

The formation of orders, brotherhoods, and other devices connected with the Church is a third character-

istic; for this we go rather to Assisi than to the county of the Gilbertines, i. e. Lincolnshire.

Municipality restored is a fourth; for this we go to Flanders and Tuscany, not to London or Exeter or any British town.

Of course I admit that to you, a lawyer bent upon doing what you can for your own law system, all sorts of things, such as Bracton's opinions, are very important; but I professed to write for young men of all nations—Japan, India, Australia, Zanzibar—and I thought it good policy to use hard sayings, explosive bits of slapdash, to begin the fight with the Oxonians, who have now got hold of the Civil Service Commissioners and Examiners, and are forcing all the admirers and clients of England to get up details of English (not British, for they slight Scotland) archaeology (not practical history)—details which professors of history in neutral places like Geneva would, I believe, neglect.

Now that I am at you, I take the opportunity of warning you against the tendency of your political philosophy. I perceive that you, following Maine, are giving up your right, inherited from Socrates, to ask at every turn, 'Why do you, O young man, think it right or wrong to do so-and-so?' The tendency was pointed out by Maine's first reviewer in the *Edinburgh Review*, in an article which you perhaps have never seen.

To Sir F. Pollock.

Middle Ages quite non-political.

This may be true and worth saying, if you mean that there were in the Middle Ages, from A. D. 1000 to A. D. 1480 or thereabouts, no men able to reflect on phenomena of citizenship, of government, of adminis-

tration, of state formation, &c., &c.; but not at all true if it is meant that those times are badly supplied with such phenomena. In the histories that people read thirty or forty years ago, Sismondi, Hallam, Guizot, Thierry, &c., there are (1) French Communes asserting liberties; (2) French lawyers asserting royal prerogative, partly on deductions from Roman precedents; (3) Swiss Cantons; (4) Florentine parties similar to Greek democracies and aristocracies; (5) leagues of cities in Lombardy and elsewhere; (6) Ghent against Count of Flanders; (7) federation of land-holding monasteries in Scotland; (8) Perth municipality (*apud* Walter Scott's *Fair Maid*); (9) Venetian statecraft and complexities of organization; (10) genesis of Admiralty Law in the Mediterranean; (11) growth of urban rights or liberties in Spain (afterwards suppressed in the early modern period); (12) elaborate construction of the Kingdom of Jerusalem with its code of feudal law; (13) various things in Sweden well worth reading about, *apud* Geiger, a very clever writer of history and political philosophy; &c., &c.; and I would in particular ask you to look to Adam Smith's chapter on the Growth of Towns, which I believe to be more like a 'scientific' discourse than anything in Burke. . .

It is a serious omission in your view of the Middle Ages that you neglect Guizot's view about the very general striving of people to get power legitimated. He says, if I remember right (all this is faint recollection of things read and taught thirty years ago), that they went to the Pope as the only visible authority that could legitimate power. Perhaps your attention is drawn from this by the ascendancy of Bryce and Freeman, who see the Empire everywhere, the Papacy only as its foil.

To Sir F. Pollock.

Dec. 18, 1882.

I wish you may avoid what I am sure is the error of glorifying the pre-rational times as regards law. You *can* have no proper bias that way; it can be only that you are bitten by Maine. Genius as he is, he is not, never was, a broadly wise man. His book on Ancient Law is entirely superior in philosophy to his lectures on the Brehon laws; in the one he does not, in the other he does, make pets of phenomena which are pathological: of the nature of mental disease, not pure childhood things, but things of imbecility—dotage.

Fellows like Bracton are at the mercy of little chance idols. They pick up 'good words' and pot them, something like the people in Charlemagne's age, who picked up bits of classical sculpture and stuck them into Charlemagne's monument and into Church fonts and pillars, &c., or those who took precious stones from classical jewellery and stuck them into the wooden bindings of Church books, or took a Roman bust in intaglio and cut the skull so as to give the semblance of tonsure, that it might become the signet of a priest.

It is *apparent* that Bracton took a bit of Justinian at second or tenth hand, and stuck it with blind reverence and vanity into his conglomerate.

It is as certain as anything in history, that as late as the reign of Henry VII, at least, the head men of the Court and the Crown's service gloated in a barbarous way on a higgledy-piggledy of privileges, exactions, exemptions, &c., &c., &c., with no conception of such *aequabilitas* as one finds in Cicero.

Really it is not worth your while to brood over the fantastic curiosities of English archaeology. You say

the Germans glory in it; no doubt. To them, since they have only begun to be a compact state and a vivacious nation in the last twenty years, it is not wholly unnatural to make a good deal of the collateral connexion with England. They have for their study of English customs and methods a motive analogous to that which makes them such minute students of Shakespeare.

But can they make the Middle Ages of England interesting to Italians or Frenchmen? Do the Hungarians, who are known to be disciples of our Whigs, care to go back to English history earlier than Henry VIII? I say Henry VIII rather than Charles II, because in Henry's reign there certainly was, as Macaulay teaches, a balance of royal will and parliamentary (or people's) will; in other words, the king was sensible enough to know that he was limited by the resistance of the people, expressed either in insurrection or in parliamentary remonstrance. Surely he is the first Englishman that we can recognize as really intelligent, capable of seeing round a thing.

I am far from saying that the Middle Ages are not worth some study from some students; but the best of their life is that which you do not contemplate, their episcopacy, their Franciscan missions, Salisbury and Westminster architecture, *written* tunes, popular poetry, ambitious seafaring, methodical agriculture such as was promoted by monasteries in alliance (as Dryburgh, Melrose, Jedburgh—I think these are the three who helped each other in the Lowlands), subscription bridges as at Bideford, William Wykeham's Colleges, Merton colony at Cambridge, &c., &c.

If you have access to Robert Phillimore's *Private Law of the Romans* (Macmillan), look at his introduction; it

contains a long paragraph of amusing invective against the Middle Ages generally. I do not echo it. I revere Anselm, St. Francis, Thomas à Kempis, Héloïse, &c., Maid of Orleans, Giotto, Raymond Lull, &c., but I despise the Crusaders, the Armagnacs and Burgundians; and I am quite sure that whatever Sir John Fortescue may have said, he and his compatriots were far below Philip de Commines in the enjoyment of mental processes; in short, England was a backward country, for Europe, till the days of Henry VIII. I should like, were it possible, to study the history of our administration from his accession. But I expect to find no rational lawyer for the two hundred years after it.

To Sir F. Pollock.

April 9, 1884.

Feudalism. The typical feudal levy, so far as I remember (and I have no books here), is Edward I's march to the siege of Caerlaverock [an interesting exception to a rule here. Holderness, a region, asked for 'exceptio' or immunity, implying that there was a recognized general liability to military service]. It seems to me probable that Edward, though in a legal position far firmer than the Conqueror (because by Edward's time the evolutionary things had been reduced to feudal law by the perseverance of Norman lawyers, reviving in a variant form the skill of Romans), did nevertheless summon his barons to the invasion of Scotland with the same sort of attraction as the Conqueror had for the nobles of Normandy when he started for England—the attraction of adventure and hope of occupancy, not very different, in its effect on rural ruffians suffering from ennui, from the attraction of the Crusades,

not very different from the attraction that a Timour or a Mahdi holds out in lands that never knew the art of subinfeudation.

Whatever may have been discovered by Stubbs, I cannot forget what we learnt long ago from Guizot, that feudalism grew up in the age after Charlemagne, when the French countries fell away from Charlemagne's systematic order into a dull scramble; when roads were neglected, towns isolated, castles set up, huts gathered under castles, retinues of idle ruffians formed to gratify vanity and use up such wealth as the castle owners had, and kings, conscious of weakness, winked at the usurpation of jurisdiction and of the power of granting this or that to inferiors without any legitimation but the mark of the castle owner's thumb-nail or signet ring; and then, when the subtle Sugdens of the Normans and their imitators came into the service or into the alliance of the kings, and the senseless quarrels of the castle owners laid them open to more and more interference, the connivance was disguised in all manner of grants, and the transfer of power from father to child was cramped and charged by various rules.

But I doubt whether even Edward I could or did get military service out of the castle owners without either paying or at least provisioning their men at arms, or holding out hopes of fresh grants at the expense of conquered Welsh or Scots. I believe the conquest of Glamorganshire to have been in a rough way similar to many an Oriental conquest, and the association of Norman-English to have been precarious, occasional, varying in strength with the correlative associations of clans that were not Norman-English.

There are hardly any muster-rolls, I believe, of armed

men following an English king before Agincourt; but as in that campaign, so probably in every earlier campaign, there was a lot of money wasted, besides the obligation to follow; and the pith of a feudal army was in the troop of servants always or almost always hanging about the lord's courtyard, not in his tenants.

To Sir F. Pollock.

Jan. 16, 1883.

. . . Though a conscious sciolist on all subjects (though some say no one can be consciously a sciolist), I am sure I know something about the trick of teaching young people; for there was a time, about fourteen years ago, when I kept a class of about twenty lads, all intelligent, none very clever, steadily interested for many hours, spread over a year or more, in Plato; and I account for my success partly by making it a rule to put into every lecture and every question paper a mixture of things abstract and things concrete, of things hard and things easy, of things dry and things juicy. I did the same with the far easier business of teaching that useful but narrow thing, political economy; and I am quite sure that if you are to have a class at Oxford, you will do well to make every lecture resemble a symphony in change of movement or a dinner in change of solidity: every one says that Austin as a lecturer is a caution, and some people feel that living teachers err in uniformity of treatment. . .

If I were in your place I would have no solemn Inaugural, but begin by analysing some case reported in Ceylon or the Cape Colony, where there is Roman law jumbled with English law or smothered by local custom, or anyhow requiring to be pulled out and exhibited.

This would from the first interest the two or three intelligent lads that would be sitting before you and wishing to sit often; these lads, you may be sure, will have forestalled, in their casual reading, enough of your philosophy to be impatient if they see that you are keeping them on the threshold. I hope, but I do not expect, that you will find at Oxford as many good listeners as I had at Eton in 1870.

To A. D. Coleridge.

March 27, 1883.

My opinion is clearly worthless, since I wholly dissent, and have always dissented, from the fashionable opinions about Thackeray, R. Browning, and Dante, and I firmly refuse to think Shakespeare a better playwright than Sardou. Besides this, I have for years past had a steady dislike of the London-American talk or writing about literature; I feel that it is overrated as compared with music, painting, statesmanship, law, and science; and I am bored with the incessant publication of articles and little books about authors, and the mutual flatteries of the people employed by publishers and newspaper people. As to a young lady's training in taste and reasoning, I have a steadily fixed opinion that she ought to work hard for some years at careful elegant translation of modern French books, such as Cherbuliez (say, for instance, his little volume called *Grand Œuvre*); I mean translation for improvement of one's own mind, not to please a bookseller. After a long course of this work, which is of the nature of orthodox *classical* study, a lady would do some little service to mankind by translating for the press the *modern* German books of political history and biography. . .

I am quite sure that literary English ladies are not acquainted with the English language as English classical scholars are, and never will be as long as they treat French merely as an *objet de luxe*, and German merely as an accomplishment purchased for £300 in the teens and dropt as soon as they go to their first balls. English scholars, academical chiefly, know their own language in a great measure through their attempts at rendering Cicero, Aristotle, Virgil, Aeschylus, &c., into English; also through their subsequent critical study and observation of the phenomena that present themselves to them in their idle reading of modern French books, papers, reviews; and through critical reflection on the things that strike them in a *Times* article, &c., things constructed almost always by *scholars*.

To A. D. Coleridge.

April 16, 1883.

The enjoyable modern literature of England begins with *Hohenlinden* and *Kemilworth*. Even since the two Scotsmen taught us how to *move* in narration we keep on relapsing into the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth century jog-trot. We do; the French do not. . .

I cannot read Spenser, except as I can listen to an archdeacon's sermon. It is a task. I am very glad that I did know the *Faerie Queene* as a child and since; but it is all through devoid of the real charm of literature, the charm of frequent surprise without jarring. . . In every stanza I feel that I am on the brink of the inevitable, just as in old-fashioned singing one used to get ready for the Braham shake or bleat.

Tennyson is the sum and product of the art that

began with Homer. I cannot say that he is greater than Homer; but he fills my soul, and makes the best part of the forty years of manhood that I have gone through. Spenser is 'in the succession,' and I honour him. . .

To A. D. Coleridge.

KINGSWOOD COTTAGE, SHOTTERMILL, SURREY,

Aug. 31, 1884.

. . . As to Hartley, I am through life haunted by a few of his little poems. Haslemere is to me more honourable than any Westmoreland mere, for it is the post town of him whose house was 'built of music.' I have been as near as I dare to that house.

To H. W. Paul.

April 20, 1883.

Randolph hit the nail on the head in saying that the Navy had a right to a big prize, and would be the better for the encouragement. The fact is worth remarking, that Lyons was the only sailor made a peer for about seventy years till Alcester arose. Lord de Saumarez was made a peer long after he had ceased from work. Strathnairn, Sandhurst, &c., were, it is said in the debate, made peers for general services. Now in the Navy there was a Sir William Parker, whose general services were more considerable than theirs, i. e. in keeping the peace and maintaining the country's authority at Lisbon and in the Mediterranean. The Navy gets very few chances of distinction, although it does work requiring far more vigilance and intellect than the Army. Therefore, when by luck there comes an affair like Acre, Algiers, Alexandria, it is quite right to make the most of it, just to encourage the Service.

To Sir F. Pollock.

July 17, 1883.

In boring you last time I forgot to notice the very interesting bit of your lecture as to the Greek's way of looking at the Roman, and his utter neglect of Latin literature.

There may be some one (say Wayte) who has read all Strabo, Plutarch, Lucian; I have read Longinus¹, which is no great job—the others would weary me: to establish your important negative, one would have to look through many volumes.

I once read *Clementis Alexandrini Stromata*; I think there was nothing about Latin books in them.

Query; Josephus? Philo Judaeus? Merivale, of course, knows them all through.

The neglect of Latin by Greeks is historically important, in so far as it has to do with the remarkable duality of the Church even in its best age, the lifetime of Jerome; still more after the division of the Empire. I suppose if the Eastern Byzantines, &c., had read Augustine they would not have been such mummies; nor would Russia be so miserable even now.

It seemed to do the *old* Greeks no harm to be so content with their own language, but it has probably been bad for the Christian Greeks.

Similarly, is it not now a very bad thing for the French to be so much absorbed in the study of French? . . .

To H. W. Paul.

August 24, 1883.

I have about five volumes of Sainte-Beuve's *Causeries* ready for you, with a considerable number of pencil

¹ W. J. read Longinus before he went up to Cambridge in 1842.

marks. There used to be some one in the *Saturday Review* that knew and touted Sainte-Beuve, and I am grateful to that Saturday Reviewer, for Sainte-Beuve has kept me from putrefying now two years; he surfeits us with certain names, such as Fénelon, Chateaubriand, Bossuet, the softer heads of France, whom *you* need not dwell upon; but he is amazingly judicious, far more profound than Macaulay, and not so omnivorous, not so easily pleased with books. But the great reason why I ask you to read the *Lundis* is that I think you cannot otherwise form a conception of the importance of the French stock of thoughts, relatively to the British.

To H. W. Paul.

CANNON HALL ROAD, Oct. 6, 1883.

I think we ought to try to get more reform of House of Commons: (1) simultaneous elections; (2) triennial Parliaments; (3) no prorogation—one long session, with adjournment; (4) strict limits of question-time; (5) renewal of Grand Committees, reduced in number from sixty to forty; (6) systematic overhauling by small committees of the Secretaries, just as the Treasury is now overhauled by the Committee of Accounts.

The oddest phenomenon is the blindness of the malcontent (socialistic new democratic Georgian¹) people. They go on as if they were quite sure their representatives would at Westminster be as conscientious, vigilant, importunate, and unselfish as themselves. They do not see how Society, through the clubs, &c., rounds off the angles of the boulders that their catastrophic forces roll

¹ I. e. followers of Henry George.

out. Were I a Communist I would abolish representation, and have government by 'Sections,' declaring their will to each other and to the public offices by *telephone*.

To Hon. R. B. Brett.

Dec. 14, 1883.

I think it something like snobbishness to scoff at Tennyson's barony, for the satirist is attaching undue importance to the thing; that is, importance in its effects on the baron's character. It is not likely that so strong a man should, by being made a lord, have his head turned, so as to rate himself above a Milton. (Though I for one do rate him far above Milton.) . . .

Tennyson, when he made his name an inevitable one, A. D. 1842, became known to us as a poetical exponent of Spedding's politics, in the set of poems, 'Of old sat Freedom,' 'Love thou thy Land,' &c. As a Whig he must have had a feeling for the British peerage; and there is no (publicly known) reason for believing him to be one of those 'Liberals' who illiberally carp at the class of lords, the only *class* we have.

The war passages in 'Maud,' and the Walter Vivian prologue to the 'Princess,' seem to indicate a wholesome English affection for the generous aristocracy.

To a man of such habits of thought the peerage is an integral part of the Britain that he belongs to, and though he cannot court it, cannot even write as Wordsworth did about Lowther, without loss of dignity, he is bound to like it and meet it halfway.

If Walter Scott had not dabbled in hops, he might have taken the step above the baronetcy. Macaulay gives a clear enough precedent; he was ennobled as an historian rather than as a politician, since he had given

up politics for some time. The impudent fellow in the *Pall Mall* must know that Shelley was a Bashi Bazouk and an enemy of England, and that Burns was a sot, and that Wordsworth was poor and unfit for the great world, and not fully recognized as a fine writer during his lifetime. I really cannot think of any writer that we have had that could have been thought of for a lay peerage besides Macaulay and Scott. Tennyson is a finer writer than either of them. Our peerage is a good deal more respectable in virtue and talent than it was in the days of Scott or the days of Macaulay.

I hope many 'scholars' will feel as much pleased at Tennyson's ennobling as many Anglican Christians were at Newman's cardinalate. I hold that in taking it [the promotion] when offered, each accepted a courtesy graciously, and that each would have been unwisely proud and misanthropic had he refused.

I hope the scholars—that is, the thousands of men who recognize Tennyson as the English Virgil—will combine to put something pretty in his town house.

To an old Pupil.

Dec. 20, 1883.

I have always abstained from offering ultroneously the applause given to mellonymphs . . . but I believe I have almost always rejoiced with young men and young women that I knew when they were in love; and I have held that the nations would jar less and the cities would be liker to temples if government were entrusted to young couples in their first year of wedlock. The happiness of the months just before and after marriage is perhaps an equivalent for wisdom.

To Capt. A. H. Drummond.

Dec. 31, 1883.

I have a constant affection for actors and actresses. I regret that we have no English language that seems to suit them; and if your *beau-frère* is a good actor, I pity him for not being a Frenchman. French plays seem to me so superior to English plays that I can hardly understand educated people caring for any but French; however, I firmly believe that it does good for the vast mass of people to be in our theatres; our plays, stupid as they are compared with the French, are quite brilliant enough for the great mass of our people, and they give them wholesome sensations, impressions, reflections—they let them see, what they cannot see in drawing-rooms or chambers, how *good* are the hearts of men and women. It is only on the stage that people are allowed (apart from courtship and death-bed) to show how kind and generous they are. So I heartily wish well to our theatres, and read about them; and when I can raise the cash, send my wife and guests to them. I continue to enjoy with high relish good plays that I read, and good dramatic novels. . .

To H. W. Paul.

Jan. 21, 1884.

I do not know whether you are in London, but I have to seek a victim, and you are the most suitable. It is only about General Gordon. The *P. M. G.* to-night says that there is not a man to be found that does not applaud his mission. Of course 'it's of no consequence;' but here is a man that, so far from applauding, went out of his way, when the news of the Soudan massacre came, to write to the only friend he has that

has access to Ministers, and to beg him to observe the fact that General Gordon in South Africa failed in judgement and conduct so signally that he ought not to be thought of for restoring order in the Soudan. I read the whole of the Blue Book about his doings in Basuto Land. (1) He ran amuck at every official that he found there and thereabouts; (2) when he had a solemn interview with the savage chiefs who were standing out against the main body of the Basutos and trying to prevent the re-establishment of British rule, which all the others desired, Gordon went out of his way to assure them that he thought them very fine fellows, and that nothing should induce him to draw his sword against them; (3) he was in a great hurry to propose to the Cape Government to disband their standing army; (4) he threw up like a spoilt child the appointment which he had willingly taken, although Scanlan showed the utmost forbearance, and treated him with courtesy wholly unknown in that colony; (5) he haggled with the Cape Government for a sum of £60 or £70 to pay his passage (he got it).

Till I read that Blue Book I had naturally believed that he was a cross between Joan of Arc and Thomas Carlyle. I then saw clearly that he was blinded by conceit, and utterly incapable of doing justice to civilized men.

I have not read the book about him; but I see in the *P. M. G.* a short account of his performances in the Soudan. The one tangible fact is that he threw up his Governor-Generalship of the Soudan because he could not get on with the Government which employed him. It seems almost an ascertained fact that his suppression of the slave trade was merely ephemeral. But

the account given is of the nature of a myth. Dr. Arnold said *à propos* to Strauss, 'absurd to suppose a myth could grow up in the age of the Caesars.' Since then the wise have said that there was a myth of Lord Byron's life that grew up and was so strong that Goethe believed it. It seems to me that Gordon is a mythical personage, outside my pet Basuto Blue Book.

It is really ludicrous—a writer in the *P. M. G.* professing a clearly supra-rational faith in an elderly Engineer, saying that he will cook the goose if no one interferes with him except Hartington and Co., as if he could go to Suakim, 'summon' a barbarous potentate, make him supply his escort to Khartoum, and when at Khartoum issue edicts right and left; as if he could act without subaltern officers, money, stores, gold, &c.; as if he were an *homme drapeau*, and had an old army out there ready to troop round him, as the French veterans round Bonaparte at Fréjus. . .

To Capt. A. H. Drummond.

I HEATHFIELD GARDENS, *March 2, 1884.*

I have been a-tiptoe about our odd little campaign, proud to have three old pupils in it, to wit, Colonel Hallam Parr of Mounted Infantry, &c.; Colonel Edward Wood of 10th Hussars (who used to tell me, after he joined the army, that I was the best soldier he knew); Captain A. Wilson, R. N., *Hecla*, my cousin, a perfect specimen of the virtuous, well-bred, dutiful, hardy, energetic seaman. I wonder such a scientific warrior should be so ill advised as to use his sword to *cut* a man that wore a tarboosh; it is the converse of the mistake made by the famous *sabreur*, Wm. Morris, 17th Lancers,

at Balaclava, who made point at a Russian, and could not get his sword out of the man's thick great coat. The sailors at Teb have rubbed out the scandal of the Boadiceas who began the stampede at Majuba, and the Gordon Highlanders have about half made up for their unpardonable behaviour there.

To H. W. Paul.

Midnight, May 13, 1884.

You may remember my writing to you (Jan. 21) to lodge with you a solitary protest against the mission of the nondescript 'personality' to the Soudan. I wish to think historically; and my present opinion is that the Government has made no very *serious* mistake since the mission of [Gordon] till W. E. G. last night blest the insurrection. Neither of these mistakes seems to me so serious as the mistake made when they did not prohibit Hicks's expedition, and the other of not reinforcing the army of occupation when asked by Baring to do so in December on Hicks's failure. I also think that Gordon has done less harm and more good than might have been expected, and has proved himself a good commandant of Khartoum, the only important *place d'armes* south of Cairo—nor am I sure that Valentine Baker or Chermiside would have done as well in Khartoum. . .

I am on the whole glad that he is shut up, because I wish the Government to be forced into a methodical recovery of Berber and relief of Khartoum, and a subsequent occupation of both, with Suakin and Massowa.

We have thrown the eagle over the rampart, and the legion must go after it. Gordon was a satisfactory

symbol: if he perishes, we avenge him, and he will be no loss, and the avenging will be an excellent stroke of national prowess.

To H. W. Paul.

June 5, 1884.

We occupied the Delta in 1882 to prevent anarchy from hindering trade on the Canal—we said we were only on a visit—we now think, but we cannot prove, that if we retire there will be another Arabi and another choke in the Canal. I think it not unlikely; but I think the risk cannot justify us in not keeping our promise.

If I were in power, I would try to get the Sultan to put the sham ruler of Egypt under some tutelage approved of by the six Powers, who would then look on. I think it certain that this delegated government would be infinitely less righteous and sensible than our Tewfik-Baring-Grenfell-Moncrieff, but not worse than what we tolerate in Crete and Albania. . .

It is always a marvel, always a source of respectful gratitude to the Foreign Office, to the diplomats, that we escape war with France these seventy-five years. Palmerston has shown us how to do it in a crisis; it seems to me that Salisbury knows how to act in ordinary times. De Jarnac, the half-Irishman, called Palmerston the manifest representative of 'perfidie Albion.' I am afraid of that phrase.

To Lord Rosebery.

Nov. 19, 1884.

The Pan-Britannic federation seems to me to be chimerical; the Australasian federation feasible and not very remote.

'Common rights,' the most salient phrase in the

Resolution passed Nov. 18, seems to me, on careful examination, to have a solid meaning when one considers the Australasian states; but when I imagine a Pan-Britannic League, I am at a loss to conceive what common rights it would have to defend, that would not be also common to the states of Europe and America outside the League.

The 'career' on which Forster dwelt is less chimerical. But why assume that it can be kept open only by federation? If not federated, Australia and Canada may remain as they are, subordinate, or they may be autonomous and completely independent. In this second case it is not self-evident, I admit, but it seems highly probable that naturalization would be very easy reciprocally, as it is at present between Britain and United States.

Mutual defence against (say) Russia looks at first sight very desirable, but on inspection it is to me evident that, if Russia fight England, the kindest thing Australia can do to England is to secede, and, when independent, lend her neutral flag, whilst we retain Hong-Kong and Labuan as Crown Colonies, governed, not managed, as bases for operations in the defence of our Pacific trade. Similarly, if we fight France, Canada, seceding and playing the part of a neutral state, will help us to keep up our provision trade with North America.

The most plausible argument for the League is that it secures us against the imposition of protective duties on our exports.

To A. D. Coleridge.

Jan. 27, 1885.

... I think Stewart rather more likely to perish than to escape, because his troops will have fired away all their cartridges long before Wolseley can catch them.

up, and even if W. does catch them up, and bring a few camel-loads of cartridges, I fear the second supply will be blazed off before Earle can take Berber. . . . When I was told as a great secret about six weeks ago of Wolseley's purpose of making a dash long before the advance of the boats on Berber, I said to my informant, 'It is a leap in the dark—there is no knowing what the column will find when it reaches the Nile—it is more dangerous and romantic than even Havelock's advance through Oude; for he knew that if he reached the Lucknow garrison his survivors were sure of some sort of shelter.'

I now prepare myself to hear in a fragmentary mythical way that Stewart's men will in February kill their camels first to make a breastwork, and then to eat, and that they have fought to the last gasp with bayonets and a few revolvers.

It is a splendid enterprise, worth a hundred crusades. Some of the fellow-countrymen of Elisha Kane and De Long, some of the mates of Nordenskiöld and Payer, some veterans that served under Canrobert at Sebastopol, my old Prussian doctor and perhaps one more Prussian, will share our mourning and our worship of the British valour.

As we are tempted to general hatred of Ireland, it is a good thing that of the officers slain at Abu Klea more than half are Irishmen: such a fact tends to revive the belief that the loyal Irish may hold out against the accursed sneaks who follow Parnell.

Every patriot should try to think correctly and feel deeply about our army: to this end every one should read Mrs. Ewing's Aldershot story, called *Laetus sorte mea*. I wept over it January 21 at noon and that

evening. I got a telegram about Stewart's fight, which carried me back to the emotion caused one day in November, 1854, when dear old Wolley, at three o'clock school, got a copy of the *Morning Chronicle* brought by Billy Selwyn, and the doors being open, I heard him say before he read out the telegram, 'Make no noise;' and he sent me the paper, and I was such a Spartan as to go through the lesson with the news not read; and then I read, '8,000 English and 6,000 French repulsed 60,000 Russians,' &c., &c.

Thirty years ago; and I am still a boy when it comes to news about the regiments.

To Lord Rosebery.

Feb. 12, 1885.

I wish you joy of being in the Cabinet. . .

I am tired of Royalty: though in Spain and Italy, perhaps in Austria also, it is very serviceable at present. Mr. Gladstone ought never to have been P. M., because he is so invincibly ignorant of British duties and interests outside Britain. But he has not deserved to fall because Khartoum has fallen; and the cry about disaster is unreasonable.

This is all that I inflict on you, except a kind wish that you may escape flatterers and toadies, Scottish colonial or others, and will never forget the great example of political dignity, Mr. Pitt. . . Farewell. Rule Britannia.

To Miss Lucy Stone.

25 CANNON PLACE, HAMPSTEAD, N.W.,

March 6, 1885.

I think you might, if the weather were middling Marchy, try to get here in time for dinner, and sleep two nights here as before, and forget music for the

whole time, except perhaps in church. I am quite used to solitude, and as for dulness, it is my 'native element'; but still I should like to have you here. . .

We have a new mile of walk through a forest very near home, and up there we forget the roar and smoke and visiting-cards of London, and we hear the larks—only we have no lambs—otherwise it would be to a near-sighted man *rus merum*, real country; but one day I saw a herd of swine shepherded by a dog; and this was rustic, and at the same time novel.

I have one perfect friend up here, not far off. She comes, with others, for six hours a week to learn. . . Up here once a week she meets a friend as amiable as herself, who comes all the way from Piccadilly. These women—'girls' every one says—make old age cheerful, and help me to endure the provocations of the Gladstonites, the Russians, the French, and some Yankees.

If you come here I can set forth an encyclopaedia of modern disputes and probabilities, such as the fiddlers never think about correctly or even steadily.

To Sir F. Pollock.

March 6, 1885.

Molecular physics have made most visions of the not-I very ugly, compared with what I enjoyed forty years ago: but they have not destroyed the vision of the State.

To Mrs. Herbert Paul.

TAN-YR-ALLT, TREMADOC,

July 7, 1885.

Your lexicon is in my house far away. I meant to bring it back, if I ever was summoned by Madame to go a-cabbing and a-calling in unknown regions, as we do about twice a year.

Perhaps you hardly care to have so big a book in your 'nest'? It has been of great use to me in making Greek iambs for my little school-book and in getting up my lessons for the class, as I had half forgotten Demosthenes' *Olynthiacs*. We got through them famously, and they fanned the flame of love of country. My three full-grown school ladies are very sound Britons, and at the end of our year's Greek reading they gave me a *minerval*, to wit, the simple *Autobiography of George Napier*. This should be one of Humphrey's books; also Bruce's *Life of Sir William Napier*. For naval biographies I recommend Phillimore's three bulky volumes about Admiral Sir William Parker, Lady Belcher's (or Bouchier's) *Lives of Sir Edward and Sir Henry Codrington*, Brenton's (or Tucker's) *Lord St. Vincent*, Barrow's *Lord Anson* and *Lord Howe*, Mundy's *Lord Rodney*, Collingwood's *Letters*, M'Leod's *Wreck of the Alcester*, Gillie's *Shipwrecks of the Royal Navy*, *Deeds of Naval Daring*, *Peter Simple* (which is mostly fact). Lord Dundonald's *Autobiography* is good in the first volume, not in the second; he is the ablest of our seamen after Nelson, but Rodney and St. Vincent were very able.

I have lately drawn new flashes of joy and pride from Lanfrey's notices of Nelson and Moore and Arthur Wellesley in his *Napoleon I*, a remarkable, unique book. . .

I had not been in North Wales, except when rather ill and very sad, Mutiny month, 1857. It was touching to go past the hills that I then rhymed about¹, travelling with the wife then imagined, and then within five months of her birth.

¹ See *Ionica* I, 'Amaturus.'

Andrew is happy in having been introduced to a peaceful family of wild rabbits in the cliffs here. He and his playfellow pet the little things with the approval of their mother, who quietly leaves the burrow and goes into an adjoining hole. We have hopes of seeing an otter-hunt in the glassy river Glas-lyn, which flows close by, but may not be ruffled with cars. I flushed a brood of wild ducks thereon last Saturday evening.

The ladies find the Welsh children pretty and taking, the Welsh women very shabbily drest. I find the soprano leader of the episcopalian choir rare in tone, and the ladies say it has a very pretty face. We travelled in Carnarvonshire, third class, with a dear young mother of two, who had been in London three years, and wept freely for joy when the well-preserved, well-drest, hearty grandmother came into the carriage. The language was lovely when these two talked it in their happiness.

It is a comfort to know that these natives, however fond they may be of dissent and gutturals, are not taught to cherish the memory of implacable bards, or of that predecessor-of-Irving bishop who makes his spiritual profession in *Henry IV.* . . We think them very socially amiable and intelligent, although on the surface rather austere.

To Rev. E. D. Stone.

I CANNON HALL ROAD, HAMPSTEAD,

Sept. 23, 1885.

Nothing can be more curious than that a Pericles should be made known to us only by a book, Thucydides, copied out by some crétin at Constantinople just before the Turks scattered the Greeks (the oldest MS. is

of that recent date), and by Plutarch, who wrote 600 years after the death of Pericles. I mean there is no catena of record or reference to Pericles; one would expect such a character to be preserved by such a man as Isocrates; one would expect biographers of great Athenians to flourish at least as early as the time of Demetrius Phalereus.

To Miss M. Rude.

HAMPSTEAD, Dec. 26, 1885.

People living in London are tempted to sacrifice their mornings to notes, and their afternoons to calls, and their evenings to elaborate meals. We up here escape all that, and have some of the real advantages of London life, whilst we escape the gossip and the pecking and the sore-headedness of country towns and their neighbourhoods.

To Sir F. Pollock.

Jan. 4, 1886.

The intellectual men of London ought to proclaim in St. James's Hall their contempt for the parliamentary manœuvres.

In most cases there have been no great dangers in the upsettings of Ministries by the conventional automatic 'majority'; but now one sees—I mean people like you see—that we are risking too much in the voting game.

To Sir F. Pollock.

Jan. 17, 1886.

If the loyal Irish consented and held their ground, I fancy they would, somehow, sooner or later, find a footing in representative bodies, and still more in the administration of independent Ireland. As it is, the

Leaguers seem at their wits' end to manage the labourers, and they are perhaps already feeling their own weakness, their need of the help of the gentlemen. Nor can I believe that when they are not wanted as manipulators, the Popish priests will be cherished by men like Parnell, M'Carthy, &c.

Complete separation, if effected with the consent of the Loyals, would not be an evil, or at least not a permanent evil. But it will be an evil, gratuitous and shameful, if Gladstone is allowed to continue a mixed Irish Government, such as will do wrong to the genteel people and yet be so legitimate as to be backed by law-courts and armed forces in the Queen's name.

To Hon. R. B. Brett.

Feb. 6, 1886.

Let [Chamberlain] work out Nemesis on the great tactician, on the Liverpool Canningite¹, who has for forty-five years passed through so many phases, and has, I really believe, outlived the virtue which was so pleasing to eye and ear when I knew him as my examiner and as a visitor speaking to us in our 'Pop' debate; when, I remember, the tears came to my eyes for the joy of listening to a *young* good man, the first I ever saw; when he made us write on a wise and beautiful sentence of Burke's about the English constitution.

I now wish, even hope, to see the final fall of this man: though, after all, he is even now a better and a wiser man than most French, most American statesmen of my time.

¹ Mr. Gladstone.

To F. Warre Cornish.

May 12, 1886.

I find I can teach much better than I could twenty or thirty years ago, partly because I have by reading learnt more English, and have profited by the wonderful superiority of the Jebb race of scholars to those of my day; partly because women are divining rods to me: they wish to know, they relish everything that is taught. . .

I seldom have a man to talk to. There came this week a plain plunger, proud of his dragoons. He had been in the great Punjaub manœuvres; he was happy when he told me, and I when I heard him say, how the Russians wondered at our British regiments galloping, and all abreast charging a wall, clearing it, and galloping on without a halt to re-form the line; 'we put two regiments and six guns out of action by taking that fence.'

To F. Warre Cornish.

May 13, 1886.

Gladstone—

1. Founded the system of control of the revenue offices—before his time they helped themselves; he made their pay come out of 'supply' voted by the House of Commons.
2. Founded the tax on transfer of realty.
3. Founded the modern Sinking Fund so as to reduce the Debt.
4. Founded the Local Government Board, which lightened the work of the Home Office.
5. Abolished purchase of Army Commissions.
6. Enabled Forster to found primary education.
7. Enabled Henry James to quench bribery at elections.

8. Enabled Forster (?) or *x* to stop anarchy and terror at elections by the ballot and by abolition of the hustings.

9. Exalted the character of England by initiating effective support of the Liberals in Italy, which led to the formation of a sixth Great Power, and bridled France in the field of competition, to wit, the Mediterranean.

10. Exalted the character of England as the one supremely disinterested, generous, and trustworthy State, by seasonably delivering over to Greece the Seven Islands received in 1814-5 in trust.

11. Delivered England from the worst of all her embarrassments, setting her face to fight France and Russia, her inevitable natural rivals, without the very great danger of being indirectly attacked at sea by a secure 'neutral' Power; and, by clearing up a doubt as to a point of international duty, did away with a fruitful source of strife; and, by confession of national error, won back the long estranged affection of the nation which grew out of ours; . . . and this by the expenditure of three millions, that is, one-third of the cost of the Abyssinian campaign or the cost of four Inflexibles.

These three last things required a sort of courage in which many men of worth and distinction have been deficient. . .

To H. W. Paul.

May 23, 1886.

And how do you answer my arguments founded on Ricardo's theory?

Rent is the expression of the superior usefulness of soils to that soil which is barely worth occupying.

Land which (as Duke of Argyll avers of some of his land) costs £15 an acre to drain is not land that renders an economical rent—that is, a payment for the use of inherent permanent qualities.

It is known (your friend Haldane must have seen, as I have seen, wet land in Kerry, and it is certain that a very great breadth of hill country in Ireland is like the wet Kerry grazing land)—it is known, I say, that there is a great deal of land occupied by barbarians who are so foolish as to undertake to pay rent for it.

It would cost us a measurable annuity, say a million a year, to effect a *σεισάχθεια* for these barbarians gradually: set their holdings rent free, make them freeholders, give them a parliamentary title entered on a terrier or cadastral register, leave them perfectly free to let, or to sell, or to hypothecate. . .

It is absurd to tell us that after breaking up the existing compact State (which is the glory of civilization, as in France, Prussia, Italy, Switzerland, North America) you can *advance* through Federation. This is *ὑστερον πρότερον*. In certain geographical conditions Federation may turn into a compact, unified, indivisible Republic. This may be hoped for in Australia.

The arguments of Bryce, Playfair, and others, all far superior to Gladstone's, lead me to the conclusion that Ireland must become in a few years as completely separate from Britain as Holland from Belgium. Finlay is the first of the speakers that has worked out conclusively the difficulty about the Veto, of which Asquith wrote to me, and of which I wrote long ago to Pollock and others.

Finlay foretells what is, under the Bill, inevitable; conflict of the two Ministries.

It is silly to argue from American sympathy. The Yanks desire nothing more nor less than total secession or divorce.

G. Smith, Brodrick, Trevelyan, and a host of admirable writers all err, I think, in assuming that the Healys and O'Connors will continue to be impish when left to paddle their own canoe.

To F. Warre Cornish.

July 11, 1886.

I have read, chiefly on a voting trip, the thick-papered over-priced volume¹ that you very kindly lent me. I had never expected to see more of it than a notice or two in the papers, which give, it seems, a correct account of its tenor. It seems to me much more instructive than the *Early Institutions*, less than the *Ancient Law*. The other volumes I have never even seen. He is, as he was in 1842-5-8, when I used to be with him, wonderfully incisive. No man's sayings stick into me so tenaciously, yet there is hardly any charm in those sayings. He had a rare charm for us, not for me only, when he was a poet. His unpublished *Plato* has haunted me these forty-three years. . .

I have heard of him since as a desperate old Tory. I should guess few men so able have been so remote, unconsciously, from friendships. This book, wise and powerful as it is, seems to me so dry, even so bitter, that it tempts one to prefer common kindness to wisdom. I am tempted to say with the Publican, I thank Heaven I am not as that Pharisee. I had rather be what I am than be so superior a person as to speak of the extant English people as the 'faex Romuli.' He does not

¹ Maine's *Popular Government*.

seem to have a glimpse of what Hutton, in the *Spectator*, at the beginning of this fine fight, expressed—a simple reasonable trust in the good sense of the English people; he does not seem capable even of saying as Hutton said about the same time, 'With a failing England, what were life worth?' . . . Maine surprises me by indulging in the contemptible absurdity, 'exceptions prove the rule.' He assumes, what I recently heard ridiculed by our keen friend, H. Paul, the success of Fitzjames Stephen in showing that equality and liberty are incompatible. As I never read that book and had no chance of interrogating H. Paul, I do not know how Stephen is proved to be wrong; Maine at least seems to me to be right. But how can one go at a Davitt with Maine's Darwinian plea, 'the strongest is bound to win'? My own humble way of dealing with a Davittizer is to say, (1) If you are a father, can you honestly say that you will give up to outsiders what you can put by for your daughter? (2) Do you sincerely refuse to accept *luck*? and is not luck the source of very much of the envied wealth?

Here I release you. I romantically enjoyed twenty-four hours at Tiverton and Witheridge, voting against the Gamester, and talking with the shrewd, kind spirited Devonians of humble station. It did me much good.

To Hon. R. B. Brett.

March 19, 1887.

I have been indirectly communicating with the Laureate; he had never heard of Calverley's *Theocritus*. He had seen some things of Calverley's about his own poetry, and did not approve of the critic's substituting 'mariner' for 'wanderer.' This seems a trifle, but it

fits into a very important doctrine about 'quantity,' taught sixty or seventy years ago by Crabb Robinson to Tom Moore. C. R. said—

'The merry bells of happy Trinity'

is a line of inadequate weight; for 'happy' put 'holy,' and the line is heavy enough: so 'mariner' is lighter than 'wanderer.' . .

They talk of taking cadets fresh from public schools, on the faith of University certificates, at sixteen or even later. I am sure no Eton boy in his seventeenth year would go into the Navy; it is the age of social playground ambition, the age at which a lad ceases to hate all lessons, all teachers, at which a sharp lad sees his way to the infinite joys of University life, &c., &c. Whereas in the thirteenth year a boy is bored by pen and ink and slate and ushers; and thinking school mere sham and treadmill, naturally pants for action, enlargement, and is too ignorant to conceive of a ship as a floating prison. At such an age I have known Stanley, son of Sir James Graham, and Arthur, son of Knyvett Wilson, and my able nephew, Charles Vidal, eager to go to sea; at such an age the illustrious Beauchamp Seymour went. Boys at present exchange a stagnation period, thirteen to fifteen, for a comparatively progressive period, or by going to the school ship. The age for real learning, for forming conceptions, begins in the seventeenth year and lasts to the twenty-fifth year or later.

It is fallacious to argue from the *poor* boys of the *Impregnable*: to them at fifteen or sixteen the Royal Navy is as attractive as to the Eton boy of the same age is the cricket club, the long-boat, the Oxford or Cambridge society.

To Miss M. Rude.

May 5, 1887.

Girlhood is precious to an old man beyond all landscapes, music, and flowers; though music and flowers are said to be antidotes to age. I am missing my girl-pupils sadly; they are as good as nieces or grandchildren to me. . .

I am reading a noble book given me last week by my lady Greeks—two of them; they put on their card that it was ‘in memory of the pleasantest and most helpful teaching they ever had’—it is *The Life of Sir Henry Lawrence*, written, half, by a great soldier, his friend. It gives the most lovely heroic character of Honoria his wife—woman never appeared in greater sacredness than in her character. . . There are other perfect women in it, an ‘Angel’ aunt, an ‘Angel’ cousin, a perfect sister Letitia, some perfect friends. That age was beyond compare the happiest, at least for the Britons and the Ulster men. To have lived in the flow of life, not in the backwaters or swamps, as a Briton from 1810 to 1860 was, I am sure, the last, the consummate blessing. Since then our educated people have been less happy, though more upholsterous, musical, and sparkling.

To F. Warre Cornish.

May 8, 1887.

I have been looking at some Latin I picked up by chance, A. Wilkins’ (Owens College) edition of Cicero *v. Catiline*; and I think it an unusually good edition. It is thirty years or more since I read the speeches. I now find that the second and the third ‘ad populum’ are quite inferior to the first and the fourth, addressed to the Senate. It seems to me that these two speeches to

the Senate, particularly the fourth, help one to understand the composition of classes and sets in Rome.

I am much interested in Cicero's final statement as to the patriotic union of the citizens, their rally, their trust in the Senate and the executive Government. One seems to get a more respectful notion of the Roman people from Cicero than from Horace, Juvenal, Sallust, Tacitus. But I have always felt that Livy more than any writer bears witness to the character of the Romans, including the municipals.

You moderns are misled by Mommsen, who hates the Romans. I belong to the generation which took from Niebuhr the idea of a peculiar providential people. There is a passage in Niebuhr's Lectures about the critical event, the Licinian reform, which he says saved Rome from being one of those many oligarchic city states that have been forgotten and buried. . .

Selections of Livy and Cicero (*de Officiis* particularly) would enable you to show the development of the Roman character, such as Horace in the third and fourth books of Odes sets himself to restore, as he thinks. I hold that it had not decayed, up to his time, and was improving, thanks to the Stoics, the lawyers, the imperial office system, &c.

We were left to the mercy of Jeremiads. We were poisoned with invectives. We were made to learn Juvenal by heart, and to believe that St. Paul's invective in Romans was a correct and fair account of Rome. We were at the mercy of Tacitus. We were never told of the sublime idea of a Roman given by Lucan, nor of the Roman beloved by Plutarch. We were never taught that the railing accusation brought by Paul was the utterance of one whose own mind was shaped by Roman

law, and whose free action round the Aegean was made possible by Roman eunomy. We were told that Regulus was a creature of fiction. I used to teach that Livy, in writing of Scipio, is himself a piece of Roman history: he could not have formed his Scipio but for the actual existence of Roman gentlemen. The Romans, I used to say, invented honour; and this, blended with Euripides' Theseus, &c., gave the germ of the chivalry—the sentiment I mean, not the pageantry—which bloomed in the sixteenth century, and was developed by our Cavaliers and Roundheads, and crystallized by the standing army of France (Louis XIV), as you may read in Alfred de Vigny's valuable book, *Servitude et Grandeur Militaires*.

The aretalogical succession is that traced back to the Scipio and Regulus of Cicero, Livy, and Horace (with other fibres no doubt, including the Maccabees, but not the older Hebrews).

In looking at Livy's fragments, I find that Livy is quoted by William of Malmesbury; and I wish some Dryasdust would go through the Middle-Age Latins to look for similar *breccia*, bits of Livy, Cicero, Horace, Virgil.

Another very striking novelty (to me) is John Hill Burton's doctrine that the Papacy was a function of the Empire. I never read Bryce, nor yet much of Freeman, and perhaps I ought to be familiar with Burton's view; it is given several times in his valuable *History of Scotland*.

To apply this to your work. I ask you to edit Horace in a free spirit, not held down by the accuser Mommsen. I ask you to read Niebuhr to fit yourself for editing Horace.

How came the *Aeneid* to its unbroken eminence? Was it not due to the opinion that it gave the 'providential' genesis of the Roman people? It seems to me in literature unique. There is no book in the Hebrew-Christian series that has had the same great fortune. The Hebrews seem to have done something towards keeping up the commemoration of their heroes, &c., but in a revolving squirrel-cage way not very superior to Islam, not very different from the orations of Faneuil Hall, July 4.

Horace seems to me to be entitled to the credit of having led the way to the *Aeneid*. He went before Virgil, I fancy, in the worship of the city of Rome, and in the Walter-Scottish love of the *rus* of Italy. Virgil *made* Italy, Virgil was the first antiquary; but I guess he got his impulse from the Epodes and Odes.

To Sir F. Pollock.

Oct. 5, 1887.

Permit me to say that I regret the lofty abstinence of your class of thinkers and authorities from such humble topics as this 'Unionist' and such poor patriots as myself are fain to fret about. . .

You great thinkers are, I observe, tempted to something worse than 'superior person' serenity; to wit, to what I believe is called ἐπιχαιρεκακία. You are tempted to the bitter enjoyment of ministerial and parliamentary futilities and failures. What good does Maine do his country by sublimely pointing out the fact that democracy is, without artificial checks, dangerous? I say it is his duty to use his power of thought and his authority to help the Balfours and Ridgeways in their administration.

I am sure Hallam could not have tolerated any

epicurean jurist, a sage analogous to the arch-epicurean who 'osteologized on the battlefield of Jena.' I was never properly educated, but I spent many hours with men who were educated, and I have only to go back to the visions and hopes of those days in order that I may feel what you and your master ought to do now for *ἐὐνομία*.

To Hon. R. B. Brett.

Nov. 1887.

[Sam Rogers on Mr. Fox.]

'Fearless, resolved, and negligently great.'

This adverb pleases me: one could have applied the line to Hartington, only he has, it seems, ceased to be negligent. . . It must be thirty-five or thirty-seven years since I was in the House of Commons on a dull afternoon, listening to acrid doctrinaire attacks on Oxford. There was a lone man high up in the old temporary House; he lifted his hat and said, 'I beg leave to deny the truth of what the honourable gentleman has said about Merton(?) College.' Just about that and no more did he say. I thought, That lad will go far; it was his *fierté* that struck me; it is so different from bounce, so clearly a thing of inheritance; *il chasse de race*. That lad was Robert Cecil, uncle of the full-grown, well-bred Secretary for Ireland. But there is this huge advantage for the younger man: he was not reared on the bridge of Al Sirât, the razor-edge of distinction, the evasive sophistry of Puseyitic Oxford. However, the present Premier has—the ex-Premier has not—outlived the sophistication.

To Miss Janet Bartrum.

Nov. 4, 1887.

I am dipping into Martial by myself; it is a most curious thing, his popularity as a fashionable *periodical*

writer in the Rome of Domitian. There is generally a want of deep feeling in him, but he has at least as much sentiment as our eighteenth-century poets before Cowper and Burns; but the truth is, the eighteenth century really ends not at 1800, but about 1783.

To Miss M. Rude.

Jan. 16, 1888.

I have been two days with Andrew at my sister's cottage at Egham, Surrey, just outside Windsor Park. She uses herself a £40 a year house, which she built for philanthropic purposes. . . She lives in a street of small poor new houses: she lives with and for the poor of her district;—she is mother to all the children, specially the big boys leaving school and wanting employment. She is become in her old age the gentlest and most saintly and wise of women: it is a really beautiful life that she leads; with her little income, half what she had, reduced by munificence, she does more good and shows more hospitality than any magnate I ever knew.

To Sir F. Pollock.

Jan. 23, 1888.

Contagion of revolutionary ideas (apart from interests) is the inexhaustible source of difficulty.

We had to give way to Grattan and Flood in 1780 for fear the Irish *Protestants* should follow the example of the Americans.

In 1796 the revolutionary propaganda upset the Irish compromise. But for a Christmas storm, a real French army would have begun serious war in Kerry. In 1797 we averted a catastrophe by destroying at Camperdown the Dutch fleet, which was to have helped France and

Spain to get the temporary command of our home waters.

The rebellion of 1798, and the subsequent wild conspiracies of Fitzgerald and Despard, &c., were the products of general revolutionary fever, and the landing of Humbert's French brigade in County Mayo was a bit of revenge for our meddling with Vendée.

In 1848 the Smith O'Brien outbreak was mainly due to the continental revolutionary stirrings. It was quite irrational, since we were doing our best to follow up the just and beneficent policy of Melbourne and Thomas Drummond.

In 1866 the Fenian rising was the sequel of the American Civil War. As we had abetted Semmes, Spence, and other secessionists, it may be thought that we were served out fairly enough.

Our penance for our great Palmerston-Gladstone-*Times*-Society sin, the fostering of secession, takes the form of Irish difficulty. I have all along felt that it serves us right. . .

Well, all this shows that we are in danger if we relax our garrison-hold of the adjacent island. Self-preservation requires us to keep guard sternly. . .

It is not invasion of Britain from Ireland that we need fear. The Europeans would invade either at Pevensey in Sussex or at Aldborough in Suffolk. This is well known to the Staff College savants. Boulogne is the one great harbour from which France can now send an army against Britain. . . It is not worth while for the European enemies to attack us on land; they can bring us to ransom by a short stoppage of our commercial ports, which can be effected by stopping neutrals close to our coasts.

To Miss Janet Bartrum.

Feb. 19, 1888.

B. asked, 'Why did Aeneas leave Dido?' I said, 'The Church summoned him from the world, visions of destiny compelled him. He was marked out to do the great sacred thing, to found the Empire. Virgil is bound to make you see how holy and sublime was Rome, and the more his hero sacrifices for it the grander does it appear. The more splendid Dido is, the more splendid is the sacrifice made to duty.' I had never thought of this explanation of Virgil's *art* till that very moment. I pointed out also that Dido's passion and pain are infinitely beyond any womanly emotions portrayed in any book before Virgil, or in any subsequent book before *Kenilworth*. . . Another thing I tell the ladies about Virgil: he is the first man that ever described with love and pride a country (to wit, Italy). Sophocles is the first to write thus about a place, to wit, Colonus, his birthplace. The pathetic love of Jerusalem is expressed in Psalms which very likely were of about the age of Sophocles (?).

When I said this about Sophocles, Margaret, who is but eighteen, said, 'Euripides seems to have loved Thebes, his country's enemy.' She is by herself reading *Bacchae*, in which he does not seem to love the fir wood of Cithaeron, which is Theban; but I forgot to point out to her that he glorifies Athens in the *Medea*; Ἐρεχθεΐδαι τὸ παλαιὸν ὄλβιοι. . . All four are vividly interested in the dramatic business, the formation of character, in *Philoctetes*, and we are to finish it before Easter.

To A. D. Coleridge.

Feb. 27, 1888.

All the 'chance gifts' (Sidney Walker's phrase), all the unexpected Valentines, all the kindnesses that are

not scored nor paid for, but only linked with other kindnesses, as when E. C. H.¹ said to Russell Day, who wanted to repay a gift, 'No; keep it, for some one else, perhaps'—all this keeps the human race so far sweet as to be worth the care of angels. But the social obligations, the feasts 'given' to those who have 'given' feasts, the card-mongering, the calculated retention of acquaintances, the avowed resentment of slights—all this belongs to the world that is to perish. 'Thank God, the fashion of this world *doth* pass away!' said Charles Abraham in the Windsor pulpit. . .

To Hon. R. B. Brett.

March 13, 1888.

The strangest new fact to me in the book is the Duke's approving *à priori* of the invasion of Affghanistan in 1838, when we had no base of operations, being intruders in crossing Scinde on the left and Punjaub on the right. The French in Mexico were not more rash than we when we went, *viâ* Ghuznee, to Cabul.

From 1838 to 1858 you have a twenty years' series of advances and conquests; of course blotched with many smashes. Compare it with any twenty-year period of French, Roman, or Russian military history, and you find it to be by far the most solid thing, except Caesar's ten years' conquest of Gaul. But when Caesar was adding Gaul to Roman Italy, Romans had a terrible smash in the East. When we were adding Punjaub (twenty-seven millions then, about fifty now) to British India, we were also opening up China, occupying New Zealand, starting the gold colony of Victoria, annexing Pegu, Natal, &c., &c.

¹ Dr. Hawtrey.

Melbourne's six years are made out by routine scribblers to be years of weakness. In no other period have we confronted a strong France so defiantly and effectually. We had eighteen sail of the line in the Levant, and we cleared Syria of French-Egyptians. As to Canada in that period, her history is a rare if not unique exhibition of tentative management; vide Memoirs of Lord Sydenham, Elgin, and Metcalfe.

To F. Warre Cornish.

March 16, 1888.

Of the four¹ who are now finishing *Philoctetes* only one, the eldest, aged, I believe, twenty-five or more, is soundly conscious of ignorance: the other three, however, of whom two are twenty-one, have greatly improved lately in wishing to have doubts cleared up, and in patiently enduring the strict insertion of suppressed antecedents, &c., &c. All four have the 'utterance' of a genuine vivid literary sensibility, and they avenge me on the *βορβορόθυμοι βαρβαρόφωνοι* of my usherdom.

To A. D. Coleridge.

April 23, 1888.

I never could relish Matthew Arnold's prose, except the preface to *Merope* and the Homer Lectures; but I have not even looked at a tithe of his prose. I suppose he was driven to patronizing Jesus Christ as the only way of earning cash. It is a mean way of getting a livelihood, but hardly baser than making money by tracts and rigmaroles. . .

¹ Girl-pupils.

I read the Ode¹ aloud again and again in those days, never without high emotion and lumps in the throat. I have read it with Herbert Paul at Halsdon, collating the original with the amended text—then, too, with choking at sundry points—that was about 1875. I have read it in 1888 to my son, with more thrill and throb than ever. I take him past the hyacinths and Achilles and Apsley House, telling him how the tradesman in his van protected the off hind leg of the Duke's horse all along Holborn. We live and grow on the Duke; and it is the Ode, even more than Napier, that sustains one.

I was in St. Paul's when the white plumes on the coffin stirred like a soul to the draught under the western door. I am truly glad that I live in the only age in which my country had a poet for her standard-bearer, doing ample honour to her throughout.

I had a little pleasure on Saturday. A girl of thirteen came and said, 'Will you take me to the Tower on Monday? it is my half-term holiday, and all my people are engaged elsewhere.' I guess there are not many men of sixty-seven whom a girl would reckon on thus. We went, and we delighted in the Tower jackdaw sitting and picking and pecking about cannon, howitzers, &c., things that date from Ramillies; and other old things.

To Miss Gwendolen Graham.

HAMPSTEAD, *Sept.* 15, 1888.

. . . Andrew grew a big inch in the eight weeks of his vacation, and he went back yesterday to report that I had twice played cricket with him on the Heath and

¹ Tennyson's 'Ode on the death of the Duke of Wellington.'

bowled him out nine times. My bowling is above the standard of his more youthful playmates. He has left in our charge a big caterpillar of Belgian birth, who is to spin slowly and to become a sphinx next year; and as the Duke of Wellington reported to his gardener's son when at school about his toad, so I am to report of the chrysalis. It was found by the boy feeding on bramble leaves, high up in the ruined keep of Franchemont; so it is sanctified by association with Sir Walter. . .

Andrew on board ship in both the trips across the Straits stalked and ran to and fro, looking at everything in-board and overboard, as if he were a Blue Rover, an heir of a Viking. Twice he ran aft to report to me that he had reached the heel of the bowsprit, and there was a settled rainbow under the cutwater; and he claimed acquaintance with two kinds of floating seaweed, and took pleasure in a compact squadron of gulls well out at sea; and he saw a pretty lift of 'sardines' in a net lifted by lever in Calais port, a shower of live spangles. So I saw through his eager eyes. He has become quite manly in social tact and in reflection, and he is very honest. . .

I am expecting a MS. to correct . . . a translation of the Latin correspondence of Fisher, Bishop of Rochester. Luckily, I have a big dictionary. Colet, Fisher, More, are the first real Englishmen; the first that I feel I could have talked to with comfort. As for Englishwomen, I think I could listen for an hour to Rachel Russell, but not to Mrs. Hutchinson; I could talk with Fanny Burney, not with Mary Lepel, or Mary Wortley Montagu, or Mary Unwin—but I could have tried to please Mrs. Thrale and Queeny.

I saw at *table d'hôte* the thing I specially delight in,

a matronly lady eagerly pouring her mind and heart upon a bright, unaffected girl of eighteen. . .

To Miss Gwendolen Graham.

Sept. 1888.

. . . As a Kingsman I used to be surprisingly honoured in Trinity Hall, which was then rather 'middle-class,' now perhaps very fashionable. I knew very few men at the other colleges. You will take care to see the outside of Mr. Pitt's rooms at Pembroke. It is worth while to search out the 'School of Pythagoras,' the mission-cell or offshoot of Merton College, Oxford, which had land in or near Cambridge, and sent men to open a branch establishment. Milton's mulberry tree perhaps exists still in the inner court of Christ's College, which is otherwise not attractive. I have visited Magdalene College, where the absurd Pepys has his memory and his vulgar tastes embalmed in a library. The Round Church used to be our pet in 1842-3. I spent £20 there on a glass image of the Venerable Bede, whom I piously believed to have lived and studied and taught hard by—£20 was then to me even a greater sum than it is now in my later phase of poverty. But I was an 'ecclesiologist.' We used to explore every church in the surrounding villages. Some of them were pretty, such as Trumpington (Chaucer's) and Grantchester; these are within an easy walk for you. Remember Madingley; take the slope to the left so as to see the little Waterloo field, then turn to the right to come by the country house, the lake, &c., then back by the lower road. It would be all done in two hours without dirtying the shoes. Some night go to the Observatory and see stars through the great telescope. . .

WORDS FOR THE TUNE 'LEBEWOHL.'

With these words 'good-bye,' 'adieu,'
 Take I leave to go from thee,
 Leave to pass beneath thy view
 Through the haze of that which is to be.
 Fare thou forth, and wing thy way,
 So our language makes me say;
 Though I faint, the fainting spirit hovers yet
 Near doors of the shrine of promise.

Though the fountain cease to play,
 Dew may glisten near the brink;
 Though the time-worn mind decay,
 As of old it thought so must it think.
 Leave alone the darkling eyes,
 Fixed upon the moving skies;
 Cross the hands upon the bosom, so to rise
 To the throb of the heart that loved thee.

To Miss Gwendolen Graham.

Oct. 18, 1888.

. . . I tried in vain to do verses about Madame Chardon. She was the young pretty wife of an *intendant* of French troops in the conquest of Corsica, 1766 or so. De Lauzun, the pet of Pompadour, &c., was there as aide-de-camp. The world turned out to see the taking of a fortified post of Paoli's men. As it was evident there was to be a real fight, M. Chardon had to go to the rear for an ambulance. Madame was mounted; she insisted on charging with the dragoons whom Lauzun had to guide or encourage; bullets rained; she went through the thing. *The whole force silently agreed to say nothing about it.* Here, says Sainte-Beuve, we see 'l'ancienne délicatesse des Français'; but I do not know whether he means the usual 'age of chivalry' was not gone in 1766, or the men of 1766 were better gentlemen than the men of the Second

Empire, for whom he was writing. He is the only writer I know that loves as I love *modern* soldiers—or perhaps I must add Alfred de Vigny; only Alfred deals with fiction, Sainte-Beuve with real authentic biographies.

The truth should be known that from Benbow (1700) down to Wellington, the French and the English almost always behaved in war with generosity, courtesy, chivalrousness. Nor were the Russians without these graces in 1854. But this generosity to enemies is easier than steady unromantic courtesy towards one's fellow-countrymen. This, I fear, was not always practised by our Peninsular warriors.

I find that Scott, like Canning, was unjust to Sir John Moore; Castlereagh, on the other hand, spoke out handsomely for him after his death; but the Tory Ministers had been compelled by George III to give Moore the command. I believe Moore is the ideal soldier of the modern British army. Ages ago I read his life: afterwards I learnt that his biographer, his own brother, disparaged him as a Whig, that is, on Canning's principles. . .

This is not a good pen for want of hardening. It was made by an amateur. He shot the crow at that beloved place, Ilfracombe; it is a Devon place. The maker is a Johnston of Annandale; a perfectly good man and most faithful friend.

To Miss Janet Bartrum.

Anniversary of Navarin, Oct. 20, 1888.

I am reading old Sainte-Beuve *Causeries*, which are worn to looseness. They are very instructive, creamy, wholesome; they form in the mind a habit of correct

thinking and moderate sympathy. Any good heart would delight in Lacordaire's funeral sermon on General Drouot, describing the little baker's boy of three crying at the door of the Christian Brethren's School because they said he was too young to enter; afterwards rising at 2 a.m., when the fire was lighted for the oven, and reading by the light of the burning wood. Lacordaire's last words were, 'I have loved, dearly loved, young people.' He came in age to Oxford, and sighed when he saw the gownsmen, thinking of his own Sorèze pupils.

To Miss Gwendolen Graham.

Oct. 28, 1888.

You have been away three weeks and finished *Anti-gone*, and caught one cold. You have not yet seen Nollekens' Mr. Pitt in the Senate House, nor Roubilliac's Newton in Trinity College Chapel, nor the 'Knight and Death' of Dürer that hangs in the old part of the University Library; please to see them all three. I go over in my mind every detail of ancient interests now that you are in my 'ancient haunts.' As to the lectern in K. C. C. I fear you are making a mistake; so I write of it that it was given by an early Provost, Haçombleyn—that it stood broken in the Library when I was young, that when I was rich I had it done up by Skidmore, the best metal artist of the day in Church work; when mended it was set on an oak platform made by Rattee, of Cambridge, then the best carver of oak, &c., for churches; then I had to pay Butterfield, the then best architect for High Church, £2 2s. for a design of candlesticks for it; and then I had to get the candlesticks, and altogether it cost nearly £50, and it was

worth it: and our College archaeologist made out that the image on it might be considered a fairly authentic traditional portrait of 'King Henry Sixt' (quoting '*Black Arrow*'). When the Queen visited Cambridge, I think in 1844, when I was an undergraduate, and as Scholar 'in residence' or Scholar of the week should have read the First Lesson to her, the Provost Thackeray, though proud of me as a Chancellor's Medallist and Craven University Scholar, told me, on the ground no doubt of my eyes and feeble voice, to yield the Old Testament to James Yonge, who had a good voice—but this was no pain to me, nor did it quench Hippocrene in me; for I broke out into a Sonnet which to this day has never been read by any one, yet I like it myself. . .

To Miss Gwendolen Graham.

Nov. 11, 1888.

. . . Le Sage is glorified by Sainte-Beuve as on a level with La Fontaine, Fielding, Goldsmith, below Molière and Cervantes. In what way do you suppose these fellows generally are dull, compared with Horace, Homer, Virgil, Tacitus, Macaulay, Mrs. Gaskell, C. Brontë, Cherbuliez, &c.? I think the thing that oppresses me in the *old moderns*, say Chaucer, Spenser, and now also in Le Sage, is the uniform pace, the steady amble, the pedometer, the camel tramp of their narratives. A magic lantern with a succession of slides is, I think, similar to old modern narratives, such as *Candide* and *Wilhelm Meister*. Ask your learned friends what they say to this. It is held that *Werther* and *Adolphe* are the germs of the modern novel, that is, the analytic novel; but what you, my dear comrade, and I like, is the dramatic novel, is it not? *Abbot*, *Guy Mannering*,

Kenilworth—thus far you lead me with your firm step and eager hand. Then we part; you do not agree with me in going on to the mixed analytic-dramatic novels, *Prosper Randoce*, *Miss Rovel*, *Ascanio*, *La Guerre des Femmes*, *Les Rois en Exil*, &c. . .

To Miss M. Rude.

Jan. 9, 1889.

I am glad to think that Andrew is likely to go into the Royal Navy, and I try my best to prolong my life so as to see him in middy uniform, as I saw my innocent nephew about thirty-six years ago. It is a beautiful, honourable life. Even in the unwarlike Navy, there is glory in the daily contest with the wind and the wave. I have respected and admired some officers of mail steamers, men with grave, gentle, patient faces. Better the lifelong struggle with danger than the simpering social servitude of home, the card-mongering, the 'nice' drivel of talk in Japanned parlours, the accumulation of dishes at dinners, the preying of pampered males on penurious wives.

To Miss Gwendolen Graham.

Jan. 22, 1889.

. . . You said you liked Stephen Langton. I find that he began in Britain the shocking practice of killing a heretic for heresy. I said I began with Colet, More, Fisher. I retract this. I delight in Wycliffe and prefer him by far to mediaeval foreigners, such as Arnold of Brescia, Abelard, Bernard, &c. . .

There used to be a Puseyite reprint of the Life of Ambrose Bonwick, a nonjuring pious student, a Johnian I think, of about A. D. 1700. It used to interest me to see

what his studies were : chiefly, I think, Cartesian science with 'moral philosophy' or metaphysics, the best books then extant—a very different sort of course of study from those two alternatives which were set up and organized about 1800, to wit, Mathematics and Classics. But of course you and I would be more really interested in Mr. Pitt's studies, which are sufficiently described in the Chatham Correspondence. . .

I have enjoyed Homer on the footing of a Fenimore Cooper—we have killed thirteen Thracians and carried off the horses of Rhesus to-day with almost as much joy as if we had been taking scalps.

Yesterday we saw the 'monuments' in the Abbey, and the trophies, relics, models, &c., at the United Service Museum—the boy was very happy there; and by luck there was a real reefer in blue and brass showing the things to *his* father, a dull man; and I saw the Duke's cocked hat and the white plumes which, in 1852, I saw stirred by the wind on his coffin at the west gate of St. Paul's. . .

To Miss Gwendolen Graham.

Feb. 16, 1889.

. . . Did you hear of the King's lads cheering the new Provost on his coming out of Hall on the day of his election? That bit of nature gave me a happy thrill. . . The dear old College, young in its educational growths, needs a man of real tact, patient, modest, with no cards to play. Our new Provost is a gentleman, and akin to Jane Austen, who was a real lady (my grandmother knew her). *Mitis sapientia* will be good for our Kingsmen. . . What is wanted is what was found supremely in General Lord Raglan, the constant habit

of rendering to every one his due in little things as in great things. I have been driven by dearth to pass from Kinglake to Livy. I am reading Lib. xxii, beginning after Cannae. I delight in the strain of 'honour' therein discernible: Livy's authorities, still more his readers, must have had delightful habits of thinking about self-sacrifice, fidelity, *pudor*—*summum crede nefas*, &c., &c. . .

To Miss Margaret Warre Cornish.

March 22, 1889.

Your colleagues were interested in a digression to Thucydides and the word *φιλοκαλοῦμεν*, and in Euripides (Hecuba) on inherited *honour*-sense, and in Xenophon's turning Spartan.

I think of turning Swiss, but this is because I am dyspeptic: in ordinary pepsy I adhere to Great Britain, Guernsey, &c., and as Andrew R.N. is reported as 'well, bright, and working well,' I try to be alive for his service, April 17. . .

There has been an elaborate Treatise in the *Times* on the 'agrarian' strife and the proposed healing measure now before Parliament. Concerning my native town Torrington, it is denoted by the writer—probably a myrmidon of Shaw Lefevre, M.P.—as 'near Barnstaple.' We were a Parliamentary Borough as late as the reign of Edward III, we were twice celebrated by Clarendon. Barnstaple is a flourishing upholstery place—we glove. Barnstaple boasts a statue of Queen Anne—we boast a Castle and a noble site and the purest of English (South English) rivers. . . 'Nil mihi rescribas, attamen ipsa veni' (Ovid).

To Miss Rose Paul.

April 11, 1889.

I have had a long half year of maladies and anxieties, and I beg you to believe, you two, that were missing yesterday, that my winter has been very delightfully cheered by your two minds and voices.

The twenty-seven years of converse with the ruder sex gave me no such listeners or speakers as I get from the gentler sex in these last years. The two undying evergreen languages have been for me made beautiful by this after-growth of girlhood.

To Rev. E. D. Stone.

May 21, 1889.

The strange thing in this existing world is the co-existence of wonderful power over 'nature' with a very rapid and wide-ranging increase of sensibility. If this increase of sensibility goes on, there will be in a generation or two a tragedy of human life such as would amaze Virgil and Shakespeare if they could come back to look at it.

I am reading for the first time since 1843 Euripides' *Supplikes*. It is a really curious work in so far as the situation is one that prepares one for intense emotions, and yet the childless ladies, the ruined Adrastus, the generous Theseus, say hardly anything that moves one. I suppose it is the germ of 'Theseide' and 'Knight's Tale.' It would be easy to understand the original Greek pathos being watered down in the aquarelle of Chaucer. If he and his recent predecessors had got hold of Cassandra and Dido, I should be quite prepared for dilution—but here in the *Suppliantes* there turns out to be nothing to dilute.

I have in two days made a pencil edition, for a friend at Newnham, of Livy's Scipio, Book xxvi, and it is curious to be able at my time of life to observe that I read the book with enthusiasm. I put it to my friend that Scipio is the type of the gentleman. This is stale enough, but to me it is a new thing to observe (to fancy perhaps) that Livy has twisted into his Hellenic-Italian hero a thread of Hebrew hagiology. I mean that his Scipio represents the Moses of the retirement in Midian or the Elijah of Horeb, the Baptist of Jordan, in the mysterious secrecy of his preparation for action; and this with a Pelasgian or primitive imagination of *serpent*, which is perhaps drawn from the same source as the legend of Cadmus.

To Rev. E. D. Stone.

June 2, 1889.

I am studying Chaucer all through. His *Griselda* is probably the finest, sweetest, neatest thing in the literature of all Europe, and it makes me weep; he is infinitely better than Spenser and Ben Jonson. I would even say that he is the best writer between Martial and Montaigne, though very unequal. . .

After all even Horace is beaten by Martial in 'laboured luck,' in perfect finish.

I have tried in vain to get through Charles T. Turner's volume.

Alfred is to Charles

What Milton is to Quarles.

To A. D. Coleridge.

July 2 1889.

Of course your friend looks at Nelson as he appears in Mrs. Trench's *Journal*, drunk, vain, &c.

I have for forty years held that Nelson's mixture of vices and virtues is small as to King David's.

There is a note in the Nelson Dispatches which I prize highly. On the way between Madeira and the West Indies in 1805, when becalmed, and one would suppose raging for a wind and fiercely irritable, he wrote to Keats of the *Superb* to this effect: 'Never mind being lag—you do your best. Come and dine with me.' I try hard to squeeze a bit of verse out of this.

This *imaginative* affection for a Trowbridge at St. Vincent, for a Collingwood at Trafalgar, for a struggling Keats in the Sargasso Sea, is unlike anything that I have observed in the thousand biographies.

Your friend may possibly overlook, if not warned, Phillimore's *Life of Sir William Parker*, in which Nelson appears to very great advantage, cheering, blessing, enriching his smart young *Amazon* Captain.

No man should presume to write of those days without first sweetening his idea of the sea-captain in a careful perusal of Jane Austen's *Persuasion*. Her Wentworth is her own lost lover, and a sweet knight of the quarter-deck.

To Miss Rose Paul.

Sept. 26, 1889.

I have been looking through the eight octavo volumes of Shelley published for Forman, as the Shelley Society wants me to give them a paper on their rhymer's connexion with the classics. I am suffering from the nausea of this voyage through the 'multitudinous,' 'fountains-mountains,' 'pinions-dominions,' 'vermilions-pavilions,' 'oceans-motions'; as the convict said about Guicciardini, I say I'd rather correct Fourth Form exercises than read four whole volumes of Shelley's rhymes;

but I endure his blank verse cheerfully, and I like the man himself as he appears in his letters, and I like his prose thoughts, and think he would have made a capital M.P., and would have been very happy had he outlived the Holy Alliance and lived into 'England's happiest Age,' 1828-1858—but oh, those rhymes: 'spirit-turret,' 'fortress-portress,' &c.

To Miss Janet Bartrum.

Oct. 12, 1889.

I will send you my *Phaedo* if you like. Hind makes it intelligible, but you will perhaps think a good deal of it transcendently subtle and laboriously pointless; at least I do. Yet it is the loveliest book in the human parts, the one ancient book that gives one sweet pains as a fine novel or poem of our time does, and I have now been through it twice with high-minded women. . .

It is to me incredible that Jane Grey¹ understood *Phaedo*, except the dramatic parts; but her trying to read it, her being drawn to it by sympathy and curiosity is a thing that amounts to a sudden and delightful promotion of *our* womanhood.

What a gulf between Caxton and Ascham — one hundred years or less.

I was talking with Furnivall about Caxton's novelties in language: he agreed that Caxton would have found no one in Westminster or England to give him a critical estimate of his words and phrases—Caxton translating from the French was as free as Robinson Crusoe in his setting up a homestead.

I am to make a 'paper' for the Shelley Society about Shelley's classical attainments: in order to qualify

¹ See the reference to her in the prize-poem 'Plato.'

myself for critical writing I have read through Dr. Johnson's *Lives of the Poets* again. His 'Pope' is a very important bit of criticism. Since Sam Johnson we have been knocked about by critics of more brilliancy than authority, and I feel the want of an authority.

I have been trying once more, after thirty years, to get through *Westward Ho*, coming to it fresh from Stevenson's *Ballantrae*. The contrast is fatal to Kingsley, he is so garrulous, frothy, slap-dash. He (and others) remind me of Punch and Judy. I mean they scream behind puppets. Stevenson opens a door and live people come in, and without being introduced descriptively, they grow into characters, keeping their own counsel. But in this new Stevenson there is but one man whom one can like at all, to wit Mackellar.

To Miss Janet Bartrum.

Nov. 16, 1889.

I did not expect you to be comfortable with *Phaedo*. I do not follow Plato at all easily even with Hind's extraordinary mind to guide me. But at least the human interest is kept up—probably there is no book in which the beauty of *youthful* character is so finely set off by contrast. Greek gentlemen are there—perfect ingenuousness, candour, teachableness: and perhaps no book, not even Victor's '1793' novel, shows so poetically how an unselfish man can love and enjoy friendship in the presence of death.

The argument always seems to me to be grounded on a *petitio principii*, on the assumption of $\psi\upsilon\chi\acute{\eta}$'s existence. This I think our Editor does not notice, nor did I in class speak of it.

Elsewhere in *Phaedrus* we read $\pi\acute{\alpha}\sigma\alpha \psi\upsilon\chi\acute{\eta} \acute{\alpha}\theta\acute{\alpha}\nu\alpha\tau\omicron\varsigma$

[ἐστὶ]. Here I doubt whether Plato means every [individual] soul. I rather think he only means 'all soul,' just as we in modern science say 'all matter is indestructible:' 'omnia mutantur, nihil interit.'

Andrew is vehemently eager to study Zoology or Natural History, and I guess that will be his ruling passion if he lives; but he can be, probably will be, also a scholar and a good speaker and writer in his own language. I have been just now telling his mother in Finchley Road and West Heath (also in a sleet storm) how a R.N. sailor can stop at harbours and cities, and get days on shore and study geology and collect specimens of birds and beasts and fishes, and also see the society of cities such as Sydney and Shanghai and Capetown, and be a sort of Chesterfield-Ulysses. Meanwhile I plant a few trees round the little farmhouse which he will inherit, which he will perhaps turn into a shooting box for his own use.

These projects break the shadow of death and shake the torpor of the decaying body.

There is a blank verse poem, 'Frost at Midnight,' by S. T. Coleridge, which I read when I was young—it contains the gist of what I design for my child.

To F. Warre Cornish.

Feb. 2, 1890.

A. D. C. was here last week, and said that he had been trying to get some 'humane' reminiscences of Keate, and since then I have tried to think of some.

1. He was grimly indulgent to a lad standing by his side, on the estrade, to hear his sent-up exercise read over: it was Alcaics—towards the end they became good, but the reader ceased to read with rotundity,

recognizing his own undergraduate Ode, probably printed at Cambridge (Browne's Medal?). . . The story is that the jackdaw was very quietly displumed.

2. Do you know the story of idiot Bates¹ insisting on being flogged with the rest, and [being] refused the honour? E. Coleridge told it me. Bates was forgotten, being a goose, by some forty Fifth Form, who agreed to shirk a penal 'absence' at 8 p.m. on a summer day, in order that some of them might go to Surly for ducks and peas. Keate called at the big elm just outside the cloisters. Bates, at the stroke of eight, was bewildered by finding himself there alone, and on seeing Keate coming under the gate of Weston's Yard, shrunk behind the elm. Keate had a suspicion of some human presence, and moved slowly round the tree, but Bates moved with equal skill. Keate retired. Next day sent for the culprits, and whipt them, but did not call 'Bates,' whom he growled at, 'get away, stupid boy,' when Bates pitifully said he wished to suffer like the rest of the fellows. The explanation is that Mrs. Goodall had, from a window, seen Bates prowling round the tree, and had told Mrs. Keate.

3. Keate had a pious scruple about using the birch, either on a Sunday or (I think) on Saturday afternoon, when we had to go to Chapel at 3, fresh from a wretched Scripture lesson taken nominally at 2 on the top of the 'resurrection pie' dinner of 1.30. I think this scruple accounted for his surprising patience at 'prose' on Sunday at 2 in Upper School. Not being then in Fifth Form I did not sit under him at prose, but my brother well remembers his solemn rebuke of the late Duke

¹ Archdeacon Furse remembers a similar incident in 1832. The boy's name was Hulse.

of Rutland, followed by no threat. We lower boys had to wait till prose was over, and Fifth Form Theme set; when Fifth Form came downstairs we went up, and flocked under the estrade just to be called over. I suppose Keate could not otherwise be sure that we did not enjoy three hours, 12-3, the Dames not being trustworthy for making us come to dinner at 1.30.

One day my friend, H. Brereton Trelawney (nephew of Colonel Brereton of Bristol Riots) had a bit of looking-glass with him, and dazzled Keate, and was by him 'nailed.' I thought my friend's last hour was come, and I never got over my amazement at his being let off without a threat. . .

I have one impression of his teaching. We sat astride on benches in Upper School, he from his desk roared out as sense for verses (in trials) the Psalm about the ships and the wonderful works. We did four bits of work, no vivâ voce, no printed papers: in the Library he gave out the result. I remember 'Johnson *mi.*: (1) Very well; (2) very well; (3) well; (4) very well'; and I remained captain, as I had been since the first fortnight of my Eton life: and so I was encouraged to believe myself to be superior to Whyte Melville, Percy Herbert, Bryan Milman, &c., &c.! What rot school is!

To fit Keate into English history, I should like to point out how our good grandsires were forced to do honour to ferocity, because of the Mutinies. The very time of Keate's beginning work as an Assistant is also the mutiny time, when the splendid courage of Jervis, Earl St. Vincent, saved the country. The books give full particulars, especially a good little 'Naval Career,' Lives of Markhams, that I can lend you. For some eight or ten years our sea-captains were

tempted into terrible fierceness. Corbett of the *Africaine* (confused by Tennyson with Bligh of *Hermione*); Sir Edward Hamilton, who after recovering *Hermione*, was dismissed the service for cruelty; Dacre, who lost *Guerrière*, because he, being a very young captain, lost the hearts of his men (ask Hale about this)¹; Wordsworth, mate of the E. I. C.'s *Montrose*, my father's ship, 1798 (the Wordsworth of the *Daisy*), a *dour carle* who quelled a mutiny, and saved my father's life thereby; Camelford, acquitted for shooting disobedient Petersen in cold blood (rightly acquitted, but a brute all the while): all these, and scores more, had to be terrible when there were real dangers to the Commonwealth; and the squires who knew how hard it was to rule the peasants wished no doubt to have their beefy brats coerced sharply.

In the eighteenth century there was a barring out at Winchester, and the militia called out to coerce the scholars.

I believe Heath and his family and lofty lavenderesque Goodall had let the discipline down by the time Keate took the reins, but I have no proofs of this. What is certain is that Keate found it impossible to get efficient assistants from the only allowed stock, King's. He was eventually obliged to go elsewhere for Edward Coleridge and Pickering. He had far too hard a task set him. . .

I am reading Dr. Johnson's letters to Mrs. Thrale. Macaulay seems not to have read them, except, perhaps, the last. They are to me wonderfully pleasing. Neither Macaulay nor Carlyle seems to me to do justice to the man's good taste.

¹ His father was a passenger in the ship *Montrose*, going out to India.

I have but lately become the owner of Johnson's works, and I am as old as he was when he wrote to Mrs. Thrale from the Hebrides. . .

To Hon. R. B. Brett.

March 24, 1890.

I was interested in Admiral Mayne's short speech, in which he boasted of having been at Eton two years; he was a fine able boy in my very first division, November, 1845, and out of my abundant poverty I gave him a costly prize, and one night in the old House of Commons his father, Sir Richard Mayne the policeman, came up and spoke to me kindly; the first 'parent' I think that ever did me that kindness.

To Miss Margaret Warre Cornish.

March 26, 1890.

Τὸ γῆρας γέμει λήθης—I think the heroine¹ was called 'Nest.' . . The corner of lawn and shrubbery outside the library² was the most beautiful thing I ever saw in a country pleasaunce or 'policies.'

M. C. has got on fast in Greek since Christmas, and she urges me on through Plato's *Banquet*, and she has lent me Lewes's *Life of Goethe*, which I find wonderfully clever and apparently sensible. I am not consoled for your absence, but still the ten discipulae do their best to console me. One recruit is very spirited, and she actually enjoys doing exercises out of the third part of *Nuces*, a book which I constructed ages ago—I never did the third part before, and I feel like Bishop Lonsdale,

¹ Of Mr. Gaskell's *Ruth*.

² At Tan-yr-Allt, North Wales.

who, after examining a lot of young fellows, examined himself in his own papers, marked conscientiously, and came out *third!*

To A. D. Coleridge.

HAMPSTEAD, August 21, 1890.

On Sunday up here a clever priest, Gurdon, preached to the effect that Newman had suffered failure throughout—this seems to me a tenable theory—the preacher went on to say, rather finely, I think, that failure or mortification was the sign of a blessed saint. He showed how St. Mary and Salome were tried by rebukes. However, what I am to stick up for is ‘historical theory,’ and I say solidly that Manning is wrong in saying, as others have been saying, that the Anglo-Catholic revival was wholly due to Newman.

That Churchmanship which shows itself in the spontaneous foundation of new Bishoprics is a totally different thing from the expenditure of thirty or forty millions in restoration of church fabrics. It is to be accounted for by a sincere, though mixed, affection for the Elizabethan-Caroline Church, which affection undoubtedly warmed many under the influence of those who were not disciples, but only patrons and coadjutors of Newman. These Anglo-Catholics were shocked and thrown down by his weak submission to the ‘*securus orbis terrarum*,’ and when the shock was over and a new start effected, a far greater percentage of Anglo-Catholics, a second crop, the Epigons, started vestments, and a whole lot of ‘mock turtle,’ and a few of the independent or un-Newmanic Anglo-Catholics, such as Tom Carter, found it expedient to honour these cultured ritualists, these rivals of Ruskin and Prince Albert, these *φιλόκαλοι*,

these Ammergau evaporators of dogma in scenic mythology: but history will declare that the Anglo-Catholics, such as Bishop Browne of Winchester, survived and kept their solid dogma above the new froth-current.

The English Church now shows corruption in a new form; the rich aspiring tradesmen have perceived that it is fashionable; therefore, instead of sending their sons into the Army, they turn some of them into Anglican curates, and they insist on having them licensed to London churches, so as to be in society, inevitable to garden-parties at Lambeth, caressible for ladies who pique themselves on founding every summer some new ephemeral 'charity,' i. e. an institution for the maintenance of tame cat secretaries, 'Society Curates.' . . The Established Church is one facet of the prism of fashion or of society or of culture, whichever one chooses to call it.

The plain unworldliness of Littlemore, Hursley, &c., may be remembered. I think I saw a late trace of it at Canon Courtenay's parsonage in Devon, about 1874; perhaps it is to be found elsewhere: but I can no longer go about to observe.

To Miss Rose Paul.

Sept. 9, 1890.

Do you know what I used to admire in your father when he was on duty at Eton? He made the best of boys, that others, masters and boys, tabooed more or less. I did not know much, but I inferred a good deal. It is a rare grace, that sort of 'charity' for scapegraces.

To Hon. R. B. Brett.

Trafalgar Day, Oct. 21, 1890.

I have just read in the *Times* Mahan's 'Sea Power,' my pet topic. I have been over the Beachy Head fight once more, lately, and I am in the dark about 'Torrington's skill'; the established opinion is that he left the Dutch in the lurch. It was to me long ago clear that Tourville was a muff after that battle. Mahan and *Times* seem to generalize too broadly. Sea power has probably told in about one war in ten of European wars since 1500. In Yankeeland it was river power that told quite as much as sea power, so that the generalizing in Mahan is after all not scientific. The sea must be commanded no doubt when it is the pathway, so must a river. The sea must be commanded when the combatant nations' wealth depends greatly on maritime trade.

Frederick the Great got on well without the command of sea or navigable river.

The reckoning of captures at sea is inconclusive: so is the reckoning of land fights when not followed by dispersion of van-guarded armies or by the fall of important cities.

Both by sea and by land a victory not followed by either of these results may be important in forming the self-esteem of a people. Granson and Morat and Bunker's Hill are such battles. Similar to them are the four known frigate fights of 1812, and the exploits of Farragut and Tegethoff in bumping ironclads.

To H. W. Paul.

25, CANNON PLACE, HAMPSTEAD, *June 12, 1891.*

We shall be at home to-morrow, and disengaged. . .

In any event we shall be very glad to see you and your honoured mother. I believe she once only was at Eton in my time, and I have cherished the remembrance of her graciousness.

It seems in chronology a broad gulf; but impressions seem to form as fast as the bubbles of wine (or to speak honestly, of Guinness) when one lies a-thinking on a sleepless morning, waiting for one's hot water.

‘—hoc est

Vivere bis, vita posse priore frui.’

That is all very well: but the wise men never prepared me for the sudden confluences of memories. One reads about old age till one is tired of the topic, and then, when the thing itself comes, one finds a strange land.

This is my last week in my ‘baronial halls.’ . .

This last week before the flitting has been the most gay or sociable we have had here, and your kind visit will crown it.

I write once more that I am truly grateful to you for your fidelity.

Journal.

August 10, 1891. Next day we were taken along the dear old Windsor Park drives to Queensmead Cottage, where Howard Sturgis entertained us splendidly and gracefully. . .

That night, driving back, we saw Jupiter and other luminaries, and this was a new thing for some of us; and a week later we have seen Jupiter again from

Cumberland. These sights take me back to mid-life attempts at expansion or venture ; the years roll back, I own my identity. . .

SEASCALE.—We are well fed here, and have plenty of air, light, freedom. No flies. We have been kindly and respectfully treated by many of the other sojourners.

One clever man last night sent his gentle 'cultured' wife to my wife with a newspaper containing an article about the French sailors at Portsmouth, which quoted my *Quebec* ballad¹ with strong praise in the peroration, and I amuse myself in imagining some French sailor reading about the ballad or even reading the ballad itself.

It would be a comfort to know that my poor mind and pen had soothed the wounded patriotic heart of a Frenchman.

I am quite of a mind with the man who wrote that all over the world, wherever men love their own country, every one loves France as 'l'autre patrie.'

August 27. I have read the 22nd Book of Livy in this house ; nothing was worth mentioning. I am surprised to find that I had forgotten nearly all the curiosities of style, grammar, and statement in the book, though I read it and pencilled hard at it in 1873. I see plainly that I have never 'known Latin things' for more than fifty-five years. I have *written* things in Latin that have been successful. One is unconscious of limitation when one is writing things that are called 'original.' . .

I should like to come back another year to these things ; thrice have I enjoyed solitude out there, just as I did long ago. The charm that Ilfracombe had for me in 1829 cannot be recovered, nor the charm of Livermead in 1883 ; but since childhood I think I have never loved

¹ 'The Two Captains,' *Lyra Heroica*, p. 283.

a sea-beach more than the fortnight here in the *ὑπόρεια* of the Cumberland hills.

August 28. I had a very interesting little talk with the landlady, Mrs. Braithwayte, after paying the bill; she had the perfect grace of a modest, sensible, dutiful lady. She did not mind my parting with hand on hand, just as I often did in France with landlords; but there it was the host that held out his hand, here it was I. . .

Lancashire looked both brighter in the buildings and less crowded with buildings than it might have been, considering the great increase of industry since I travelled through it in my prosperous active days.

The upshot is that I am pleasurablely surprised to find the good sights and sounds improved, not obliterated, by the lapse of twenty-five years; and I now love Cumberland as I love Nithisdale.

To H. O. Sturgis.

PILGRIM'S LANE, Oct. 1, 1891.

It¹ ought to be solemnly, copiously reviewed by one of our Quarterlies, and if they would pay me £10 I'd do the job; and I think no one is now living in this island that was a more faithful enduring Northerner than I. . .

I have borne the reproach these thirty years, and now I am in the transfigured army of 'Linkum,' Farragut, Cushing, Le Roy, Craven, Robert Shaw. Your Bob finds a good place in the book, though not so good as he deserved; but the writers are overburdened with heroes and saints.

I talk about this grand book to the ladies who keep

¹ *The Life of Abraham Lincoln*, by Hay and Nicholas.

me alive. They are almost all of them born into this upholsterous and hypnotic world so recently as to be quite lost, amazed when I tell them of all the grand wars that were waged in my time. We weep over Nicias in Sicily after great struggles with Thucydides—but that is bagatelle compared with Lucknow, Strasburg, Andersonville . . .

Some time last year I wrote down (à propos to Shelley) an attempt at a definition of poetry to the effect, 'poetry is the reflection of emotions and impressions rendered in choice words and measures.' This I think includes 'epic' narrative, excludes wit in verse.

I think the word 'measures' (not metres) will include Ruskin and Burke's, and other people's fine passages in 'prose,' and also the English renderings of the song of Deborah, some Psalms, some bits of Isaiah, Solomon, &c.

To Miss Urith Coltman.

PILGRIM'S LANE, HAMPSTEAD, Oct. 14, 1891.

. . . I wonder whether you, when in Scotland, read Scottish books.

A future Laird in Strathearn asked me last month for a list of fifty books. I put down three volumes that I have read and possess, and two that I have never seen, all by Henry (Lord) Cockburn. My old pupil, Rosebery, used to think with me that Cockburn had the finest Scottish mind ever known—he loved Scotland wisely and was content with it. I remember that he noticed with joy and pride the wonderful improvement of Aberdeenshire effected in his own lifetime, the sterility overcome by mind and by law guiding and guarding industry.

I envy you and other modern ladies reading Homer for pleasure. In the thirties we used to 'do' seventy lines a week of *Iliad* for five years—mere treadmill.

I have enjoyed Homer tenfold since the lady-volunteers came. In Scott's life one learns that everything good in poetry can be traced to Homer: because Scott took two scenes, Marmion watching the fight and Rebecca describing the fight to Ivanhoe, from a scene in Goethe's *Götz von Berlichingen*, and Goethe took his fight-picture from Homer's *Helen on the Walls*.

Scott knew no Greek: he did pretty well without it, and he is, to some of us, a good deal nearer and dearer than Homer. . .

To Miss Janet Bartrum.

Oct. 20, 1891.

It¹ is, I think, of all books, the one that most pleases me as a book of Courage. Charlotte Brontë is the one writer who knows what it is to be a teacher: she is the Homer of girl school life. I have for some thirty years preferred her Caroline to all women in books. Some men have preferred Rose Jocelyn, or Di Vernon. We used long ago to be compelled after dinner in country houses to fill up papers containing such a question as 'What woman do you admire most?' I remember when I had to do the answer, my predecessor on the paper, an Italian refugee, Dante scholar, &c., wrote 'Mrs. Somerville,' I wrote 'Helen': odd contrast. . . I went about thirty years ago with two Cambridge scholars on a pilgrimage to Charlotte Brontë's home, Haworth. She was not nearly so good or wise as Mrs. Gaskell or Juliana² or perhaps Christina³, but she told us all about her eager passionate life.

¹ Currer Bell's *Shirley*.

² Mrs. Ewing.

³ Christina Rossetti.

One sees how far happier the girls of this later age can be than the poor Brontë girls could be: how far more free and joyous than Jane Austen could be. My grandmother knew Jane.

Eton Wick is in the fairly open old-fashioned flat land between Eton and Dorney Common. I was once inside a cottage there, and at the deathbed of a man who liked me—he was a private in the Fusileers, who served in the Albuera fight, A. D. 1811. He and I used to talk war in 1854-5. I deeply regret that in those days I had not more leisure, more courage, more sympathy with Eton Wick, but I lived mostly with bulls of Bashan, partly with the male counterparts of the Daisies and the Mildreds. But I did know some cottagers in Dorney, and I did help the good Shephard, parson of Eton, who got the Eton Wick Church built.

To Miss Rose Paul.

Dec. 7, 1891.

Those marines, with their gay enthusiasm and their cabins decked with home-made works of art were, unconsciously, recruiting for the Royal Navy. If sailors were as good at sea as on land, ships would be 'Glendo-veers.' Ages ago, I was talking to an old army man, a gentleman—he assured me that the *Benbow* on land is very different from the real quarterdeck utterer of expletives. . .

Lyra Heroica has turned up in large paper—the editor Henley seems a good fellow—it gave me a sweet pain to see that he printed Sir F. Doyle's 'Private of the Buffs' and 'Red Thread.' They will be known when the more recent gushings of Swinburne are forgotten. The 'Red Thread,' being based on Charles Napier's narrative, ought

to rank with historical authentic poems—yet it is not so interesting to me, nor nearly so brilliant as Kipling's 'East and West,' a poem in which there is not a feeble line, nor a superfluity. . .

I mourn over the book for the death of the two contributors who were kind to me, F. Doyle and Mat Arnold. I was once with Hawker at his churches; a beautiful old man he was; and I am glad that Henley has put his Trelawney into the book. But Hawker was not redolent of Devon-Cornwall so much as of the Oxford which bred Kebles. There was nothing in his talk or work that could make him a local bard.

To Lord Halifax.

HAMPSTEAD, 1892.

Three pheasants found their way to this little cottage, my last home, and I was very glad to see them, as they came from you, and presumably from the house which I entered, timidly, in 1854.

I was told in May last that the house was altered architecturally, and I suppose the skies are darkened by industry, and I have read that there are no Wentworth hounds to enliven the brake down in the valley, which I remember being silently suddenly lighted up with red coats.

I have been reading a sane instructive book, the *Life of Tait* (Tait of the Tait (= State) Church he may be called); and therein I met with my brother, and with you, treated historically.

. . . I became an old man at the end of 1890, and I have heart disease of a tolerable kind. . .

I still teach, gratis, and the discipulae are wise and

kind, and I am improving in Latin and Greek, and I never croak about my own affairs or about England.

Your water-colour and photographic portraits hang or stand in my little bedroom now. . .

I am yours till death (not long),

WM. CORY.

To Miss Rose Paul.

Jan. 7, 1892.

It is a safe generalization that about A. D. 1500 people paraded as Knights of Romance by book, whilst they suffered and plotted by book: Machiavelli and Ariosto in conjunction.

There is a romantically brave sailor, Primaguët, captain of *La Belle Cordelière* A. D. 1512 (Duruy, vol. i. p. 596).

There is a capital account of the unique French sailor, Suffren, in a very wholesome American book which I would offer to lend, as it is my own, did I think ladies cared to read Naval History. The writer, Mahan, is evidently a perfect gentleman. He loves Nelson and is proud of Hawke, Hood and other Englishmen. He writes his best to warn Uncle Sam of the danger of getting into a war without a strong navy.

To Miss Rose Paul.

Jan. 16, 1892.

The last two days that my wife spent in her lodging she acted as nurse to a poor governess . . . always in pain—astonished and touched at a stranger playing the Samaritan. . . What was touching, was her taking pains to explain that she was 'only a governess,' as if any one could have a stronger claim than a governess.

Write a paper on governesses. I can give you 'sense,' as the boys say about verses. It is a solid fact to the credit of my times that there have been many governesses treated courteously, generously, affectionately in 'good houses' without being Jane Eyres.

To A. D. Coleridge.

HAMPSTEAD, *March 9, 1892.*

Strange monsters there were at Cambridge, but of all places in the world it was kindest to me; kind beyond all my imagination. Yet how dismal I should be, if I were living there in rooms and hirpling into a hall through a crowd of young men who knew me not. As it is, I am beyond all imagination blest by the long cheerful and rational interviews with ten voluntary learners, and correspondence with five others.

I have been imagining ('figuring to myself' in the good old phrase) a pretty signalling line—when the first Newnham lass took her degree, other friendly girls stood at the door of the Senate-House (let us say close to Mr. Pitt), and when the lady's name was given out she waved her handkerchief, and another beacons it down past the Gate of Honour, and another to Clare Lodge, and so from court to bridge and to the end of the avenue, where there was a bold Camilla who galloped with the good news to Newnham. There's a subject for the author of 'The Princess.' And I am blest with the friendship of at least ten girls who would have graced such a signalling party—girls of the Newnham age, I mean, of the age of Melissa. One of them is enjoying the borrowed Lucretius.

To Miss Rose Paul.

HAMPSTEAD, March 23, 1892.

Perhaps you may not have heard of the Latin Lectures on ancient poetry delivered at Oxford by Keble, Professor of Poetry. He made much of the play *Hippolytus* as a foreshadowing of Christian purity; and possibly he, or people like him, might find a type of ἀνάστασις in the 'Virbius' of Aricia, whom Ovid¹ makes out to be Hippolytus restored to life. Anyhow, one of the prettiest things in Greek is the prayer of Hippolytus to Artemis in Euripides, which is charmingly translated by Mallock in the *New Republic*.

It gave me a new type of *romantic* translation, in which the modern versifier walks alongside of the classic poet, and has a colour of his own, and does not think it his duty to be concise.

The Greek passage is in Thackeray's *Anthologia Graeca*—it has a rare grace of movement; and the αἰδώς line seems to me to be a touch of poetry very similar to what we relish in Keats and Tennyson.

To A. H. Drummond.

April 14, 1892.

I was a young man when I lost my mother, and since then I have always been wishing to dream of her as I did once, eighteen years ago. It is the great, irreparable, painful loss. I have no solace in recollecting, but in a dream only the sense of time disappears.

To H. W. Paul.

PILGRIM'S LANE, HAMPSTEAD, N.W., May 1, 1892.

You have been so good as to take an interest in my minute attempts at verse. It is possible in these micro-

¹ *Metam.* xv. 479-544.

scopic obituary days that, when I am gone, some one may be paid a penny a line for noticing my obit, and it is possible that my wife and son may be alive then, and it might give them a little pleasure if the notice comprised mention of the fact that Munro, who was reckoned the best Latin scholar in Britain, approved of my little scrapbook of which I send the key; and I think you are the likeliest of my few friends to remember this little fact.

Please observe that it was only for pedagogic reasons that I wrote Sapphics; it is a stupid mistake to make boys do them. They are far harder to write well than Asclepiads or Hendecasyllables.

I believe Munro disdained all the Alcaic prize Odes that were recited at Cambridge Commencements. I remember admiring one of them, Maine's.

Snow (Kynaston), by luck, once put me on the right scent about lyrics. He said they must 'reflect.' When one analyses this, one sees that what is reflected is not only an impression but an emotion. However, one cannot, for boys, avoid narrative even in lyrics.

In my *Lucretilis* what interests me now, is that I wrote about Walter Scott at the age of about fifty with the very same affection as I wrote Latin Elegiacs about him, about the ship that took him to Italy, when I was in the Remove at the age of twelve. The usher then set 'a ship' as the subject for verses. I chose H. M. S. *Barham*, which sailed with Scott on board five years before. Absurd as the Eton schooling was, it had the one redeeming charm of giving one the curious pleasure of authorship.

President Warren told me a week ago that Tennyson went out of his way to tell him that the Wellington Ode was not a commanded Laureatic thing, but quite spon-

taneous. Perhaps you may already know this, it is to me interesting.

'The song that nerves a Nation's heart is in itself a deed'—cf. Pindar's ῥῆμα ἐργμάτων χρονωτέρου¹, &c., &c., a scrap well paraphrased by Sir F. Doyle. Do you remember how you and I collated two editions of the Wellington Ode?

In the discourse about Walmer Castle that was in the *Times*, there was a slight mistake. Lady Hester told her physician who wrote her *Memoirs*, that one summer when Mr. Pitt came from London he was surprised at seeing a pretty flower-garden at Walmer. She had been left there, and had charmed the soldiers of the garrison so that they worked for her and made her garden. This seems to me a pleasant little thing, and likely to be true. It is long since I read Lady Hester's Life: it ought to be reprinted; what there is about her in *Eothen* might be thrown in.

(Enclosure.)

'TRINITY COLLEGE, Nov. 1871.

MY DEAR JOHNSON,

Your little book has reached me at last, and a great delight it has turned out to be.

I don't mean to flatter you when I tell you that in my humble judgement they are the best and most Horatian Sapphics and Alcaics which I am acquainted with that have been written since Horace ceased to write.

H. A. J. MUNRO.'

To Mrs. Drummond.

May 4, 1892.

I am very thankful to you and your husband for again remembering us. I find that I am too much broken to

¹ *Nem.* iv. 10.

accept your very friendly and tempting invitation, and my wife shrinks from going without me. I have had a fortnight since Christmas free from palpitation and dull pains in the chest and the arms. I am more liable now to these pains than I have ever been, and I cannot reckon on being able even to stroll about your beautiful lawn; and I think it unmannerly to drop down dead in another man's grounds.

In going to shops to-day, mere crawling, I had to stop every fifty steps, and two days ago my manœuvres moved the pity of a sensible gentleman, probably a doctor, for he said 'cardiac.'

I am able to talk, teach, write, read, and till this week I was able to scribble Latin and Greek verses; and even this week I wrote, by request, a lot of suggestions of subjects for Lord Tennyson, who wants to fill up one more volume. . . .

I wish to say now, in good spirits, good-bye to you and your husband, and to thank both of you for undeserved kindness. May your olive branches bear fruit for the honour of England!

Letters to Parents (various dates).

I.

As a sign of progress I may note that he made a very lively and, with slight drawbacks, a very cogent speech about the strife between Charles I and his Parliaments—undoubtedly a better speech in clear elocution and enthusiastic rhetoric than I ever heard made in 'Pop,' except by one of my contemporaries.

But on my own account I value still more his quick and genial appreciation of the poetry which, often at

his own request, I read to him—and I have hardly ever spent pleasanter hours than in interpreting the poems I like best to such a listener.

In addition to what I have before said of his more personal merits, I have to add that beyond any one I ever saw at Eton (though not beyond undergraduates, who are so much more warm-hearted than schoolboys) he displays a vivid sympathy with other boys in their joys and sorrows, and expresses it with hardly any exaggeration, with no artificial or slang phrases, and with nothing that can be called sentimentalism. He is not indeed the only enthusiast I have or have had amongst my pupils, but he is the only one free from paradox and exempt from ridicule. . .

II.

The more I see of him . . . the more forcibly I am urged to the belief that, after making all possible allowances for past interruptions and irregularities, he is in his present state of health to be blamed for not working harder at the things which he does not like. He has always something on hand, some new interest (except indeed when impatiently longing for the holidays)—he takes his pleasure actively, not indolently, and if he idles it is with a will. . . He very often does things that I wish him to do, but my influence gradually becomes less and less, as the social influences of the school become stronger.

I regret amongst other things that he takes no interest in our debates, which have become more grave and more deep: he hardly listens, and if he speaks at all, he speaks rather frivolously compared with those who have outstripped him in debating.

III.

He has been . . . entering on his new duties as a steerer of a longboat, and he has been naturally and easily launched into the fashionable society of the school at large, instead of being limited to a few acquaintances in his own house and his own part of the school. . . I trust that he will retain too much discrimination to accept the friendship of young people less conscientious and less refined than himself and his old friends, and that he will not let himself be so far carried away by gaiety as to lower in the least the *respect* which has been hitherto shown him by his schoolfellows. I have noticed and I have pointed out to him, and in this letter (which, if you please, I would wish him to see) I would distinctly repeat the observation that he seems to me nowadays to be too intent upon having his own way, carrying his point, getting some one to tell him this or to do that for him, having the last word in argument, proving his superiority to others, asserting paradoxes and trampling upon regulations. I should consider myself the chief agent in developing this sort of wilfulness, if I did not from time to time protest against his eagerness for success. Such protests are but seldom made, for he is one to be easily disgusted with anything like moralizing or advice: but they are a little more frequent now than they were last year, and I begin to see the day draw near when I shall be no longer able to make them, when in fact his social success will (as I know from sad experience) enable him to disregard the judgement of one whose esteem will be no longer wanted as an ingredient in his cup of pleasure.

IV.

I am late in writing to you about your boy, who must have told you long ago that he did well at school since January. He entirely satisfied all his teachers, and showed that he had a very good head and was in good mental condition. Unexpectedly he showed a turn for verse writing, which is decidedly the most dignified and brilliant work that young boys do : he is the most promising of my younger pupils in this, and I was not surprised at his being sent up for good by Mr. Ainger : it is the old-established distinction at Eton, being a complimentary introduction to the Head Master. He may gain it every term if he likes.

He is remarkably nimble and clear in all that he does, and sometimes answers a question that would puzzle his seniors. He is now in the prime of boyhood, the time in which mental processes are as much enjoyed as muscular efforts ; and I cannot reckon on his being equally teachable and equally efficient three years hence ; but at present he seems likely to turn out a real scholar as well as a good ' examination boy,' or mark-getter. . .

He reads English books with eagerness, and gets absorbed in his reading at once. He picks out of my shelves all sorts of things, but shows discretion, and seems to fasten upon things that suit him, like a bee with flowers.

He is very cheerful and sociable, and fearless, and has such good manners that he gets on very well with boys.

He goes to walk with me now and then, and is excellent company. I should like to have him for a guest here [Halsdon] some day : he would find plenty of rustic employment.

V.

I conclude you know every detail of your boy's success at school. I have to comment on it so far as to point out that he is younger than almost all those with whom he has been compared, and that he is of a more easy, cheerful and flexible habit of mind than those pupils of mine with whom I can compare him.

Modesty is common enough, but he is unusually modest, and though he can hardly surpass the others in tractableness, he is more childlike at least in manner. He has been found fault with two or three times by me for bits of negligence, and he is not absolutely regular, but he is much improved during the year in the way of punctuality. . .

I think you will admit that the boy has learned to write better: I think his hand an original one, and likely to be a serviceable one. I think he is also much improved in his tone of voice; he speaks to me now very gently and sweetly, without the snarl that he had when he came to us. He goes in and out of a room and does everything in so graceful a way that no one would think that he was short-sighted. . .

VI.

. . . I have no doubt all your witnesses were right: the boy is sometimes very neat, sometimes very untidy. When his jacket is conspicuously dirty I have him (like others) brushed on the doorstep: at all times I encourage him, and he is eager, to wash in my dressing-room close to pupilroom, as others do gladly. . .

He has been a good deal in my rooms of his own accord, and I have often seen him after the work was

over go to a book and lose himself in it at once, instead of talking. He manages to enjoy games without talking of them, and to pick the brains of teachers without making them the subjects of silly and wearisome conversation. Being often in the company of other pupils of mine, all at their ease—talking—he never as far as I remember, says anything stale and frivolous.

VII.

I am persuaded that he might be a good scholar, having a hard head, and being entirely free from all irrationality. I do not see that all sensible people are to be expected to take an interest in the trite morality or the hackneyed mythology which form the staple of subjects set for composition ; but where there is a faculty of expression, as in this case, I think it ought to be cultivated, even though the subjects set may seem trivial. . .

His shyness is part of his character, and is so inextricably connected with his virtues that I should be afraid to tear it away. I believe that it will drop off in due time, at least as far as will be good for him.

I see no boy at Eton of whom I can more confidently predict that he will grow up, without need of much interference, into a character that we may look upon with admiration and delight.

VIII.

He has seemed to take an interest in the Tacitus we have been reading, and to understand it. But the only real satisfaction I have had in him is that he has listened gravely and thoughtfully to whatever I have had to say

about things in general, things which I am myself far more interested in than the elegancies of dead languages. He is worth anything to me as a listener. I am confident that he will be an enlightened sensible man with no affectation or frivolity ; the only doubt is whether he will attain the acts of expression so far as to obtain as much personal influence as his manliness and thoughtfulness would naturally claim. . .

— is so bad a scholar that I cannot conceive how he passed his matriculation, or how Mr. C. let him go. His exercises, prose and verse, are as bad as possible. He leaves out words so that verses have not feet enough : he puts a word with the wrong couplet, every third word is illegible, hardly a line construes or scans.

I can scarcely get him through his ' number ' of verses or lines of theme. His maps are by far the worst that are shown up. He cannot construe two lines of any lesson. He is good at answering questions in the Bible, or history—not bad at parsing, generally attentive and eager. Mr. S. thinks badly of his attainments ; but they seem to live in peace together, which is, under the circumstances, creditable to so lively a boy. . .

I cannot venture to form any positive opinion about so young and wild a thing, except that he is very happy and very innocent.

IX.

I am happy to be able to give a better account than usual of both the brothers now with me at Eton, though I do not pretend to know so much about either of them as some tutors know of their pupils. — has done one respectable copy of Greek lambics at the very end of the schooltime : and I believe he might, if he liked, do

a good deal on that line, being unusually accurate in detail and not wrong-headed about idiom. His Latin verse continues to be flat and dull, but once or twice it was more lively and polished. His themes have been utterly contemptible.

On Wednesday nights he has with praiseworthy regularity presented himself for two hours' extra work, but he has seldom been able to make any sense out of the passages given him for translation—only in Greek prose he has been fairly successful. Other lessons seem easy to him: he is far above the average in accuracy, but his mind repels the amenities of literature.

I am afraid he does not take any interest in anything that I hold forth about. If I were capable of playing cricket, I daresay I should be equally indifferent to all but 'action.' Only let no one deceive himself, or say that we schoolmasters allow him to deceive himself. A lad who is playing cricket cares no more about the cultivation of the mind than an active London attorney or dentist cares. Even when he was laid up, though he could not play, he disliked book-stuff just as much. He will, perhaps, like it when it comes in the form of 'action': that is, when he is actually working for an important examination. But if people think that the young men read for the love of knowledge in this generation they are in the dark. Not one in fifty does.

I am for my own part half inclined to be satisfied with a cricketer, if he does his duty honestly, paying so much rent in Greek and Latin peppercorns for the lease of the playing-fields: and if he does his duty to the Headmaster, as well as to me, and if he does his duty to the Mathematical Master nearly as well, I am satisfied. But I am not sure that it is so.

He stands very well with his schoolfellows, and must needs be henceforth a person of first rate influence: I think it is a very good thing for the school that he stays.

X.

— has improved, not having got near the barbarous age, though in his more gloomy moments he tells me that he objects to Latin. His pace in verse-making is now quite satisfactory, and he shows some sense, though no appreciation of the difference between nominative and accusative or the like. I like doing lessons with him, and particularly reading the Bible with him. Sometimes he shows an unexpected amount of knowledge, quite beyond his companions. It is sad to think that it must be all left in Upper Club: unless, indeed, knowledge is, as I often think, of no great value.

XI.

. . . Not being able to come on Tuesdays to Virgil, he came on Wednesday to do something as a substitute: and I tried on him the experiment which I should like to make generally: that is to say, I got him to read and abstract certain portions of French books, such as Michelet's *France*, Guizot's *Essays* (not Lectures) *on the Early History of France*, and a neat book on Political Economy by a Belgian, Comte de Beaulieu. I cannot say that he did this very well, but it was good enough to encourage me. . .

— is the most good-natured, obliging, patient boy I ever had in pupilroom, and shows his manly rationality by taking a wholesome interest in everything except the

technicalities of grammar, for which he has the most palpable incapacity. Nothing can be so desperate as my endeavours to get him through the exercises in French idiom which are set him.

Till I had to work him through sentences on the model of 'Je viens d'arriver' and 'Ils vous en veulent,' I had thought Latin grammar the most unapproachable mystery for solid young minds: but I am now almost reconciled to 'non est cuiusvis sua nihili facere' and 'vereor ut evadat orator,' and the other choice bits of pedantry inflicted on the Fourth Form. All this he gets through with an imperturbable good temper which astonishes me. His exercises pass through three editions, and after all fail to reach the public teachers, or reach them only at the wrong time.

XII.

He has done a good deal of extra work for me in pupilroom, always cheerfully and with fair skill: much of this was 'penal servitude,' for unpunctuality. It sometimes looks as if he would work to any amount at things that I set him and in which he sees that I am interested: and I doubt whether I ever had a pupil who was more of a disciple: but as I object to discipleship and conduct school on Protestant principles, I hope he will grow up like others, an independent Briton.

It is a great pity and almost a reproach to the school that a lad of this calibre should, merely for lack of skill at cricket, have no chance of admission to a literary debating society: we have been wishing to found a second 'Pop' for such people.

XIII.

— has been, like others, all the better for the absence of cricket: he has made school work the principal thing, and he has had enough fives and football to keep him sound.

I have liked seeing him at singing-lessons, where he is grave and dutiful and tranquilly happy. I have also liked to see him at leisure times, when waiting for exercises, playing with his affectionate neighbour T., with whom he has spent so many laborious hours at Fourth Form work: he seems to have the gift of unbending and melting without softness, and he will have soon a singular charm for our young people, the charm of sweet gravity.

XIV.

The Newcastle is in my opinion an unsatisfactory examination. There are forty-seven boys of great power of penmanship swamping two examiners, who are allowed five days, besides a Sunday.

There is a mass of 'Divinity' written which quite overwhelms an ordinary examiner: I met one the other day sighing the sigh of relief after getting rid of the piles of stuff written by 'those who had something to say, and by those who had nothing.' At least a dozen excellent boys were examined this time, of whom nothing is heard but thin apocryphal rumours passed through the more or less corrupt ears of their tutors. . . .

If every one were to take pains in the next Christmas examinations it would be easy to see —'s merit relative to the others in pure Classics—but then this calculation would be spoilt by the Divinity, which is an invention for the benefit of unfastidious and garrulous boys. . . .

XV.

. . . I judge of a boy's fitness to leave school by his amount of experience and attainment, by his having exhausted the resources of the school in teaching, by the claims of his profession. To stay at school either for prizes or for athletic distinctions seems to me vulgar.

XVI.

I have never been induced to think myself a good Eton tutor : and even the authoritative judgement of one better acquainted with the school than most of our employers cannot make me think that I was entitled even to qualified or limited praise as a tutor. Though I think I was, most of my time, a good Division master, which is rarer at Eton, and yet seems to me less hard, than tuition. I always say that there is nothing so good at Eton as the friendship of tutor and pupil, particularly when both are young, and I shall be very glad to find that — at least is a *friend* of [his tutor]. . . Your sons have undergone the 'critical treatment' of which I am in the habit of prating, and they have escaped that domination and moulding which they would have undergone had they been the pupils of so consummate a tutor as Mr. Edward Coleridge.

To a Pupil.

My dear young friend, never look coldly on an olive branch, or a mere leaf thereof. How much it costs a *strong* mind to make the effort to hold it out. I have just read in Hodson's¹ *Twelve Years of a Soldier's Life* how an officer who had been his enemy came up to ask him to shake hands when they were together in camp,

¹ W. S. R. Hodson, of 'Hodson's Horse.'

not in actual battle, saying that in such times of danger he could not bear to stand apart from one who was doing so much for the country. Death is encamped over against us, whether we be at Delhi or not: and he ought to scare people out of the scruples that hinder them from reconciliation.

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